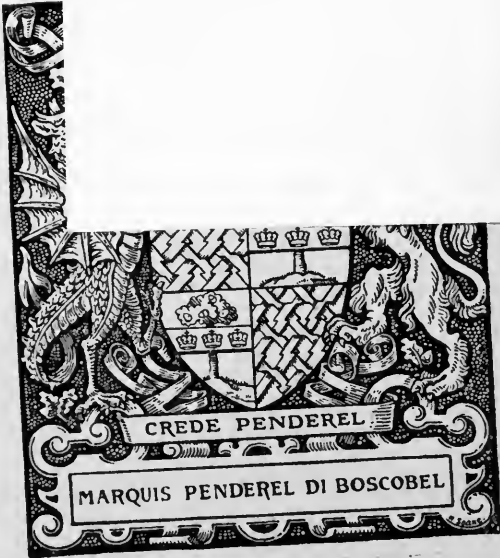


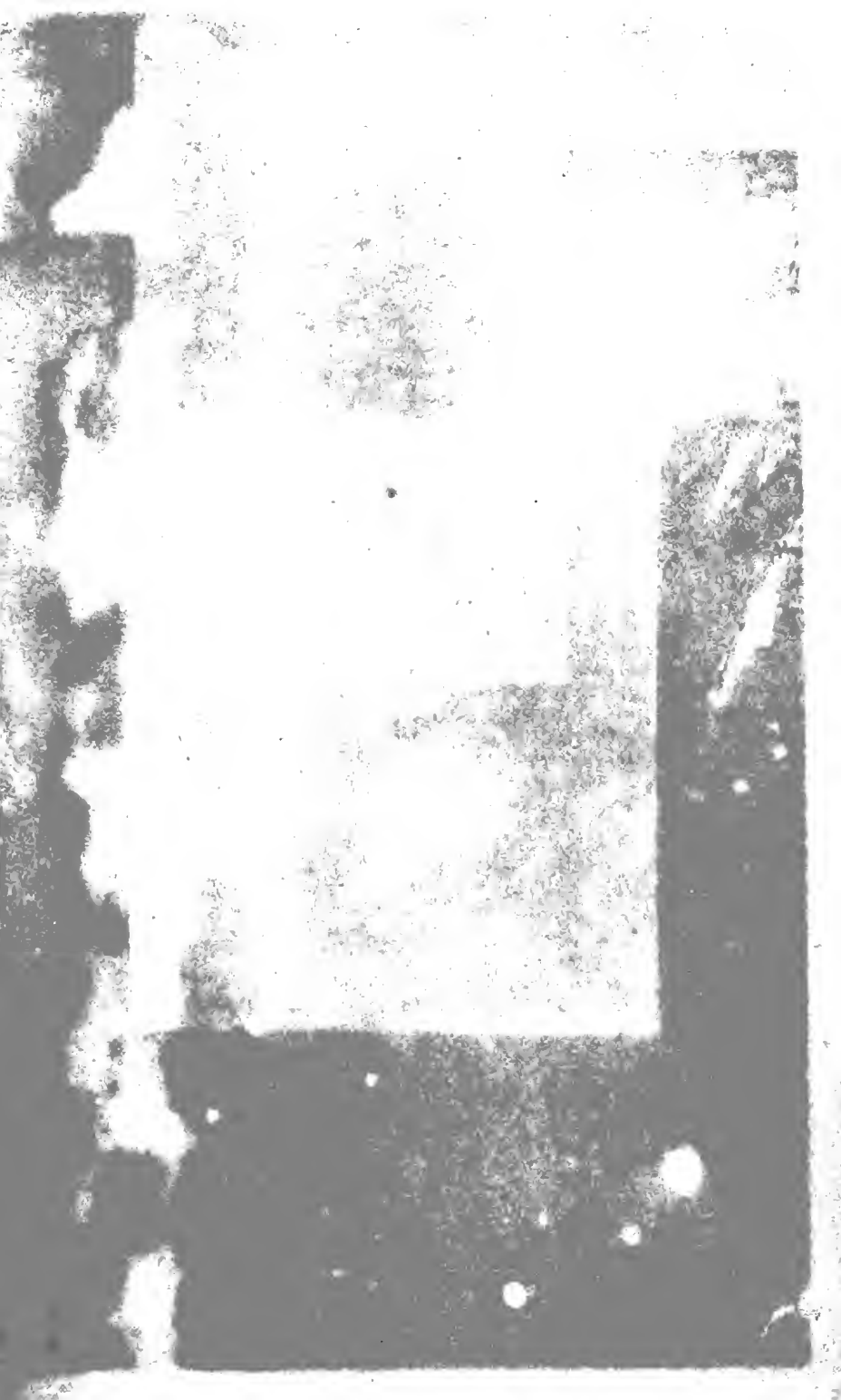




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RECOLLECTIONS OF SEVENTY-TWO YEARS



AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-SEVEN

[Frontispiece]

12 Feb. 169

RECOLLECTIONS OF SEVENTY-TWO YEARS

BY THE HONOURABLE
WILLIAM WARREN VERNON

M.A. OXON; ACCADEMICO CORRISPONDENTE DELLA CRUSCA;
SOCIO CORRISPONDENTE DEL REALE ISTITUTO LOMBARDO
DI SCIENZE E LETTERE; CAVALIERE DI S. MAURIZIO E
LAZZARO IN ITALY; KNIGHT OF THE ROYAL ORDER OF
ST. OLAF IN NORWAY.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1917

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4385
G729

TO
MY WIFE
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

1019672



PREFACE

THESE Recollections embrace a period from 1837, when I was three years old (I was born in 1834), to 1909. My memory of certain occurrences in 1837 is as vivid as if they had happened yesterday. I considered 1909 to be the climax of my small literary career, when I was honoured by Her Majesty the Queen-Mother of Italy with a gold medal and a signed portrait of herself, on my sending her the second edition of my *Readings on the Paradiso* of Dante, completing the seven editions, which, by Her Majesty's gracious permission, I had been allowed to lay at her feet. Though I had for some years previously stored up a host of facts, which I was desirous of not forgetting, in alphabetical form, I only began the actual writing of my *Recollections* in 1910, when I was seventy-six years old—an age at which my readers will hardly expect terseness of literary expression from an author. My old friend, Mr. Henry Tedder, the secretary of the Athenæum, during the time that I was engaged on the manuscript, added to his many kindnesses by looking it over and pointing out short-comings. Another friend, Dr. Edmund G. Gardner, revised the whole work and reduced it to a smaller compass for me. I cannot thank these two dear friends enough. Various circumstances delayed its publication at the beginning of the war, until, in spite of the serious and increasing difficulties of publishers at the present time, Mr. John Murray most kindly offered to bring the book out for me.

It will be noticed in these *Recollections* that I speak with an affection for Italy and for the Italians that has lasted during the whole of my lifetime, and has increased more than ever since reading with eager eyes and gratified pride of the magnificent deeds in battle of Italy's glorious troops. The late General Sir Arthur Fremantle, K.C.B., once told me how very much he was struck with the high quality of the Italian

officers, whom he had seen in his official capacity at the manœuvres in Lombardy, and, afterwards, when he was in command at Suakim, and met my friend General Tancredi Saletta commanding at Massowah. Fremantle said to me : " You may depend upon it that, whenever the Italian Army is put to the test, and if it is well commanded, it will be found capable of great things." It has, thank God, not only fulfilled, but far surpassed, all its friends' fondest hopes. I am reminded of the fragment of one of the most spirited Italian songs of 1848 :

" Fratelli d'Italia, la spada alla mano,

Zitti ! silenzio ! passa la ronda.

Zitti ! silenzio ! ' Chi va là ? '

' Evviva l'Italia ! Evviva il Re ! ''

His present Majesty, King Victor Emanuel III, most fully lives up to the splendid traditions of his illustrious warrior ancestors ; he is the worthy son of a father who, when he was Prince Humbert, " fought like a lion " at the second battle of Custozza in June 1866, and of an equally illustrious mother of royal Italian lineage, deservedly beloved by every Italian man, woman, and child among the increasing number of the subjects of her son. Ardently do I desire that the term "*Italia Irredenta*" may become obsolete, by the entire recovery on the part of Italy of all the former dominions of the Republic of Venice. Fain would I see her uncontested mistress of the Adriatic.

I am very desirous moreover of seeing the promotion of a fuller commercial understanding between Great Britain and Italy, such as that indefatigable friend of Italy, Commendatore Richard Bagot, has been continually urging in his addresses at our greatest commercial centres, under the auspices of the British Italian League.

It has been, I believe truly, said that England's weakest spot is her neglect of foreign languages. It does not speak well for our public-school training, when Englishmen in prominent positions are unable to make themselves understood in French, the language adopted by all nations in their diplomatic intercourse. And I trust that the Italian language will now come to be regarded as a no less essential feature in our higher education.

I have many dear friends both in France and in Scandi-

navia, but, after my own country, Italy has always been my first love ever since I was six years old, and now I am more proud than ever to subscribe myself "*Italianissimo*."

My original intention was that this work should appear in two full volumes; when, following the advice given me, I reduced it by two-fifths, many anecdotes, incidents, and names of persons were necessarily omitted. All these are in the unabbreviated manuscript of my *Recollections*, which will be preserved.

W. W. V.

LONDON,
July 1917.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF SEVENTY-TWO YEARS

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD (1837—1844)

A MOSAIC is described as work formed by uniting pieces of different colours, tessellated, composed of various materials or ingredients—some common, some of great delicacy and refinement, but, when properly put together, forming by their assemblage a sort of painting in which there are different subjects. To this, I venture to think, may be likened the composition of the history of a particular epoch. It is not alone by the deeds of the protagonists of a century that one can learn all the small details which go to fill in the interstices of the general framework, but it can well happen that in the lifetime of an individual, of no great importance in himself, incidents may occur throwing light upon things not generally known. It is in this spirit that I venture to jot down my reminiscences of a period between the years 1837 and 1907, the date of my commencement of this work.

My earliest recollection is of a time (1837) when I was three years old. I remember being held up at the window of our house at Brighton on the Marine Parade, somewhere near the old Chain Pier, in order to look at a procession which, I afterwards was told, was in celebration of the Accession of Queen Victoria in 1837. In those days black silhouette profile portraits used to be taken on the Chain Pier in the little booths that were built along it. I possess one of myself and my nurse.

During the winter of 1837 we returned to our home, Sudbury Hall, in Derbyshire. In those days, before railways, my father's servants performed their journeys in a

large, covered, two-wheeled vehicle called "the tilt-cart." I was sent in this with my nurse and some of the other servants. I can remember, when we got home, standing the next morning in the window of the saloon and seeing the fine terrace designed by Gilpin being laid out, where, up till then, there had been a vast rough lawn down to the lake, on which the hounds, in the time of my great-great-uncle ("the hunting lord"), used to be exercised. When I looked out of the saloon window, I saw this lawn all marked out with pegs and lengths of twine, and this, seen at four years old, is as vividly in my recollection as if I were witnessing it to-day. I can remember being taken by my nurse on the walk running along the far side of the lake from the house to see the island being cut out, and a large number of men at work on it, while my elder brother, afterwards Augustus Henry, sixth Lord Vernon, trotted by on his pony led by a groom.

My grandfather's yacht, the *Harlequin*, rigged by himself, was by far the fastest sailer of all the yachts at Cowes. He died on board of her at Gibraltar, and his body was brought home in her. To all the eight sailors who were the bearers at his funeral my father¹ offered places at Sudbury.

I am anxious to give publicity here to a circumstance which seems to have been forgotten, but which deserves, I think, public recognition. My grandfather, George Charles, Lord Vernon, took the greatest interest in all naval matters. He invented a new rig, at one time adopted in the Navy, and he was a great advocate for improved ship-building. At that time he was anxious to give his support to Sir William Symons, who was practically unknown as a naval architect. To induce the Admiralty to look favourably upon his advocacy, he, being a very rich man, offered, if the Admiralty would allow Sir William to build a fifty-gun frigate, to hand to them a bond for £50,000 which he undertook to forfeit if the vessel proved a failure. The offer was accepted—the frigate was built, and was christened the *Vernon*. She still exists as a hulk, now named the *Actæon*, attached to the "Vernon Torpedo School" at Portsmouth. The bond was returned to my father by the Admiralty before his death in 1866, the frigate having proved, as a fast sailer, such a success that Sir William Symons afterwards built the line-of-battleships *Queen*, *Albion*, and others. I once

¹ George John, fifth Lord Vernon.

visited Admiral Sir George Randolph, related to my present wife, at Brighton. His sitting-room was full of water-colours of vessels that he had commanded, but, when he was showing them to us, he pointed to the drawing of a fine frigate in full sail, and exclaimed: "But that one was my real pet, my sweetheart—the *Vernon*, built by Sir William Symons, the finest sailer in the Navy!" My old friend, Fred Walpole¹ (Hon. Frederick Walpole, M.P.), who was a Lieutenant R.N., told me that, when the *Vernon* sailed by, all hands used to crowd to the side to look at her and admire her.

When I was four years old, at Brighton, in 1838, being heir to the property of the late Admiral Sir John Borlase-Warren, G.C.B., I was made a ward in Chancery. I can well remember in those days that we nursery children used to be much alarmed at the sight of a gentleman whose skin had turned indigo colour, from over-doses, I believe, of Exalgine, and whom we used, in terror, to call "the Blue Man." I have been since told that he was generally known by that appellation. He used to walk up and down the Marine Parade.

Towards the latter end of 1838, my father and mother rented the house of Colonel Dawson-Damer in Tilney Street, Park Lane—now belonging to Earl Manvers, and formerly the residence of Mrs. Fitzherbert. I remember my birthday of five years old in that house.

One day it was announced to us that we were to go to the play, to see *Nicholas Nickleby* acted at the Adelphi. On cross-examining my nurse as to the probabilities of my enjoyment there, the first impressions I received were wholly unfavourable.

"What is it that we shall see, Patty?" I asked our nurse.

"Oh, you will see a very naughty schoolmaster beating little boys most cruel."

I began to cry. "Will he beat me, Patty?" I asked in terror. It was not at all easy to reassure me on this point, but then I asked: "Shall you go with us?"

"I shall be there," was the reply, "but not with you. You will be in a box."

"In a box?" I sobbed. "Shall I be shut up in it?" When this point had been explained more or less satis-

¹ Father of the present Earl of Orford.

factorily, I said to my nurse: "And where shall you be?"

"Oh, I shall be in the Pit."

Now the only pit I had ever heard of was that into which Joseph was put by his brethren, and, concluding that Patty would be duly sold to the Ishmaelites, I ran screaming straight off to my mother, saying: "Oh, mamma, Patty is going to be put into the pit!—oh! oh!"

The day came at last. Great was my fear on seeing the boys being thrashed by Mr. Squeers, and many times did I hide myself behind the front of the box. The part of Smike was at that time very beautifully performed by Mrs. Keeley. I was much puzzled at a male part being taken by a female. The pathetic scene was being acted when poor Smike escapes from the window of Dotheboys' Hall. There was not a dry eye among the audience. You might have heard a pin drop. Half enthralled and half terrified, I suddenly cried out in a shrill voice: "Is it a boy?" I can remember now, as I was being smothered into silence, the roar of laughter that my unseasonable interruption had caused, and, in my old age, I look back with regret to my infantine indiscretion. Some sixty years after this, when my old Eton friend, Montagu Williams, Q.C., the late police magistrate, son-in-law of Mrs. Keeley, published his *Memoirs*, he mentioned that it was a matter of regret to the venerable old lady that she could not remember in what year she had enacted the part of Smike. I wrote and asked Williams to tell Mrs. Keeley that I could assure her for certain that it was in 1839. I heard from him that the information had pleased the old lady, then over ninety years of age.

During the time we lived in Tilney Street, we used to go and see my great-grandmother, Lady Warren, widow of Admiral Sir John Borlase-Warren. She lived at 41 Upper Grosvenor Street, the house in which Sir John had died in 1822. She was a most stately old lady, as were also her two sisters, Lady Napier and Lady Pechell. They were the daughters of General Sir John Clavering and his wife Lady Diana Sackville-West. Sir John Borlase-Warren, G.C.B., was ambassador in Russia in 1802, and Lady Warren was a very dignified ambassadress. I have a wonderful collection of letters to her from distinguished personages at the Russian Court, and also a book of copies



AUTHOR, AGED FOUR, WITH NURSE PATTY

of letters written by her to her friends at home, all of the greatest interest, as showing the daily life of an ambassadress 107 years ago in Russia.

As children we used to play in what were then called Queen's Park Gardens, adjoining the garden of Apsley House, and I recollect the old Duke of Wellington, in uniform, coming to the railings that separated the two, with a large bunch of grapes in his hand, which he gave to some children playing near us.

From our house in Tilney Street we used to see the cabs of those days. They were open cabriolets with a hood to pull over, and the driver sat in a little seat outside of the cab on the off-side. The cab in which Mr. Pickwick commenced his travels was one of these. (See *Pickwick Papers*, chap. ii.¹)

My mother was a very beautiful and cultivated singer—probably one of the best amateur singers of her day. Before Queen Victoria's accession, both my mother and the Hon. William Ashley, a distinguished tenor, used to be frequent guests at Kensington Palace to sing with the Princess. They also took part in mixed amateur and professional concerts, and I know that my mother had sung with such singers as Pasta, Rubini, Catalani, Tamburini, Lablache, and others of that calibre. After Queen Victoria's accession, she hardly ever failed to invite my mother to the State concerts.

During the three winters that we passed at Florence (1841-3), we children were very fond of old Madame Catalani (Baronne de Valabrecque), and we delighted in being taken up to Villa Catalani, on the hill leading up to Fiesole. During the autumn of 1908, while we were staying at Adderstone Hall, Northumberland, with Mr. and Mrs. Watson, the parents of Lord Armstrong, Mr. Watson took me for a walk and showed me a smithy where Madame Catalani, on her way to sing at a concert in Edinburgh, had had the wheel of her carriage repaired, promising the blacksmith a guinea if he did it well and quickly. To stimulate his exertions, she sang to him, to his great delight. As she gave him the guinea, she said: "Now I will tell you that you are the only man to whom Catalani ever sang

¹ There is also a good illustration by George Cruikshank of one of these cabs in Dickens's *Sketches by Boz*, ed. 1866, p. 153, with a description of the cab.

a song gratis." I remarked: "But I can go one better than that, Mr. Watson, for I had a song gratis from Catalani, and she took me on her knee and kissed me into the bargain." Poor old Mr. Watson died suddenly, three months after this conversation.

Mymother was the eldest daughter of Mr. Cuthbert Ellison, for twenty years Tory member for Newcastle. She and her sisters were all handsome women. The latter were: Mrs. William Lambton (aunt of the Earl of Durham); Lady Stormont (whose husband became fourth Earl of Mansfield and died, in 1898, Father of the House of Lords); Mrs. William Edwardes (a most beautiful woman, whose husband died as third Baron Kensington in 1872); and, lastly, Lady James (whose husband, Sir Walter, was created first Lord Northbourne, and died in 1893). Lady James was my grandfather's youngest daughter, but she succeeded to his considerable estates in Northumberland and Durham, which included Hebburn and Jarrow.

It is a curious fact that I never was inside a railway-train until the summer of 1843, when I made several journeys between Naples and Castellamare. The first time I ever travelled in an English train was in 1844, from Dover to London Bridge. On one occasion, however, in 1839, we all were driven to Euston Square Station to see my father start by train for Sudbury, and I can well remember his putting his tall hat under the seat as if he had been taking his place in church.

A very favourite house for us children was Kent House, Knightsbridge, belonging to Mrs. Villiers, mother of Lord Clarendon. She used to have children's parties which were our delight.

Among my mother's greatest friends were Lady Caroline Lascelles, whose daughter married Archbishop Temple, and whose son Edwin was a friend of mine at Oxford; Lady Barrington (one of whose daughters married my revered friend Archbishop Maclagan); also the two Miss Glynnes.

It was when my mother was quite a young married woman that she received a very early visit in the forenoon from Mr. William Ewart Gladstone. He was almost like a brother to both the Miss Glynnes, and my mother very soon discerned that he had come to sound her as to which of the two would be most likely to accept him. My mother, knowing full well that the elder Miss Glynné would soon

be engaged to Lord Lyttelton, made Mr. Gladstone's thoughts turn rather to Miss Catherine Glynne, with a result that is now a matter of history. The intimacy between my mother and the Gladstones continued to the end of her life.

In the autumn of 1839, my father, for financial reasons, found himself obliged to shut up Sudbury, and, for a time, to live on the continent. In 1840, Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV, went to live there for three years, and the state-bedroom has ever since been called "Queen Adelaide's Room."

I very well recollect the journey down to Dover. There was no South-Eastern Railway in those days, and we posted by road and slept that night at the Ship Hotel—then the only high-class hotel at Dover—the landlord of which was Mr. Birmingham, who was, I believe, the first manager of the Lord Warden, when that (then) huge caravanseraï displaced the supremacy of the old Ship Hotel. We crossed the next day, not to Calais, but to Boulogne. I remember that even then, at five years old, I was a good sailor. We stayed at the Hôtel du Nord, which still exists as a small hotel. Of our journey to Paris I have no recollection, but on our arrival there we took up our abode at the Hôtel de la Terrasse, in the Rue de Rivoli, just opposite to the Tuileries Gardens. I remember seeing this hotel still existing in 1881, but since then it has disappeared. We had an open carriage every day with a rumble behind it—in which our under-butler, Tilley,¹ afterwards house-steward at Sudbury, sat, and where he was supposed to mount guard over the property in the carriage when my mother got out to shop. Being very desirous, however, of learning French, he used to get up on the box with the coachman to study his French verbs. Unfortunately, this habit of his was noted by some thieves. My mother had a magnificent cloak of sables, worth an enormous sum of money, and one day, when she issued from a shop, she found poor

¹ William Tilley was the son of the mate of my grandfather's yacht, the *Harlequin*, and brought up under the strictest naval discipline by his father, who was a gunner in the Royal Navy. His mother was the housekeeper of a riverside house of my grandmother's, "Rosebank," upon the banks of the Thames. William Tilley began his service as knife-boy on board the yacht, and ended as house-steward at Sudbury. In his latter years the old man used to tell me that, of all his promotions in our family, the one of which he had been most proud was when he was taken out of the yacht to be steward's-room boy at Sudbury Hall.

Tilley as white as a sheet. Two thieves had been seen to lift the cloak out of the carriage, and they ran off with it down a side street before Tilley could get down from the box to catch them. A reward having been offered, the cloak was recovered.

It was from Paris that we commenced our journey to Nice, posting by road in our own carriages. Nearly every large family in those days had a courier, who, dressed in a sort of uniform, used to ride half an hour ahead of the main body and order the post-horses at the next stage. Our first courier was named Borletti, and very much we children used to exult at the splendour of his get-up, until, the following year, we found that the courier of Sir John and Lady Catherine Boileau—my future father- and mother-in-law—wore a sword. This was a sad come-down to our pride, and excited our bitterest jealousy.

The travelling carriages of those days would elicit great astonishment from our present contemporaries. They were meant to resist tremendous wear and tear, and were built with such strength and solidity that the under-carriage looked like that of a wagon.

This was our order of march. First the *fourgon*, with four horses. This had a hooded cabriolet in front in which sat the enormously fat French cook and our beloved Newfoundland dog, "Questor." The body behind contained four large cases of mahogany that slid into their places, and a door shut behind like the back of a hearse. The top of the *fourgon* was like that of an omnibus, and on it were stowed the carpet-bags of the whole party, which would be found ready for the night on arrival at the hotel. The *fourgon* always started as soon as we were out of our rooms, and preceded us by an hour or more. Half an hour before us the courier started on horseback, to order the requisite number of horses to be ready. The main body consisted of three carriages. First the barouche. Inside it were the governess and my two elder sisters; while two lady's-maids sat in the rumble. Then came my father's travelling carriage. He travelled inside it, and his valet behind, and one of us children took turns to go with him if he desired our company. This carriage was a sort of enlarged brougham, with every kind of contrivance inside. Charles Dickens is made to describe it very amusingly in his *Life* by Forster, chap. iv. The great heavy chariot

brought up the rear. It was an enormously solid vehicle. Inside it my mother travelled with the nurse and baby, and I sat behind with William Tilley. The chariot had deep wells, as they were called, that opened in the floor of the carriage. In them were tea, biscuits, orange marmalade, portable soup, chocolate, foie-gras pies, and such-like, in case of provisions failing at some hotel, or in case of a break-down. Nine tin baths, nested one within the other, were in a leather case under the carriage. Each carriage had two drag-shoes and one hook for the wheel for use in going down hill, the chains of which were of portentous solidity. In going down the Alps and the Apennines, a light cart used to accompany the party, full of wooden shoes, roughly cut out of pine logs. These used to wear out about every mile or two, and so the iron drags belonging to each carriage were preserved.

It was in the late autumn that we arrived at Nice, and we stayed at the Hôtel des Étrangers. The waiters wore brown coats with brass buttons; but what most impressed us school-room children was the discovery that we were to have dessert every day with our midday dinner. We thought it was indeed the land of Beulah into which we had come, a land flowing with sponge cakes and fresh preserved fruits from Grasse, a land of oranges and figs; though our joy was more or less tempered by realising the presence of mosquitoes when we were in bed, and frogs when we were playing in the garden.

We settled down for the winter at one of the Maisons Avigdor, two houses that both stood in the same garden, which was very beautiful and of great extent. Our house was called La Petite Maison Avigdor, though its littleness only consisted in being somewhat smaller than La Grande Maison Avigdor, both being large houses. The Grande Maison was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Adeane of Babraham, Cambridgeshire, and their numerous family, with some of whom we formed friendships that lasted for more than fifty years.

It was here that I met my future first wife, Agnes, third daughter of Sir John Boileau. Lady Catherine, afterwards my revered mother-in-law, was an Elliot, a daughter of the first Earl of Minto, who had been Governor-General of India.

The Boileaus occupied a large house called Maison Saiçy.

There were four sons and five daughters. Of my brothers-in-law, John Boileau, the eldest, was at Eton and Oxford, and became private secretary to Lord John Russell when the latter was Prime Minister. He caught a bad fever in 1856, when travelling through Wallachia with the Hon. George Elliot, his co-secretary, and, although he survived it, his constitution was completely broken down, and he died at Dieppe in October 1861. Francis Boileau (afterwards Sir Francis) was at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. He married, in 1860, Lucy, daughter of Sir George and Lady Nugent. She survived him, and is a dearly beloved sister to me. Another son, Edmund, went into the Navy and died in Australia. The fourth, Charles Boileau, was in the Rifle Brigade, and, after bearing himself right gallantly at the assault on the Redan on June 18th, 1855, received a desperate wound of which he, after six weeks' terrible suffering, died in the military hospital at Malta.

Of the daughters, the second, Caroline, the fourth, Mary, and the fifth, Theresa, died unmarried. My wife, Agnes Lucy, was the third (*b.* September 26th, 1832). The eldest daughter, Anna Maria (*Ama*), was betrothed to Captain Owen Stanley, son of the Bishop of Norwich, and brother of the famous Dean of Westminster (Arthur Stanley). Captain Stanley unfortunately dying at sea, *Ama* Boileau married, later on, the Rev. William Hay Gurney, Rector of North Runcton, Norfolk, and their daughters are to this day much-cherished nieces of mine. Agnes Boileau and I seem to have taken to each other from our earliest childhood. The Boileaus acted a little French play that winter from Berquin's *L'Ami des Enfants*, entitled *Le Bon Fils*. This was followed by a children's dance. I was told off to dance with a little damsel with long plaits down her back. As this arrangement did not meet my views, I summarily pushed her aside (I was but five years old), and ran and brought Agnes Boileau into the quadrille instead. The insult to the rejected one was great, but I never heard that any bloody arbitrament resulted therefrom; nor do I recollect that I underwent a much-merited whipping for my rudeness.

The Carnival that winter made the deepest impression on us. We witnessed it from the windows of Monsieur La Croix, the British consul, who was very kind to us children.

We entered with the greatest alacrity into the whole spirit of the thing, and I dare say got very much excited. I was very smart in a black velvet frock adorned with point lace. Among the masks which attracted most attention was a white brake with four white horses, white coachman and footman, and four white men inside. Everything this party threw marked the victim with white, and an egg, filled with flour, burst upon my velvet frock, and much did I weep thereat. My father vowed vengeance, and instantly sent for some chimney sweeps to fill a vast number of eggs with soot. No sign was made until there was a sack quite full, and then, when the white equipage next came by, it was enfiladed by an overwhelming volley of black eggs, from the long line of windows, or rather balconies, of the Consulate. In less than a minute their white appearance was annihilated, and they had to retire from the Corso, unpitied by anyone, on account of such rudeness and such entire lack of the customary forbearance to the tender sex as to pelt the ladies in their gala toilettes with white eggs. This was the first occasion in my life on which I felt the eager pulsations of gratified revenge.

When we left Nice in the spring of 1840, some of the party went by the Cornice Road, but we children and some of the servants by sea, to Genoa. In those days all the first-class hotels at Genoa were down by the harbour, the principal floors for guests being some sixty feet from the ground, with the unimportant floors below. These hotels were old palaces—all marble inside, with very handsome rooms. The hotel we always patronised was the Croce di Malta. Very beautiful were the views over the harbour. I have often noticed that one can recognise certain towns in Italy by their smells. Florence has an unmistakable but agreeable smell from the cypress wood sawdust in the carpenters' shops. At Genoa it was orange peel. But of course I am talking of the days when the hotels were down by the harbour. Now they are all up on the high ground in the town, and the Croce di Malta, the Italia, the Feder, etc., have all disappeared.

It was during our stay at Genoa that we met Lord (and Lady) de Tabley; he, like my father, had added the name of Warren to his title, both being beneficiaries by the will of Lady Bulkeley, daughter and heiress of the late Sir George Warren, of Poynton, Stockport, and Widdrington, in

Northumberland. In consequence, my father signed "Warren-Vernon" and Lord de Tabley "Warren-de-Tabley."

With them were their children, the eldest of whom, John Leicester-Warren, was a friend of mine in later life, both at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and became famous as a distinguished poet. He succeeded his father as Lord de Tabley, but never married, and at his death his estates passed to his sister, Lady Leighton Warren—until her recent death a most kind and valued friend of ours. Sir Stratford and Lady Canning, who were afterwards to become intimate friends of our family, were here also. It was just before Sir Stratford became British Ambassador at Constantinople, a post he was to occupy for so many years, and where, as "the great Eltchi" (his sobriquet in Turkey), he made the name of England respected, and was the terror of the corrupt officialdom of the Porte.

From Genoa we went to Geneva by Alessandria, Turin, and the Mont Cenis. We stayed at the Hôtel de l'Europe at Turin, an hotel which I continued to patronise afterwards.

We crossed the Mont Cenis with a prodigious number of post-horses attached to our heavy carriages, and slept at the dismal village of Lans-le-Bourg on the Savoy side of the mountain.

It is difficult for people who know Geneva now to form the slightest idea of how much it has changed in sixty years. When I first knew it, it was a fortified town with ramparts all round it, which formed delightful promenades, and three gates—Porte Cornavin, near where the principal railway station is now; Porte Rive on the southern side of the Lake; and Porte Neuve to the south-west. The last house, almost touching the ramparts, was the Hôtel des Bergues; but all the new quarter including the Hôtel Bellevue and the Quai des Alpes near it, where the ill-fated Empress of Austria was assassinated, did not even exist. It was *the Lake*, and had not then been reclaimed and built upon. The district beyond the ramparts along the lake bank towards Lausanne was called Les Pâquis, which, I believe, means low ground on which wild-fowl were shot. Here there were a number of lovely villas, and two charming old-fashioned hotels, the Hôtel des Étrangers and the Hôtel Sêcheron. We stayed at the latter. It was at that time a very celebrated hotel in the very last year of its existence. It stood in a large and most beautiful garden

running down to the lake. The landlord was a very nice old man, a Monsieur Déjean, with a father still living. There were two steamers at that time plying on the lake, the *Helvétie* (English built) and the *Léman* (Swiss built), as to the respective merits of which we children were prepared to wage uncompromising war against the *Léman*. There was a very ancient tumble-down little steamer, called the *Winkelreid*, moored off the Ile Jean Jacques Rousseau, left there to rot away, having apparently been a dead failure from the first. Her one funnel was about one foot in diameter! It must be remembered that in 1840 there were but few steamboats incapacitated from age.

My father rented that summer a villa outside Porte Cornavin, called Campagne Les Délices, with a large and beautiful garden. In former days it had been the residence of Voltaire, before he went to Ferney. We had it again in 1842, not being able to get it in 1841, during which summer we were at La Grande Boissière, outside Porte Rive, a villa which, for some reason, we children hated. It was while we were at Les Délices that my father began to exhibit such marvellous skill in rifle shooting. Not only did he win innumerable prizes in the local Swiss matches, but in 1841 he won the first prize in the Tir Fédéral, and again in 1844 he was the winner of the second prize. The Tir Fédéral was held every three years, and only those might compete in it who were citizens of the Republic, but the Canton of Geneva conferred its citizenship upon my father, so as to afford him the necessary qualification. Les Délices still exists, but the garden has been divided among two residences. The great spread of the city has completely surrounded this once charming spot.

As soon as we began to live in Switzerland, we had an opportunity of seeing the patriotic way in which all classes of men vie with each other in the duty of defending their country. Every able-bodied man *must* serve. We had a Swiss servant, who one morning announced that on the following day he would have to serve with his regiment at a review. We all attended as spectators, and, much to the delight of us children, Louis tipped us a wink as his regiment marched past.

I recollect Lord and Lady Stanhope and their daughter, Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, dining with us at Les Délices. I saw Lady Wilhelmina again at our house in Rome in 1844

as Lady Dalmeny, and she subsequently became Lady Harry Vane, and finally Duchess of Cleveland. She was the mother of Lord Rosebery, the ex-Prime Minister.

During the summers of 1840, 1841, and 1842, we used occasionally to visit the villa at Ferney where Voltaire last lived and died. His old gardener, who had served him during his lifetime, was still alive, and used to sit in one of the ground-floor rooms, and show visitors some of the Voltaire relics which he possessed. He used also to sell little busts of Voltaire. Those in simple terra-cotta were half a franc, and some rather larger, bronzed black, were a franc. The principal relic was Voltaire's book of seals, which was then a rather ragged parchment quarto volume, which did not preserve the seals well enough, and some of them were chipped and broken. Whenever the seal was that of a person obnoxious to Voltaire, he had written near it on the margin of the page the word "*Fou.*" We were also shown Voltaire's embroidered skull-cap, his clouded cane, and his inkstand. The old gardener died some four or five years after I was last at Ferney, and all the relics being offered for sale were purchased *en bloc* by my father, and are now at Sudbury Hall, Derbyshire. It was found impossible to retain the book of seals in its original condition, as the seals were crumbling to pieces. Each seal is now in an indented surrounding of cardboard, so that there is no pressure upon it.

My father used to return from the Swiss rifle matches presenting a somewhat singular figure. His hat was surrounded by innumerable card-tickets recording his bull's-eyes, and the button-holes of his coat were adorned with spoons, forks, small purses of money, and I can on one occasion remember a soup-ladle dangling from the lapel of his coat. The wearing of a prize-winner's trophies on his coat was in accordance with the Swiss custom in those days. At one rifle match my father won a hive full of honey, at another a cow, but at the triennial Tir Fédéral at Bâle, in 1844, there was allotted to him a magnificent gold watch, inside the case of which was a picture in enamel, beautifully executed, of an episode in the battle of St. Jacques in 1444.

In Forster's *Life of Dickens* the latter speaks of his acquaintance with my father, and of having seen him returning, as described above, from a *Tir*.

The autumn saw us again on our travels. We went by Martigny, Sion, over the Simplon to Baveno on the beautiful Lago Maggiore, and well do I remember my first impression of the Borromean Islands, Isola Bella, Isola Madre, and Isola dei Pescatori.

The journey from Baveno to Florence has rather gone out of my recollection, but it certainly was by Milan,¹ Parma, Modena, and Bologna, which were all in those days under Austrian domination or protection. We slept one night at Covigliajo, a lonely inn at the summit of the pass over the Apennines. My arrival at Florence, where I was so often to live in later years, made a great impression upon me. We alighted at the Hôtel Schneider, then a large hotel on the Lung' Arno Guicciardini. It has long ceased to be an hotel, but was for many years known as the Pension Barbensi. We soon moved into the house where we passed that winter and the next, Villa Nerli, belonging to a Geneva banker, Monsieur Ainard. It stood in a very large garden, where in modern Florence the new market of San Frediano has been built. The great drawback to the house was its entrance door, which was in a remarkably dirty street called Via dell' Orto, leading out of Piazza del Carmine. At the corner of the house, on the outside, was a very small octagon chapel, called a *tempietto*, in which, on certain festivals, a night Mass used to be celebrated. During our second winter at Casa Nerli, we had as our courier one Cavani, who had been private courier to the great Napoleon. His bedroom adjoined the chapel, and the old Napoleonic soldier, whose dislike to all priestcraft was strongly marked and expressed, indignant at being disturbed in his sleep, hammered at the wall and bellowed out ribald imitations of the Mass that was being chanted.

The street was inhabited by quite the lowest class, and we had good opportunities of becoming acquainted with the habits and customs of low life at Florence. There were often quarrels and fights, sometimes with knives, in the street at night. The street cries in the daytime were most

¹ I do not recollect at what hotel in Milan we stayed in those days, but I perfectly remember being taken up to the topmost attainable pinnacle of the beautiful cathedral. I had on a red frock of the Royal Stuart Tartan, and my father and mother, walking in the square below, made me out, and waved their handkerchiefs to me.

interesting, and many did I learn which I never since forgot. We occupied the house in 1840-1, and 1841-2. Since then, until it was pulled down when Florence became the capital, it was frequently, if not continuously, the residence of the first secretary of the British Legation. The late Lord Lyons, before he succeeded his father, lived there, and in 1858 my wife and I dined there with Corbet and his charming first wife. I knew Corbet years afterwards as British Minister in Norway and Sweden.

Monsieur Ainard had in all his houses, both at Florence and in Switzerland, private theatres, and great was our delight to find one in our house. I seem to have quite forgotten my terrors at the Adelphi in 1839.

We were much impressed at hearing my father and my eldest sister Caroline recite the scene in *The Merchant of Venice* between Shylock and Antonio, my father impersonating the Jew. They also recited the speeches of Brutus and Mark Antony. I have been told that our friend Mr. Charles Young was highly indignant at Cally being made to learn the rôles of a man, and persuaded my father to teach her those suited to her sex. This was my first introduction to Shakespeare, my interest in which was to be further encouraged by reading that delightful book, Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*.

As soon as we were established in Villa Nerli, my Italian education commenced, and then for the first time did I see my good little master, Tommaso Gordini, whom I was to know for so many years afterwards, and who in the beginning of 1859 had the honour of giving Italian lessons, in Rome, to His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward, then Prince of Wales. Gordini was a pure Tuscan, and taught the most idiomatic Italian, with a faultless pronunciation.

It was at this time that we first saw General and Mrs. Lindsay and their charming family, destined to be friends of ours then, as also in after years. Their eldest son, Sir Coutts Lindsay, was not with them then, but their eldest daughter, Margaret (Minnie), who afterwards married her cousin, Lord Lindsay, the twenty-fifth Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, was to me all my life, as long as she lived, a revered and beloved friend, and her constant kindness I can never forget. Her eldest daughter, Lady Alice Lindsay, married Colonel Archer-Houblon, brother of my second wife; both died recently. The second daughter of General

Lindsay, May, was very beautiful and accomplished. She married the wealthy Mr. Robert Holford, who built Dorchester House in Park Lane, and was the mother of Sir George Holford. The second son, Bob Lindsay, was two years older than I, and it was arranged by the parents on both sides that he and I should be fellow-pupils of Signor Gordini, and walk out together every day.

Bob and I were in 1847 at Eton as inmates of the house of the Rev. Francis Durnford. Of his splendid subsequent career in the Guards in the Crimean War, where he won the Victoria Cross; of his being one of the picked men attached as equerries to the then Prince of Wales; of his active support in the development of the Volunteer movement; and his presiding over the Sick and Wounded Red Cross Society, I will not speak here. All these things are told, in language far more eloquent than I can hope to emulate, in the story of his life (*Lord Wantage*, 1908) by his widow, Lady Wantage, a noble book, written by a noble-hearted woman.

There was at this time in Florence a very beautiful soprano, Signora Barbieri-Nini. She had a pretty face, but was slightly hump-backed, though a charming singer. One evening my mother took us to the Pergola (Opera House) to hear *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* by Rossini, in which la Barbieri-Nini took the part of Rosina. About forty years after this, I was walking in the Mercato Vecchio with an Italian judge, when I saw coming towards us two ladies, one of whom was a very small deformed person. A sort of flash came into my mind: "Can that be the *prima donna* of my nursery days?" As we passed them, my companion touched me with his elbow and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, saying: "You would hardly think it, but that woman (*quella lì*) was once a famous singer." To his intense surprise, I answered: "Is it not la Barbieri-Nini?" "Yes," he said; "but how on earth did you know that, for she is very seldom seen now?" I told him that it was a wonderful instance of how a child's memory stores up things. My friend was dumbfounded. He was a Neapolitan, but was a profound admirer of the Tuscan idiom and pronunciation. One day he said to me: "Yesterday I had to examine twenty witnesses who were peasants from the hills above Pistoja. I assure you that their language was simply a garden of flowers (*proprio un giardino di fiori*)."

All this and the two following winters I was consolidating my good grounding in Italian. I heard nothing but the best language and pronunciation, except perhaps from the lowest classes in the streets; our Italian servants spoke the purest Tuscan, and the learned Italians who frequented my father's and mother's house accustomed my ears to the language and idiom in a way that I have never forgotten. The learned works on the Tuscan language by two non-Tuscan Piedmontese Italians are strong evidence of the reverence in which Tuscan is held by all competent students of the Italian language. From the Padre Giambattista Giuliani, sometime lecturer on Dante at the Accademia delle Belle Arti, we have *Il bel parlare del popolo Toscano*, 2 vols., 8vo, and from the late Edmondo De Amicis we have *L'Idioma Gentile* and *Pagine Sparse*, all three delightful books. A more recent work, *In Tuscany*, by Montgomery Carmichael, gives us the same ideas in English.

Whatever Italian I have learned was planted, grounded, and cultivated in those years of my childhood, 1841, 1842, and 1843. I feel very grateful.

It was now that the name of Dante first became known to me. Gordini had taken Bob Lindsay and me into the Duomo at Florence, and had shown us the allegorical picture by Domenico di Michelino, in which Dante is portrayed standing in front of the city of Florence, and holding in his hand the book of the *Divina Commedia*, while behind him are represented emblematical sketches of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Gordini told me then what an accomplished scholar my father was, and what an ardent student of Dante. I soon found out that my father was gathering into his circle a number of the most learned Dantists then living, and I used to see Vincenzo Nannucci, the great philologist, and Giunio Carbone,¹ with the Abate Brunone Bianchi, Aiazzi the astronomer, Seymour (afterwards Baron) Kirkup, and many others, as constant guests at our house. With the aid of Nannucci, my father published the Commentaries of Dante's two sons, Pietro and Jacopo, the *Comento di Anonimo*, and *Le Chiose sopra Dante*, generally known as *Il Falso Boccaccio*. He also commenced his work on the *Vernon Dante*, as the large edition of the

¹ Both these learned men were in turn private secretaries of my father, and each of them, one after the other, became Librarian of the great Biblioteca Magliabecchiana (now Nazionale).

Inferno, in three volumes folio, is habitually styled. He worked at a great table with a semicircle of desks all round him, on which, in three tiers, lay open all the best commentaries on Dante then known to Dante students.¹ Each page of his book had the text of the *Inferno* on the upper part of the page; in the middle of the page was his commentary, in which he rendered the text into literal modern Italian paraphrase; while notes occupied the bottom of the page. My father was warmly seconded by my mother in this work, and she also took profound interest in the discussions of obscure passages by the learned guests that assembled so often at our house.²

All Florentine women of the middle and well-to-do lower classes, when in their Sunday best, used to wear immense flapping hats of the most beautifully plaited Leghorn straw. One great feature in the streets was that of the *Fioraje* or flower-girls.

Some of the utensils that were in general use in Tuscany deserve some mention.

In the first place, I will speak of the *scaldino*, an earthenware basket-shaped pot with a handle above it. In this is placed hot wood braize or ashes, and it continues to be seen to this day. Women carry one under their aprons to warm the body, and when sitting down they place it on the floor under their petticoats. Fireplaces were then little used by Tuscans in their own houses, but every one, except quite the upper classes, carried a *scaldino* in his hand; and I once saw three judges trying a case of murder and each judge had a *scaldino* on the table in front of him.

Another vessel seen everywhere is the *mezzina*, a copper can about two feet high with a round handle on the top. This the women used to carry to the fountain in the square, and when full, carry it on their heads. They are much

¹ Many and many a time, when I was writing my own books about Dante, I used to look back with longing to those desks, and wish that the limited space available in a London house would have sufficed to enable me to have similar ones.

² Early in my boyhood my father began to give me copies of the books he had written or published on Dante. I was very proud of them, and treasured them reverentially. They were eagerly displayed in my book-cases at Eton, at Oxford, and everywhere else where I have lived since, and they now repose in honour among the books of my Dante library, presented by me to the Athenæum Club in 1909, where I know they will be appreciated and cared for during many long years after I shall have left this world.

admired nowadays, and people take them from Italy as curios. I have two in our drawing-room in London, which were actually our housemaid's cans at Villa Caprini, near Fiesole, and which my first wife insisted on bringing back to England in 1862.

At the present day in the curiosity shops in Florence are the brass *lucerne* or portable oil lamps, and a good one will fetch twenty-five francs or *lire*. The *lucerna* has a heavy base like a standard lamp, out of which rises a stem about two feet high with a ring-shaped handle at the top into which three fingers can be inserted. About thirteen inches from the base and seven from the top is a triple oil lamp through which the stem passes; and from this solid piece depend small brass chains like those of a *châtelaine*, on which hang snuffers, extinguishers, lamp-picks, and tweezers. They are most graceful and ornamental. When we lived in Florence, every one of our servants carried one at night. It was held with the handle about the height of the waist, and the base nearly touching the ground.

In the laundry premises of a villa, the huge conical-shaped *conca* is always a familiar figure. It is made of terra-cotta, and very large, about thirty inches in diameter at the top and twelve inches at the bottom. It is used for a variety of purposes. Primarily meant to contain lye (*lessive* in French), it is also largely employed in making olive oil or wine. In his *Inferno* (ix. 16), Dante uses the word *conca* to describe the inverted cone shape of Hell.

The winter of 1841-2 saw us again at Casa Nerli, but I do not recollect many special incidents that winter, except that I got whipped for kicking the shins of our dancing-master, Signor Del Fungo, a Spaniard, whom we children intensely disliked. One thing, however, I must not forget. That winter John Baldwin, afterwards the venerated father of the Zingari Cricket Club, dined with my father and mother more than once. He was an admirable conjuror, and did some tricks after dinner to the wonder and amazement of us all. Fifty-five years afterwards, I, who had long been a conjuror myself, made friends with him during two winters at Dover. I used to go and pass an hour or two with him, and we would compare notes, each telling the other any secrets not known to both, and as happy together as two children.

My father and mother were acquainted, while we lived in

Florence with two of Napoleon's famous Marshals. On one occasion, my mother was taken into dinner at a party by Maréchal Marmont, Duc de Raguse. As he offered my mother his arm, he remarked to her: "*Permettez-moi de vous offrir mon bras, Miladi; vous y trouverez pas mal de vos balles.*" The other Marshal was Napoleon's brother, Jerome Bonaparte, who held for some time the fictitious title of "King of Westphalia." I remember once crossing him on the stairs, and I have a vision of a tall old man with a sallow face. My sister Adelaide (Lady Macdonald) was a special pet of his, and he gave her a beautiful little miniature harp, about three inches long, of gold inlaid with jewels, with a tiny musical box inside, which used to play. I used irreverently to term it "Jerome's harp." My sister had it all her life.

The summer of 1842 was spent once more at our beloved Villa Les Délices. During these three summers the Boileaus occupied Villa de l'Impératrice at Pregny, high up above the Lake and facing Mont Blanc. We ourselves occupied that villa in 1845. We saw a great deal of them, and, during their first year at L'Impératrice, Agnes Boileau, aged seven, and I, aged six, agreed that we would marry some day: as in fact we did in 1855.

When we left Geneva in 1842, we travelled by the Simplon route to Florence, resting at Lausanne, Martigny, Sion, Briegg, and slept at the village of the Simplon, near the top of the Pass. Thence we descended to Domo d'Ossola. There is no entrance into Italy which, to my mind, is so entrancing as by this route. One has been descending Napoleon's splendid mountain road for hours, in the narrow gorge of Isella where the lofty crags above shut one out from light, and almost seem about to fall down on one. Suddenly one emerges into a smiling scene of chestnut-clad hills, church steeples, towers, and villages nestling under rocky heights, and everything that meets the eye is full of charm, and thoroughly Italian.

The picturesque little town is situated on the River Toce, a tributary of the Lago Maggiore. In it one sees long arcades in the streets, as at Bologna, at Berne, and at Chester. From here half a day's posting brought us to the Hôtel de la Poste at Baveno, in an enchanting position on the shore of the Lago Maggiore, with the Borromean Islands right in front of one. That hotel has long since made

way for modern palatial structures, and is now a private house, but it was to us lovely beyond description.

On our arrival at Florence at the Hôtel de York, now demolished, a great catastrophe occurred, while my father and mother were searching for a suitable abode for the winter. I woke up ill one morning, and, on Dr. Playfair appearing, he pronounced it to be a mild form of scarlet fever. The next day my sister Adelaide contracted the fever, but in a much more severe form.

Our cure, convalescence, and subsequent careful disinfection took several weeks, and then we moved into a fine apartment in Casa Pucci, Via de' Pucci (now Via S. Egidio), not 200 yards from the great Pucci Palace. The house still exists, and is now the Banca di Risparmio (the General Savings Bank).

The theatre, Il Teatro Nuovo, stood, and still stands, opposite the front door of Casa Pucci. There was at that time an actor performing there, of the name of Fabbri, of great tragic power, who was reciting scenes out of Dante. My father and mother got him to come and give a private performance at our house to a party of friends, and I was assured by the late Dowager Lady Crawford that his representation of Dante was remarkably fine. He was dressed, of course, in the ancient Florentine *lucco*, of red and white, with the usual hooded cap on his head; but I do not remember that there was anything green superadded to it, for those were the days of the Grand Ducal Government, and no combination of red, white, and green, the colours of United Italy, would have been tolerated for a moment. I can well remember the beginning of the performance. Fabbri came in quietly and sat down beside a table on which he leant his elbow, and covered his eyes with his right hand, until the signal was given for him to commence his recitation.

A day or two afterwards my father took me to see Fabbri, at a poor little lodging, up on the seventh or eighth floor of a house near the theatre. I was much surprised to see the gorgeous figure of the preceding evenings squalidly attired, leaning over a *scaldino*, and a little girl of about ten standing at his elbow.

We stayed on that year well into June, and were very full of admiration of the fire-flies in the garden at night. We were to pass the summer of 1843 at Castellamare, then

an even more fashionable watering-place than Sorrento, as King Ferdinand II (*Il Re Bomba*) had his summer villa there.

Adelaide and I were sent on before with the governess and some maids, in charge of the old courier Cavani, to Leghorn, and thence by a steamer called the *Leopoldo Secondo* to Naples. We took up our abode at the Hôtel delle Crocelle, on the Chiatamone. We were visited there by the Danish consul, Mr. Knudsen, a very kind old man, who took Adelaide and me about in a carriage daily and amused us in every way he could. The one event that impressed itself most upon us, however, was meeting in the Via di Toledo, the principal street of Naples, the state funeral of the Archbishop of Naples, who had died the day before. The body, arrayed in full pontificals, was carried fully exposed on an uncovered bier, with a crucifix held between the folded hands. Adelaide and I had never seen a corpse before, and we were terrified. It was many a long day after that before we could be prevented from looking under the bed and behind it, to be sure that no deceased Archbishops of Naples should pop out upon us.

The villa my father had taken for the summer at Castellamare was Villa Falcone, that stood high above the town, and the way to which was along the delightfully shaded roads that led up to the King's villa. We children were sent to occupy Villa Falcone before the arrival of my father and mother. During these days we were much interested by the tales old Cavani told us of his experiences when courier to the great Napoleon. He described to us circumstantially the massacre of the Turkish prisoners at Jaffa in 1799, and he also related to us how at Moscow in 1812 he was sitting at a little table outside a café, when he saw the first fires break out which were to cause the destruction of that city. I never forgot these conversations, and later on I eagerly read up the history of those events.

We passed this summer very pleasantly. We used to get up very early, and walk or play in the garden. During this time the whole of the doors and windows were thrown open, and the *scagliola* floors watered with watering-pots. At nine all the doors, windows, and shutters on the outside of the house were closed, and all the inner doors left open. The delightful time of the day began after five o'clock,

when our donkeys came round, and we went for long rides on the beautiful wooded hills. We made frequent excursions to Pompeii, the excavation of which was very far behind that which greater intelligence brought about since. In those days the principal object was to find treasures which were taken to the Museo, then Borbonico, now Nazionale, and the ruins were left to take care of themselves. That was before the days of the great Fiorelli, who was persecuted by the Bourbons for presuming to criticise their methods, but who, after the proclamation of the Kingdom of Italy, was appointed Inspector-General of Excavations. Under his enlightened management every single house has been preserved, and, where possible, restored. We used to range the whole country round. Gragnano, Lettere, Monte S. Angelo, Monte Coppola, Amalfi, Sorrento, were all visited with delight and rapture. As we returned from our long excursions in the evenings, there was always a welcome halt at the café, where we first tasted the joys of a *granita* ice in hot weather. We used to see on the paths on Monte Coppola a harmless old lunatic who always walked out with two shirts, one on his back and the other stretched on his walking-stick. When the one got wet with perspiration, he would retire into some dense thicket and exchange his wet shirt for the dry one!

Our house was daily visited by four musicians, one with a guitar, who sang beautifully, two with fiddles, and one with a triangle. From them we learned all the lovely popular songs, and we sang them for many years afterwards. They would not be appreciated now in this age in which harmony is everything, and melody is voted mawkish and out-of-date, but to us they were, and always have continued to be, the music of the heart rather than of the head.

During this summer my father carried out extensive excavations among the tombs at Cumae, and made a very beautiful collection of Etruscan and Greek vases which are now in the Gallery at Sudbury. He used to buy from the peasant proprietors a small piece of land, say, about twenty square yards. Men were set to dig and explore the ground. If nothing were found, so much the worse for my father; but any treasures that he excavated were to be his own absolutely. On one occasion he found a Greek tomb, the model of which is at Sudbury. In it was a supremely beautiful Etruscan necklace, a massive

gold ring, and a gold pin. Antiquarian authorities assured my father that there certainly must have been gold anklets and armlets, which the workmen must have purloined. In 1859 I was visiting the Gem Room in the National Museum at Naples, and the curator showed my wife and me an Etruscan necklace, which he said was *nearly* the finest that had ever been discovered. I assured him that my father possessed a finer one. "*Vostro Padre!*" he retorted with great contempt: "*Signor mio*, there is only one man who has a finer one than this, and that is a certain Englishman, Milorde Vernon." Tableau! It turned out that Don Michele (the name of the curator) had been employed by my father in 1843 to clean up and string this beautiful relic of remote antiquity. As soon as he found I was a son of that same Lord Vernon, his manner became most friendly, and nothing was too good for us. I regret to say that since 1883, when my brother Augustus died, the Etruscan necklace has disappeared. As one of the trustees of the estate, after the death of my nephew (George Henry, seventh Lord Vernon) in 1898, I did my best to have search made for it, but all in vain, and I deeply regret the loss of so great a treasure that had been in our family for nearly forty years.

The British *chargé d'affaires* at Naples, Mr. John Kennedy, with his wife and two boys, aged respectively seven and five, were great friends of ours during this summer. The elder son, Sir John Gordon Kennedy, K.C.M.G., after filling various diplomatic posts, retired in November 1905. He married one of the three Miss Wilbrahams, whose sisters were the Duchess of Sermoneta and the Countess of Crawford. The second son, Admiral Sir William Robert Kennedy, K.C.B., went through a distinguished naval career. In the following year (1844) I remember seeing my mother (I forget where) come into the room in tears, with an open letter from Mrs. Kennedy in her hand, telling her that one of the boys had fallen from a great height at the hotel at Civita Vecchia into a stone court below, but providentially had been taken up uninjured. I have by me a letter from Sir John Kennedy, wherein, at my request, he related the circumstance.

"I have a lively recollection," he writes, "of my brother's fall at Civita Vecchia in 1844. We were leaving Italy, and had reached Civita Vecchia in our travelling coach, in

order to embark on a steamer there. A few hours before embarking, my father and mother were dining on the first floor of an hotel. I and my brother William—aged respectively eight and six—having armed ourselves with toothpicks (which in those days were long sharpened pieces of white wood) passed out of the dining-room on to a long balcony. My brother in avoiding my attacks—we were fencing—backed himself through one of the openings in the railing, and fell some thirty feet into a long enclosed yard full of high blocks of stone! Everyone rushed out of the hotel round to the entrance of the yard, only to find the gate locked and barred, and to learn that it was government property, and only opened to admit convicts who were employed in hewing and shaping blocks of stone! After some delay the authorities opened the gate, and my brother was recovered apparently unhurt, and, as it turned out, none the worse for the accident. Luckily he had fallen between two blocks of stone. This same brother, a few years later, fell from the nursery floor of our grandmother's house down to the stone floor of the hall; he had jumped astride of the banisters in order to slide down: the danger of the fall was probably reduced by his bumping against the banisters on the drawing-room floor. He was taken up unconscious and put to bed, but on the next day he was perfectly well."

I notice in Admiral Sir William Kennedy's book, *Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor*, that one evening, when commanding H.M.S. *Druid*, just to test the smartness of his crew, he suddenly jumped overboard in the shark-infested sea between Jamaica and Cartagena, but was promptly picked up. He certainly must have borne a charmed life! I met Sir John Kennedy on various occasions in after life. Once we found ourselves together in a Midland express, of which the engine had broken down near the Seven Sisters' Road. He had then just been moved to another post from the Embassy at Washington. I met him again at Florence in 1887 at the unveiling of the new *Facciata* of the Duomo, when I presented him with a copy of the Commentary of Dante by Benvenuto da Imola—which copy perished in a fire, that destroyed his house and everything in it, during a revolution at Santiago in Chile in 1891.

We left Castellamare in the autumn of 1843, and travelled by post to Rome. I can remember, as though it were to-day, our delight, even as children, at the enchantment

of Mola di Gaeta, and with what reluctance we proceeded on our journey. Shortly after this we passed through the robber-towns of Itri and Fondi, notorious even in the Middle Ages for their population of brigands.

As we travelled along between Itri and Fondi, my mother pointed out to me where, as a young girl, she had seen brigands' heads exposed in wicker cages on poles at intervals by the side of the road. We slept at Terracina, and the next day entered the road across the Pontine Marshes. These are now thoroughly drained, and have more resemblance to the rich plains of Lombardy. Grass and herbage, however, grow in them with a luxuriance which the north of Italy cannot exhibit. The road that leads through the marshes is excellent and smooth as a bowling-green. Our carriages rolled along it between unending alleys of lime trees, whose thick branches afford a shade from the scorching beams of the sun. Canals crossed one another, and drained off the water standing in ponds covered with reeds, while herds of buffaloes ranged about, some standing in the water with only their heads showing. Troops of horses galloped wildly about, and, at the first post-house where we changed horses, these were pursued by a man on horseback and driven into a paddock, from which unruly teams were selected, and, to our great dismay, harnessed to our carriages. Our last sleeping-place was Frascati, where, as the hotels were full, we had to be accommodated for the night in private lodgings. The next day we posted to Albano, where we were met by Signor Pfeiffer, a gentleman of German extraction, but completely Italianised, whose daughters were Roman Princesses. He was a friend of my father and mother, and very kindly drove out to meet us at the point, near Albano, where the first view of Rome is obtained.

The house in which we passed the winter of 1843-4 was in the Via Sistina with the back looking out into the Via Gregoriana. It was a very fine apartment. We now saw for the first time my father's old Italian master, Armellini. He had taught my father Italian in early life, and there is at Sudbury, in the Gallery, a small coloured chalk drawing of the two sitting together at a table and reading Dante.

My father's descriptions to me of his life at Eton fired my youthful imagination with a great wish to go there, though I felt some alarm on hearing how small boys were

bullied in my father's time. One Sunday afternoon, part of the service in church was taken by Mr. Knapp, whom my father had known as an Eton tutor. In his sermon I was particularly touched at the way he intoned the word "Macedonia," and it had upon me much the same effect as "that blessed word 'Mesopotamia'" had upon the old lady in the story. Soon after this, I found that Mr. Knapp was taking daily pupils to teach them Latin, and I was sent as one of them. I got on very well until one day, in construing Ovid's *Epistle* from Penelope to Ulysses, I rendered *vestris disjecta lacertis Ilios* "Troy thrown down by your lizards", when I got such a swinging box on the ears that my nose began bleeding, as it would do in those days on the smallest provocation. I had conscientiously looked out every word in the dictionary, and had verified the fact that *lacerta* was a lizard, not also noticing that *lacertus* is an arm. As I had read in the Mythology of all sorts of animals being told off by Jupiter to do all sorts of things, I did not see why he should not have sent lizards to demolish the walls of Troy!

Among friends of my father and mother whom we used to see that winter were Prince and Princess Doria. She was one of the Shrewsbury Talbots. We also knew very intimately Lord and Lady Brabazon, afterwards Lord and Lady Meath, and their two beautiful little boys. The eldest of these, whose Christian name was Norman, died the following year, and his younger brother is the present Earl. We also knew Lord and Lady Powerscourt, whose sons were with me at Eton. A very respected friend of my parents was the great Mrs. Somerville, famed for her mastery of mathematics, physical science, and astronomy, and from whom Somerville College for women at Oxford takes its name.

It was during this winter that my sister Adelaide and I first noticed, in my father's library, the early editions of Charles Dickens's works in their well-known green paper covers. The pictures were an untold delight to us, always excepting the interview (in *Pickwick*) between the sexton, Gabriel Grub, and the Goblin King. Some of the pictures in *Oliver Twist*, too, were rather terrifying; but worse than any to us were George Cruikshank's illustrations of *Jack Sheppard* by William Harrison Ainsworth.

That Christmas we all went to see the great function in

the Sistine Chapel, and I heard a sermon preached by Pope Gregory XVI. I was rather delicate at that time, and the heat of the crowded assembly made me feel faint. Signor Pfeiffer, not wanting my mother to lose the spectacle, very kindly took me out himself. I recollect we were in a kind of large ante-chamber in which there were huge sorts of dressers on which the cardinals' robes were spread out and folded. Many cardinals were passing and repassing with their trains held up. One of them, a venerable old man, stopped, and, laying his hand upon my head, asked Signor Pfeiffer whose little boy I was. On hearing that I was a son of the Lord Vernon who was so much interested in Dante and other Italian literature, the old Cardinal said "Bravo!" patted me again on the head, and passed on. I was then told that he was Cardinal Giuseppe Mezzofanti, the Keeper of the Vatican Library, one of the greatest linguists that the world has ever known. He is said to have understood and spoken fifty-eight different tongues and dialects. In 1820 Lord Byron described him as "a walking polyglot, a monster of languages, and a Briareus of parts of speech!" He died in 1849. Among the visitors who came to our house that winter were Lord Lorne (the penultimate Duke of Argyll), Lady Dalmeny, the present Lord Rosebery's mother (afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, whom we had known at Geneva when she was Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope). I remember her showing us some of her very beautiful pen-and-ink drawings. Another visitor was the immensely tall Mr. Higgins, who wrote in *The Times* under the *nom-de-plume* of "Jacob Omnium." The first time I saw him was coming into my mother's drawing-room, and, as he passed behind a screen in front of the door, I thought he was a man standing on a chair.

The great event of this winter season was a fancy ball given by Princess Doria. My father went in complete disguise. The invitations were accepted by my mother, who dressed as a Spanish lady, and by my sister Caroline ("Cally"), who went as one of twelve Druidesses, dressed in mantles of cloth of gold, among whom Lady Brabazon (afterwards Lady Meath), as the High Priestess, carried a golden sickle. Cally wore my father's famous Etruscan necklace. As soon as my mother and Cally had gone off to the ball, Adelaide and I rushed up to my father's room, and found him in the hands of a theatrical face-painter,

who was altering his complexion into that of a dark swarthy man. My father was attired in tight-fitting tunic and hose or pantaloons of very dark green cloth with pointed shoes; round his waist was a gilt belt with a crimson velvet pouch, and a golden-hilted poniard; and over all he donned a magnificent mantle of crimson velvet lined with ermine. He had black moustaches and a short beard, and a wig of black hair which curled on the nape of his neck. The costume was that of a noble in the fourteenth century. Upon being ushered into the ball-room of the Doria Palace, nobody knew him. He talked in Italian to some of the people who were best acquainted with him, making use of much flattery and pushfulness, telling Mrs. Somerville that her learning had shone throughout the civilised world. He took the hand of Lady Dalmeny, and asked her to dance with him. Not in the least recognising him, she pulled away her hand and curtly refused; my mother and Caroline pretended to be thoroughly disgusted with him, and, when he accosted them, treated him with much repugnance. At last his host, Prince Doria, beckoned him into a corner, and said rather sternly: "*Pardon, Monsieur, mais qui êtes-vous?*" My father whispered his name. The ladies, however, had all been watching this encounter, and, the moment they saw that my father's reply had pacified and much amused the Prince, they all rushed forward, crying out: "We insist upon knowing who it is." They surrounded my father, and peered closely into his face. At last Princess Doria exclaimed: "I see! that swarthy complexion, and those light blue eyes! *c'est* Lord Vernon." The incident was pronounced to be the success of the evening.

But now our departure from Rome was at hand. Adelaide and I had observed secret conferences going on between my father and mother, and then it came out that we were to go to the East, and pay a visit to Sir Stratford and Lady Canning, at Constantinople, via Malta.

Our arrival at Valetta was a great joy to us. Everything English! English forts, English flags, English soldiers, English sailors, English ships! All was beautiful in our eyes. In the harbour the *Queen* was riding at anchor, a 110-gun line-of-battle-ship, built by Sir William Symons, who built the *Vernon*. We went with my father and mother to call upon the Governor, Sir John Stuart. Sir

John very kindly showed us over the palace and the armoury, but what most impressed us children was coming out, on one of the landings of the staircase, upon an English sentry, who at once presented arms to the governor with a great clash of steel. We thought it beautiful! No foreign soldier could by any possibility have presented arms in so perfect a way! We slept at Dunsford's Hotel, and the next day were taken to see the gardens of Villa Sant' Antonio, the governor's house in the country.¹

On Thursday, March 28th, we left Malta in the French Government mail boat *Scamandre*, Captain Lévêque. It was blowing a gale, and very rough; and we entirely lost sight of land till Saturday, 30th, when we sighted Cape Gallo, the Gulf of Coron with Mount Taygetus in the distance, and later in the day we rounded Cape Matapan, and took a north-easterly course past Milo, Siphanto, Serpho, and arrived at Syra in the evening of March 31st by moonlight.

Monday, April 1st, was my birthday of ten years old. My father and mother each presented me with a Mexican dollar, which two when knocked together gave forth a clear bell-like sound, and of which, for so long as I possessed those dollars, I was continually making experiment. Caroline had netted me a long silk purse, all crimson, blue, and yellow—beautiful in my eyes—and in this I deposited my Mexican dollars, one at each end.

We set sail in the evening, and, passing by Tino and Scio, arrived in pouring rain the next morning at Smyrna (April 2nd).

We passed Mitylene in the night, and found ourselves the next morning (Wednesday, April 3rd) near the site of ancient Troy on one side of the ship, and Tenedos on the other. We passed into the Straits of the Dardanelles, with the great though obsolete fortresses of Europe and Asia on either side of the ship. We touched at Gallipoli on the European side of the Straits, and so passed on into the sea of Marmora.

About half an hour before we reached Constantinople, a heavy April shower, accompanied by a hail-storm, came on; but as we got near to the Bosphorus, and the white buildings of Constantinople came into view, the sky sud-

¹ In this expedition to Constantinople I have been a good deal helped by our family record of it; but I remember everything.

denly cleared, the sun shone out gloriously, illuminating all the minarets and towers glittering with the hail, and giving them the appearance of being frosted with silver. It was nearly, or quite, the most magnificent *coup-d'œil* I have ever seen in my life, and never shall I forget it.

Rounding the Seraglio Point, we turned sharp to the left into the Golden Horn, or harbour of Constantinople. Here we anchored, and, taking leave of our kind captain, we were rowed from the *Scamandre* to the Galata Custom House. A steep street led up to Pera, which stretches two miles along a hill. Pera is the residence of the different ambassadors and diplomats of Europe, who have stately palaces here. It is also the residence of the most wealthy merchants.

After being conducted through some dreadfully dirty streets, we reached Missiri's Hotel, then kept by a Greek who had married an English maid of Lady Canning, and we were most comfortably lodged there.

I find it impossible to recollect in what order we children visited the different sights of Constantinople, but many of them come back very readily to me. One of the first things I remember was our going to the great cemetery, where most of the Janissaries are buried.

On Saturday, April 6th, we went with Lady Canning down to Top Khaneh, the landing-place, and crossed the Golden Horn in a caique, or pointed boat rowed by three men. We landed at the Garden Gate (*Batché Kapussi*) and were taken through the muddy streets of Stamboul to the bazaars. They were very crowded, and my people were bewildered and confused at the babel of the tongues of all the nations. The women were all muffled up in their *yashmaks* (double veils) and *feridghees* (or cloaks, mostly blue), with large yellow soleless boots and heel-less slippers over them, which causes their walk to be shuffling and most unprepossessing. After visiting the bazaars, and the Armenian cemetery, we ascended the great Tower of Stamboul, called the Seraskier (or *generalissimo*).

On leaving the Seraskier Tower, the ascent of which had tired everybody, Lady Canning decided to take our whole party to call at the harem of Fuad Effendi, a civilised Turk who spoke French and was well versed in French literature. Little did we think then that he was to be in the future the distinguished Fuad Pasha, the Grand

Vizier. We were shown upstairs by some pretty little slave girls who helped the ladies by putting their hands under their elbows. The drawing-room was furnished in European fashion, and the slaves stood before us awaiting the arrival of the Khanoum, as the mistress of the house is termed in Turkey. Two of her sisters, aged sixteen and fourteen, came in with her. They wore the fez, from which their beautiful hair fell in numerous plaits. Over this was a gauze handkerchief knotted round the head, and fastened with diamond stars and jewels. These ladies were short and fat, their only beauty being their eyes and hair. They had full trousers with little trains of beautiful cashmere trailing along the ground behind each foot. Over this they had wrapped a sort of cloak, which I can recollect was of blue cashmere bordered with fur, and this they would not undo under any pretext. The slaves brought us some sweetmeats and cups of excellent Turkish coffee. The conversation was carried on by Hadji the cavass, who was concealed behind a curtain, so that he could not see the ladies, and thus acted as our interpreter. I can remember, as if it were to-day, his deep bass voice saying, "*La Signora dice . . .*," etc. The Khanoum informed us that her husband was away on a special embassy to Spain, to congratulate young Queen Isabella on having attained her majority. We were then shown over the house. In Fuad Effendi's room there was a select library of French books. On entering the harem, we saw the Khanoum's mother and her old nurse sitting on the divan smoking. It was interesting to see the respect and attention that were paid to them by the young ones. A brazier of copper surrounded with cushions was in the middle of the room, and here these ladies sat warming themselves all day, occasionally dyeing their eyebrows, eyes, and nails. We saw the Arab female cook, and were told that every establishment was provided with one.

On Thursday, April 11th, we crossed the Bosphorus in the splendid ten-oared caique belonging to the British Embassy. It was white and gold, and the rowers in very handsome Albanian costumes, red and white. Between the rowers and the rowed there were two seats for the cavasses, who sat facing each other. We landed at Scutari, all except my father, who could not set foot out of Europe without vitiating his life insurance policies, so he remained in

the State barge consoling himself by laying his *hand* upon the Asiatic soil, as he was forbidden to set his *foot* on it. As we went up the hill, I was walking beside Tilley, and Yussuff the cavass was about twenty yards ahead of us, when a Turkish lad suddenly darted out of a lane, hit me a violent blow on the back with a filthy broom, crying out, "*Franchi!*" ("Christians!"). Yussuff turned and ran after him with his heavy whip, but it was too late, the young rascal vanished. I was hurt, but much more angry than anything else; and, notwithstanding my Christian training, I am afraid I longed for revenge. We then proceeded to our goal, to the place of meeting—not exactly a mosque—of the Howling Dervishes. We were shown upstairs into a sort of gallery, from which we could very well observe the proceedings. The room was square with a double tier of galleries running round it, the upper for women, and the lower for other spectators. Round the walls were hung scourges, hooks, scissors, and knives, with which, in former days of even greater fanaticism, the Dervishes, like the prophets of Baal, used to wound themselves, until they were forbidden by Government to continue such savage practices. There was a niche in the wall which marked the direction of Mecca, and opposite to this, seated on rich carpets, the white-bearded Imàm, or principal dervish, clad in the sacred green, with a black turban. As the inferior dervishes entered, they kissed his hand, while he stroked his beard, and then they all sat down on their rugs. On one side of the gallery sat some musicians, who played and sang the weirdest possible melodies during the weird proceedings that followed. First they all formed themselves into a circle, as they sat on their heels, and chanted some passages from the Koràn, bowing themselves backwards and forwards with great rapidity. The chief then gave the signal to commence a quicker part, on which an attendant approached him, and with every sign of deference removed his turban. The others took off their turbans and upper garments, and stood in a half-circle, and commenced a kind of dance, with their feet, however, always in the same place, a sort of "marking time." They chanted "*Lah Illah Allah Lah!*" and varied this with "*Allah Hou! Allah Hou!*" shaking their whole bodies so violently as to seem possessed. "*Hou*" is the same as "*Jah,*" and "*Allah Hou*" is equivalent to "God Jehovah,"

Every one of them had a long lock of hair on his shaved head, with which he believed that Mohammed might the more easily pull him up to heaven. One dervish shook himself into convulsions, and was carried out, foaming at the mouth.

On the next day (Friday, April 12th), we hired some caiques and stationed ourselves in the Golden Horn to see the Sultan go to mosque. Abdul Medjid was seated under a rich damask canopy in the magnificent State caique of white and gold with twenty-four rowers. He was followed by his principal officers of State in five large and splendid caiques. We then landed and walked up to the Tekiè, or Convent of the Dancing Dervishes. These are a species of very ascetic Mohammedan monks, who take a vow of poverty. They wore high caps of white felt, with jackets and full long petticoats of brown, or green, light or dark. Their feet are bare. The room was round, with a gallery railed off for spectators. Above, in a smaller gallery, some low monotonous music was going on. The dervishes all prostrated themselves and went in single file, with their hands crossed on their breasts, their eyes closed, and their bodies bent in deep humility as they passed before their chief. They then began turning slowly round and round, and extending their arms, one hand upwards and the other downwards, gradually increased their velocity, till their petticoats spun round them in a way that was more amusing than edifying. After luncheon, Lady Canning drove us out to the Sweet Waters of Europe, where the Turks assemble on Fridays. We found several groups of ladies sitting on the grass wrapped up in their *yashmaks* and *feridghees*. I noticed one who was holding her veil half in front of her mouth to eat, but, as she was old and ugly, the revelation was by no means entrancing. Each group of ladies was guarded by three or four black eunuchs. After sunset, the ladies, having rearranged their veils and hair by the aid of silver looking-glasses from under their cloaks, remounted into their *khalikas* or *arabas*, and departed to their homes, if a harem can be called a home. The *khalika* is a carriage of painted wood, without springs or doors. The occupants climb in at the window and seat themselves on their rugs on the floor, for the *khalika* has no seats. The *araba* is simply a white covered wagon drawn by oxen, and is used by a lower stratum of society

than that which uses the *khalika*. The Valley of the Sweet Waters, with its green grass, trees, and small streams, is a singularly attractive spot.

I remember one day being taken to the Seven Towers, beyond the Seraglio Point, to see the structure of the old walls. That evening, however, was *the* day of all others to Adelaide and me. Lady Canning gave a fancy ball to young people, and we two formed part of a quadrille in which my special pal, Katty Canning, was my partner. She and Adelaide were dressed *à la Pompadour*, while the son of the Prussian Minister and I were got up as pages of that period in costumes of blue and white satin in alternate stripes. There was a very little boy dressed as the Emperor Napoleon; another as St. John the Baptist, with a toy lamb under his arm. This worthy preached us a sermon in modern Greek, with which I could have dispensed. One girl was attired as an Armenian bride, who wore a white veil at the back of her head, while a long arrangement of gold, like hair, hung down below her waist in front, concealing her face. Then came the great amusement. An old schoolmistress appeared, exhibiting the attributes of Justice tempered with Mercy, of punishments and rewards. In one hand she held a lesson book and a huge birch rod, in the other a number of little tambourines and penny trumpets; and having terrified us children with the one hand, the good old lady proceeded to distribute the toys with the other. This personage was no other than Mr. Layard, one of the *attachés*, afterwards the great explorer of Babylon, Nimroud, Persepolis, etc., still later a Cabinet Minister, and finally, as Sir Austin Layard, Ambassador at Constantinople.

On Friday, April 19th, we crossed the Bosphorus, and landed near the Palace of Beglerbeg; to which the Sultan had that day moved for his summer residence. We were placed in some seats favourable for seeing the Sultan proceed from the Palace to the Mosque, through a double file of soldiers. A muezzin came out upon the minaret to call the people to prayer. I can well remember seeing the Sultan's own saddle-horses being led by, all beautifully caparisoned with cloths embroidered with gold, pearls, and other precious stones. Then came the great officers of State, splendidly mounted, and with jewelled saddle-cloths. They were followed by the Sultan, riding quite alone, and

covered with diamonds, both himself and his horse. My people told me that, though his countenance was amicable, it was marked with small-pox, and he looked sickly and unhappy.

On the next day we crossed the Golden Horn to Batché Kapussi, and thence in *khalikas* to St. Sophia. Even as a child I remember being struck by the glorious proportions of the building, both outside and in. We visited the Mosque of Sultan Achmed, which is larger than St. Sophia, and then that of Suleiman the Magnificent, the most beautiful of all; in the surrounding garden we saw the latter's tomb, and afterwards the tomb of Mahmoud IV, who destroyed the Janissaries. We got our luncheon at a Turkish eating shop. I can remember that they served us with a sort of Benjamin's mess, in an enormous round pewter dish on a low stool. It contained mutton kabobs, rice, bread, gravy, garlic and other herbs, with a great deal of fat, and was very appetising.

My father and Caroline started early in the morning of Monday, the 22nd, on horseback, and joined the rest of us at Buyukderè. As they were passing the Arsenal, they were met by a soldier carrying on his back an old man, who had just received the bastinado. He seemed to be very feeble, and he was crying piteously "*Amàn, amàn!*" ("Pardon! pardon!"), apparently unconscious of the fact that he was not still being beaten. My mother, our governess, Adelaide, and I embarked in the great Embassy caique, with Lady Canning and her daughters, and Mr. Layard.

About the middle of the day we reached Buyukderè, the beautiful summer residence of the British Ambassador, delightfully situated close to the sea—an enchanting spot. We came back along the Bosphorus amid scenes of the greatest beauty. We passed the port of Therapia soon after leaving Buyukderè. In it were many ships. M. de Bourquenay, the French Ambassador, had at that time a delightful house and garden in the village. This was a day of great enjoyment to us all, young and old.

Wednesday, April 24th, was our last day at Constantinople. We crossed with Lady Canning and her daughters in the Embassy caique with much parade, for Lady Canning, as English Ambassadors, was going to pay her state visit to the ladies of Rifât Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

She took with her, besides her own three daughters, my mother, Caroline, Adelaide, and a Greek lady, Signora Federici, to act as interpreter. There had been much discussion as to whether I also could be admitted, but Rifât Pasha on being asked, and hearing that I was only ten years of age, gave permission for me to go with the party. On the way there my mother said to me: "Now, my dear, I have one thing to say to you: look well about you, and remember what you see, for you will never see it again as long as you live." I obeyed her injunctions to the best of my ability.

On landing at Batché Kapussi, we were met by some of Rifât Pasha's carriages, with the servants in state liveries, blazing with gold, and were driven to the Pasha's palace. On arriving at the doors of the harem, we were met by all the ladies and female slaves, in great numbers. The Pasha's sister, who was old and fat, and seemed to take the most prominent place, led us into the drawing-room. I was instantly surrounded by little pashas, and we began talking to each other, without the slightest comprehension of our respective tongues. I produced the red, blue, and yellow silk purse which my sister Caroline had netted for me, and in which I had placed one of my Mexican dollars. One of the little pashas at once snatched it out of my hand, and darted off, nor did I see my purse nor him again. My mother and Lady Canning, on hearing what had occurred, told me not to say a word about it, so I had to whimper inwardly. Caroline told me afterwards that some of the young girls had tried to pull the rings off her fingers, but she was of a tougher composition of mind than I was, and stoutly resisted being deprived of her property. The reception-room was furnished with a divan and cushions on the floor, while the windows commanded a magnificent view of Stamboul, the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus. The Pasha's wife, a beautiful Circassian, with two pretty little girls, as well as the old sister, sat by our party, while the sons' wives and some of the slaves sat on the floor at the side of the room. The inferior slaves brought in sweetmeats and coffee, and then the Turkish young ladies amused themselves in dressing up my sisters and the three Canning girls in *yashmaks* and *feridghees*, and put diamonds into their hair. There seemed to be a great number of females about the harem. I noted one especially, a tall Georgian

slave, said to be a great favourite of the Pasha, dressed in yellow, handsome, dark, of beautiful form, but my people thought she had a bad countenance. The general appearance, however, of all the women was anything but graceful. Their eyebrows, eyelashes, finger-nails, and toe-nails were all dyed; while their heel-less jewelled slippers, and the trains which trailed behind each leg, gave a peculiarly uncouth appearance to their gait.

Dinner was soon announced, whereupon we filed into a spacious and very lofty anteroom, round which stood a number of female slaves. To each of us was offered a silver basin which had upon it a perforated conical cover of silver with a little nest at the top of the cone for the soap. Then another slave came forward and poured perfumed water over our hands from a silver jug that looked like a coffee-pot. A third slave then presented us with a white Turkish towel—the first I had ever seen—and, when we had dried our hands, she tied it loosely over one shoulder to serve us in lieu of a napkin at dinner.

The dining-room was a large octagon, and for a dining-table there was a large tray covered with a table-cloth, and resting on a low stool. This was surrounded by soft cushions upon which we seated ourselves cross-legged, or upon our heels. Several richly dressed slaves waited at table, and the black Arab cook brought in the dishes one by one, and placed them in the centre of the table. We had on our left hand a flap of bread, principally used for wiping the fingers, and on our right two spoons, one of ivory and the other of tortoiseshell. We followed the example of our hostess, and all at the same time dipped our tortoiseshell spoons into the dish of soup, taking only two or three mouthfuls. We counted twenty-six dishes, a sweet and a savoury alternately. The joints, while retaining their shape, had been cut into small dice which we lifted out with our fingers. One dish was a cheese called *kaimak*, made from sheep's milk, and placed between layers of bread and honey. Towards the end of dinner the granddaughter of Halib Pasha entered the room. She was only thirteen and had been just married, for which reason she wore a head-dress of black gauze. She was fair and white-skinned, but not very pretty. She kissed the elbows of the ladies, and then seated herself very timidly on the divan in a corner of the room, without speaking a word. There was

a general look of depression among all the women in the harem.

The time had now come for our departure from Constantinople. We went up to the Embassy and took leave of all our kind friends, who had made us spend three such delightful weeks. Lady Canning accompanied us to the steamer, which was *L'Imperatore* of the Austrian Lloyd Service. I remember being shown the lights of Gallipoli.

We touched at Smyrna on Friday, the 26th, at Scio on the 27th. This island was in a ruined and devastated condition, a recent revolt having been repressed with such ferocity that only one-twelfth of the inhabitants, less than a thousand, remained. On the evening of April 27th; we entered the port of Syra, where, having been inspected by the *Sanità* (the health officers), we were taken in a boat to the Lazaretto, a great building on a barren rock, in which we were to pass our period of quarantine. The first proceeding was to perform the *spoglio* (i.e. the stripping of oneself). Each member of the party of eleven persons had to take a bath. There were only two bathrooms, and they refused to change the water! The guardian outside the door called out to each of us, "*Bagnate la testa*" ("Bathe your head"), a command obeyed with much reluctance. We threw our infected garments into a turn-table cupboard, another turn of which produced for each of us the bundle of clothes we had left with the Consul four weeks before, and which were therefore accounted clean, not having entered Turkey. We were then taken to our rooms, two and a half in number, for one was only a small closet—my father, two men-servants, and I in one room, and my mother with the remainder of the females in the other. The filthiness of those rooms beggars all description. They were entirely destitute of all furniture, with two inches of dust on the floor, while the ceilings and walls were inhabited by five different races (I was told) of the insect tribe! Then for each person was brought in two iron trestles, three boards, and a straw mattress which constituted a bed, besides a chair each, and one table for each room.

During several days we led a life of misery. We could not move a step without being accompanied by a *guardiano*, and, if we made purchases from any of the bumboats, we had to drop our money into a bowl of water, so as not to infect the filthy Greeks with our uncleanness!

On Monday, the 29th, we obtained some better rooms, with a terrace over the roof of the lower floor. After the others, they seemed palatial. On Wednesday, May 1st, a French Government steamer, *le Dante*, came in, and, as she was in quarantine, we obtained permission, to our great relief, to embark in her, and finish our quarantine in the Piraeus on board. We sailed that evening on a lovely moonlight night. My father entered into conversation with the pilot, who came from the island of Melos, and heard from him that the taxation of the islanders by Otho, the Bavarian prince then on the throne of Greece, was far more burdensome than had been that of the Turks, and that most of the poor inhabitants had evacuated the island and gone to Pera. Besides this, Otho used to fill up all the lucrative posts with his own Bavarians.

We entered the Piraeus at 5 a.m. on Thursday, May 2nd, flying the yellow flag to show that we were in quarantine. A British man-of-war paddle-wheel steam-sloop, the *Virago*, was lying in the harbour, and a few men-of-war of other nations, conspicuous among which was a large French seventy-four-gun line-of-battle-ship, the *Alger*. We enjoyed our five days' captivity very much. Adelaide and I fished over the side nearly all day, and caught a great number of small fish, some of bright variegated colours. On Tuesday, May 7th, our quarantine ended, and we lowered our yellow flag. The first thing we did was to pay a visit to the *Virago*, feeling intense delight at going on board one of our own English men-of-war and finding ourselves among our own countrymen. My readers must remember that we had not been in England since the autumn of 1839. We could hardly tear ourselves away, but we were taken ashore, and drove from the Piraeus to Athens, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. I do not remember much of the drive, until we got close to Athens and saw the Temple of Theseus near the road, and the glorious Acropolis buildings above us. The hotel was on open ground below the royal palace. We saw King Otho driving in an open *calèche*, an unmistakable German in the Greek dress. I was surprised at the disrespectful familiarity with which a man in the lower classes presented a petition to him. In the afternoon we walked to the Temple of Theseus, one of the most perfect specimens of the former glories of Athens. It was built by Cimon after the battle of Salamis, and dedicated to Theseus and Hercules. It is entirely of

Pentelicus marble, and is the most perfectly preserved of all the ruins in Athens. We next visited the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, on which St. Paul once stood and complimented the men of Athens for being so highly devotional, which an erroneous translation of the Greek Testament has rendered "highly superstitious." St. Paul was admiring their zeal in seeking to learn who was the "Unknown God," and proceeded to give them the instruction they wanted. We next ascended to the Acropolis, or Citadel, by a very steep path in the rock, and, passing through the Propylaea, visited the Parthenon and the Erectheum. It would be absurd for a child of ten years old, as I was, to attempt any description of the Parthenon—I realised that it was a building of supreme beauty, and this must suffice for these pages. It had withstood the shock of ages until the Venetians, in 1687, bombarded the Acropolis and partially destroyed the Parthenon. I picked up a cannon ball, which I would insist on calling a bomb, and was much disgusted that I was not allowed to carry it back to the hotel.

On Wednesday, May 8th, we made the ascent of Mount Hymettus. I had rather been led to expect that I should be regaled with honey on this excursion to the mountain, whose honey has been from ancient times, and is still, of world-famed repute, and was but poorly consoled to hear that its chief attraction was the beautiful view from it. We were accompanied by the celebrated guide, Jani Andromachi. He and his cousin, Elia Poluphrosnopolos, were considered the two best guides in Greece. The day was hot, and the ascent very arduous. We were thankful, when we reached the summit, to meet some Albanian goat-herds with their flocks. Some goats were milked for our benefit and refreshment. The view over the whole plain of Attica was very striking. We could see Mount Cithaeron, Pentelicus, and other peaks. At the bottom of the descent we entered the church of a small convent, which was our first visit to a church of the Greek persuasion. There were no statues, as in Roman Catholic churches, only pictures. Jani, immediately on entering, went and kissed a large Bible on a reading-desk, and afterwards the pictures of the Virgin Mary and the Four Evangelists. I remember this so well. Jani expressed to us his abhorrence of Bavarian Roman Catholics in general, and King Otho in particular.

On Friday, May 10th, we all went to the marble quarries of Mount Pentelicus, which have been much spoiled, since the material for the ancient temples was taken from them, by the blasting for King Otho's huge marble palace, on which a vast but quite unnecessary expenditure of £400,000 was incurred. The heat of the day was very great, and we were much exhausted. I remember nearly treading upon a very large yellow centipede.

On May 11th, my father and Caroline rode to Marathon. Jani, to accompany them, put on the dress of a Mameluke Tartar as more convenient for riding. His nether limbs were clad in a *very* full pair of red trousers, and round his Greek cap he had wound a scarf of many colours, at least six yards long. In his sash was a brace of loaded pistols and he wore a scimitar. My father asked him about his past history.

"I have been," he said, "a pirate under Government, and have in my life killed not less than fifty people."

"What did you do when you found women on board?"

"I was ordered to put them also to death."

"And the children?"

"Oh! they followed their parents."

"How did you kill them?"

"We put them into a boat from which we had previously taken a plank, and let them drown."

Such was the story *as told to us then*, but years afterwards my father gave me a very different version of this rascal's admissions to him. Notwithstanding this, he passed for an honest man and was well spoken of by Sir Edmund Lyons (afterwards Lord Lyons, the admiral of Crimean fame), then British Minister at Athens.

Another day, while my father and Caroline were upon some expedition, my mother took it into her head to visit Egina; she, Adelaide, and I, with our English servant Tilley and a Greek *laquais-de-place* named Spiro, chartered a four-oared boat, and, being told that the whole expedition would only take six hours, two to go, two to stay, and two to return, started from the Piraeus. But it was not a well-advised scheme, for the forecast was wholly fallacious, and we found ourselves in a very rough sea, with wind and tide against us, and only reached Egina about sunset. The prospect was by no means rosy, for the inhabitants of the island were, by all accounts, anything but safe people

to be thrown with. Just when things were looking rather ominous, we rounded a point, and sighted an English yacht (the *Gitana*, I think) belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Higford Burr, who with great kindness took us on board for the night, and, after animadverting in somewhat caustic terms upon the imprudence of our expedition, started us back again the next morning with a fair wind and a quiet sea.

On Friday, May 17th, we embarked on board the *Barone Kübeck* and set sail for Nauplia (Napoli di Romania) in order to visit the ancient cities of Argos and Mycenae. We had on board with us General Rhodius, the Minister for War, who was treated with great deference. Caroline has told me since that he was very much interested in the reforms of his country, and thought the education of women was an essential requisite.

On Saturday, May 18th, we entered the Bay of Nauplia, and landed soon after sunrise. General Rhodius invited us to his house, which was in a dirty narrow street, and the entrance to which was through a squalid little courtyard full of poultry, up a quite ordinary step-ladder into a few insignificant rooms above. He was followed by all the military officers of the town. His daughters met him at the door, and, after kissing his hand, sat down beside us on the sofa. After our breakfast at an hotel we paid a visit to the governor of Nauplia, who, although it was only six o'clock in the morning, received us with much courtesy, and gave us excellent Turkish coffee. We then took a carriage and visited Tiryns with its wonderful Cyclopean walls, Mycenae, and the plains of Argos. I perfectly remember our visiting the newly discovered Gate of Lions at Mycenae.

We also visited the Treasury of Atreus, which the guides called the Tomb of Agamemnon. A huge fire was lighted inside, partly to make visible some rude frescoes that could be only dimly discerned, and more particularly, I believe, to drive off the swarms of fleas. I remember seeing torches fastened to long poles being held up to enable us to see the ceiling.

As we stood facing the Gate of Lions, the Acropolis would lie to our left, above us. In it was the Agora, in which Dr. Schliemann (in 1876) afterwards discovered the Royal Tombs with their priceless treasures of gold.

We drove back to our steamer, and found ourselves back in the Piraeus early in the morning of Sunday, May 19th.

On Wednesday, May 22nd, we embarked on board the *Barone Kübeck* for Kalamaki, the ancient Cenchreae; and on arriving there, the elders of the party rode up to the Acro-Corinthus, while we children with the servants were transported across the Isthmus in broken-down gigs to Lutraki, and there embarked on board the Austrian Lloyd steamer *Imperatore*, which I suppose must have been the same in which we left Constantinople a month before.

The next day we found ourselves at Patras, and we remained there eight hours. We visited the English consul, Mr. Crowe, and Adelaide and I played in the garden with a son of his about our own age, whom I knew thirty years afterwards as vice-consul at Christiania. During the few hours we were at Patras, my father left us for Switzerland, and we saw his steamer steam out of the harbour. I do not remember what route he took, but he was hurrying to Bâle to compete, as a delegate for the Canton of Geneva, in the great Tir Fédéral of 1844, only held once in three years. He won the second prize, a rifleman named Benziger, of Appenzell, whom I met in the summer of 1858 at Nyon, winning the first prize.

On May 24th, Queen Victoria's birthday, we ran into Corfu early in the morning, and I was greatly excited because our steamer entered the harbour flying the Union Jack at the fore. The whole town was bedecked with flags, and looked very gay. I heard my people say that Corfu was the loveliest spot on earth. To me its loveliness principally consisted in there being so much that was English which met my eye. As we sailed in the afternoon, a review was going on, and no words can describe my excitement at seeing volleys being fired by English soldiers!

The next morning (Sunday, May 26th) we touched at Ancona. I now began to sicken with a sunstroke, and was beyond a doubt very seriously ill, with a sort of brain fever.

On Friday, May 27th, we reached Trieste, and there was some anxiety among both the ship's company and the passengers lest my illness might be proclaimed infectious, and the steamer sent into quarantine. The steward succeeded in hoodwinking the health officers with charming simplicity. I was in bed in my berth, and the chief health officer and the head steward came along the berths counting the passengers. This is what I heard: "*Settanta due; settanta tre; settanta quattro; il piccolo che dorme* (the little boy

asleep); *settanta cinque*; *settanta sei*," etc. I was not even noticed, but then there came a re-count, just when I was being dressed to go ashore. They came back again, but again the head steward weathered the health officers: "*Settanta due, settanta tre, settanta quattro, il piccolo che si alza* (the little boy getting up)," etc. etc. As soon as the coast was quite clear, I was wrapped in shawls and carried half-fainting ashore, and to a large hotel on the quay. I think we must have remained nearly a fortnight at Trieste. I have dim recollections of lying ill in a large bed in a darkened room, but of very little else. I remember our crossing the Adriatic in a steamer from Trieste to Venice, and arriving at the Hôtel Danieli on the Riva dei Schiavoni, but I was too ill to be taken out to see sights, except for an occasional row in a gondola.

We left Venice about the middle of June, and the first stage of our journey was by the railway (or railroad as people used then to call it) from Mestre to Padua. There was a railway-station at Venice where we booked our places, and were then conveyed in omnibus boats, with partitioned and numbered places, to the mainland, for the long viaduct from Venice to Mestre was not yet completed. We found the train waiting for us at Mestre, and in about an hour we reached Padua, where the railway ended. Here at the hotel we found Cavani, our courier, and Gomot, our cook, waiting for us with the travelling carriages, and we commenced posting to Switzerland, stopping at Vicenza, Verona, Brescia (I forget whether we went by Milan), finding ourselves at last at beautiful Bellaggio on the Lake of Como. Here we met my grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Ellison, and stayed some little time there.

After a happy time spent at Bellaggio, we started for Chiavenna at the northern end of the Lake of Como preparatory to crossing the Splügen to Coire. The next morning we woke to find that a mighty tempest was raging on the mountain, with rocks falling in all directions over the roadway. It was not until the third day that we ventured to cross the pass, and it was certainly an occasion when my life was in greater danger than on any other during the seventy-five years I have lived as I write this. For some reason or other, my mother with the nurse and baby was not in the heavy chariot as usual. It was occupied inside by my two sisters and the governess, while



AUTHOR'S FATHER, LORD VERNON, WINNING SECOND PRIZE
AT THE TIR FÉDÉRAL AT BALE
(From a local Swiss sheet, 1844)

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Tilley and I were in the large comfortable dickey behind. We had passed the top of the mountain, and were descending above the tremendous gorges and precipices of the Via Mala. The road had been broken down in several places, and the chasms had to be crossed by temporary plank bridges, over which the lighter carriages of our party had passed in safety. But when the chariot was crossing one of these light bridges, its enormous weight dragged up the rafters, and we began to slip back towards the precipice. Tilley and I had to climb over the imperials strapped on the top of the carriage, and jumped down to open the doors, when fortunately three of the four post horses fell down, the carriage by a sort of reaction was dashed inwards against the wall of rock, and its backward gliding was stopped. A number of road makers were fortunately at hand, and we were saved. The heavy lamp of the chariot was crushed as flat as a pancake, and in much trepidation did we continue our descent. Night had fallen before we rejoined the other carriages, and we found my mother in the greatest alarm and anxiety. We did not reach Coire till midnight. The next stopping-place that I remember was Zurich.

From Zurich, I think, we travelled to Berne, and thence to Lausanne, where the Campagne Benvenue had been taken for us to pass the summer. This was a large villa that stood in beautiful grounds which sloped down in the direction of Ouchy. We were here joined by my father, whose recent rifle-shooting prowess at Bâle had earned him a reputation as a marksman which he retained all his life. I was thankful that during this summer my Latin studies were put into the hands of a regular English teacher, who knew how to teach, and how to make his lessons interesting. I went through some extracts from Ovid's *Epistles* with him, and some Cornelius Nepos. But the rest of my instruction was left in the hands of our dour Presbyterian governess, Miss MacKicken, a most uncompromising Sabbatarian, and any dereliction of Sabbath observance was visited on our heads with pitiless severity. It seems almost unthinkable to me now, sixty-five years afterwards, that children of Church of England parents should be subjected to Presbyterian discipline. I am bound to say that on one occasion I gave her cause for severity. I was blubbering over some extra lesson she had set me, and drew my handkerchief out of my trousers pocket,

when, oh! the horror of it!—I tremble even now as I think of it—fourteen lumps of sugar, which I had abstracted from a cupboard on the previous day, came out of my pocket with the handkerchief, and fell rattling all over the school-room *parquet*! Tableau! I was at once seized by ruthless hands, and dragged before the powers that were. Dire pains and penalties were to be enacted upon me, untold tortures were in contemplation, when suddenly the door opened, and my brother Augustus appeared unexpectedly on the scene. The joy of his arrival caused the arch-culprit to be forgotten for an hour, at the end of which time a general amnesty was proclaimed, and I escaped. Augustus had been a naval cadet on board H.M.S. *Illustrious*, the flagship of Admiral Sir Charles Adam, Commander-in-Chief on the North American station, for three years, but his health had suffered so much that he was invalided home, and had to leave the Service.

One of the greatest benefactors of Lausanne at this period was the rich banker, Monsieur Haldimann, whose beautiful house and grounds adjoined ours. Among his many benefactions was a deaf and dumb asylum given by him to the city, and in which he took the greatest interest. I went over it one day with him and my father. I quite well remember one poor man who was deaf, dumb, and blind. He and a twin brother had been born deaf and dumb, and one day when, being children, they were playing together, they accidentally knocked down their father's loaded shot gun. One child was killed, and the other blinded. This patient had been wonderfully taught, and was very expert at several results of his teaching. He was aware of it when we entered the room, and felt us, but a mere touch informed him that my father and I were strangers to him. Not so with M. Haldimann. As soon as he touched him he recognised him, and felt for a particular ring on his hand, by which he verified his recognition, and with an expression of the greatest delight stammered out; "*Monsieur Ha-a-a-al-di-mann!*" This and one other sentence, "*Je ne vole pas,*" he had been taught to utter by the most patient perseverance of a kindly teacher. I noticed the latter used to arouse the faculties of the poor patient by shaking his elbow, a sort of freemasonry that they had established between them. It was a touching scene, and made an impression upon me that I have never forgotten.

Although I was ten years old and more, I had retained a great love of toys, for which my elders thought I was too old. My love of tin soldiers was intense, and in the Swiss towns there are always a goodly supply of these. But one weakness of mine had been noted by Caroline and Augustus, and of this they proceeded to break me by sarcasm. I had a flexible Pierrot doll, of which I was much too fond. To my great distress I found that my two teasing elders dignified me with the sobriquet of "Philopuppet," which cost me much mental suffering, and was the cause of many floods of tears. They had, however, the effect upon me that they desired to obtain, for I came to the conclusion that the sacrifice must be made. I took my poor Pierrot in my arms down to the far end of the garden, where a swiftly running brook ran down the hill-side. I shaped his flexible limbs into the attitude of a man swimming, I gave him a last fond embrace, placed him gently into the water, saw him glide away beyond our garden, and returned home with a broken heart! That is to say, broken for an hour or two! They could not make out what had become of Pierrot, and it was a long time before I would tell them.

The Boileaus had as tutor for the sons Mr. Frederick Askew Bickmore, and as governess for the daughters Miss Parman. These two were now married, and had set up a preparatory school for boys at Hethel Hall, belonging to Sir John Boileau, not more than half a mile from the lodge gate of Ketteringham Park, his country place near Wymondham in Norfolk. Two of the Boileau boys were there, and my cousin, Frederick Lambton. One morning, after breakfast, I was called aside for a private conversation with my mother, and informed that the time had now arrived when, like other boys of my own age, I must go to school. She then asked me, as a sort of leading question, if there was any particular school I should like to go to. I replied without the slightest hesitation: "Oh, mamma, I should like to go to Mr. Bickmore's." My mother told me that she had expected that answer, and that, as a matter of fact, she and I should return shortly to England, and she would take me there for the autumn half.

... I suppose we must have started about the middle of July. We slept at the Hôtel du Faucon at Berne and the Hôtel du Sauvage at Bâle. From Bâle there was a railway to Strasbourg via Mulhouse and Colmar, and on it we travelled

in our own carriage on a truck to Strasbourg, and thence by the Rhine to Cologne and by rail to Ostend. I remember our crossing from Ostend on a Sunday. The steamer was the *Swallow*, Captain Crow. The sailors all wore tall hats, and as we ran alongside of the cliffs between Deal and Dover they kept heaving the lead continually. When we reached Dover, Mr. Birmingham, the proprietor of the Ship Hotel, came down to the quay in the inner harbour (now the Granville Dock) to meet my mother, and conducted us to the Ship, whence we had started five years before. People used to stay abroad much longer in those days than is the case now. The next day I had my first experience of the South-Eastern Railway, in travelling from Dover to London. I thought it beautiful, of course, because it was English, but I had yet to learn the joys (Heaven save the mark!) of that blessed line, though it has of late been much improved. There were two London stations at that period, Bricklayers' Arms and London Bridge. We went to the latter. The South-Eastern system in those days ended at Reigate Junction, now called Red Hill, but the company had running powers from there to London. I believe we stayed in the house of my grandfather, Mr. Ellison, at 6 Whitehall Gardens. Soon after this, my brother, then aged fifteen, was sent to a private tutor, and my mother, Caroline, and I went to Leamington, to a small house hired temporarily. Some time in September, I went back to London with my mother, and thence by the Eastern Counties Railway from Shoreditch to Colchester, where we slept. The next day we travelled in a chaise and pair to Sir John Boileau's country-house in Norfolk, Ketteringham Park, near the town of Wymondham. We arrived there in time for luncheon, and I passed the rest of the day with my future wife, Agnes Boileau, between whom and me there still existed the calf-love begun in the nursery, which never wholly ceased. I still possess a small back-gammon board, upon which, when I gave it her, Agnes had made me write the word "wife." I was ten years old, and she eleven. Sir John and Lady Catherine Boileau, and their daughters, received us most kindly, and from that day, sixty-five years ago, dear Ketteringham became to me a second home where I have always been made one of the family, and where my welcome has been constant. The next day, after luncheon, my mother walked through the park with me, and,

out by the Carlton Lodge, to Hethel Hall. A long bit of straight road led to the entrance gate, and in the far distance we could see my future school-fellows grouped upon it, waving their caps, not so much, I fear, by way of giving me an ovation, but rather in sign of exultation at the prospect of a new victim upon whom to play their practical jokes. Mr. and Mrs. Bickmore received us with the greatest kindness, and remained dear friends of mine for many a long day since, until they died. And now came the time for my dear mother to part from me, which she did with many tears. I accompanied her to the gate ; from there she sent me back, and my life as a schoolboy had begun.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOLDAYS (1844—1852)

As far as my schoolmaster and schoolmistress were concerned, as well as their house, their living, and their teaching, all was well, in fact all was of the best, but I cannot honestly say that my three years at Hethel were happy ones. In a very small school of nine boys, all pretty much of the same age, there is a great lack of that control by elder boys which makes public-school life so valuable to the youth of England. Very young boys are great tyrants, and were, I found, totally regardless of hurting each other's feelings, about their relations at home, or anything that they could do to vex or annoy. This would not be permitted at Eton for a single moment. When I was captain of my tutor's house at Eton, I put down with a very high hand any attempts at bullying. Where any did exist, it was from middle-sized louts to younger boys. At a private school, small as ours was, a big boy of good feeling was much needed, and yet I can perfectly give the names of my school-fellows, most of whom were intimate friends of mine in after life. There were two Boileaus, of whom I have already spoken. Peter Godfrey, son of the Dowager Countess of Morton (by her second marriage), went into the 19th Regiment, and was killed at the assault on the Redan. Cavendish, son of Lord Charles Fitzroy, entered the 68th Regiment, and as a consequence of the terrible winter of 1854 became paralysed, and left the Service. He afterwards did invaluable work for many years in the new Charity Organisation Society. Andrew Barnard, whose father, General Sir Henry Barnard, was Commander-in-Chief during the Indian Mutiny, and died before Delhi, was in the Army, and died in India. Another of the nine was Robert Baring (Colonel), an elder brother of Lord Cromer, who was himself at our school some years after I had left. My three cousins,

Frederick, Francis, and Arthur Lambton, were with me at Hethel during my three years there and, afterwards, all the time I was at Eton, and were beloved friends as well as cousins. Frederick Cox, afterwards with me at Eton and Christ Church, became the senior partner of Cox & Co., Craig's Court. Among others, who came later, was William Amhurst D. Tyssen, afterwards Tyssen-Amherst, M.P., and finally Lord Amherst of Hackney, a dear and much-lamented friend. The Honourable James Home, brother of the Earl of Home, who died in 1909, only came to Hethel just before I left it to go to Eton. They are all dead now (December 1909), except Francis Lambton and myself!

I have said that Mr. Bickmore's teaching was very good. Nearly all his boys were highly placed when they went to public schools. We were thoroughly well grounded in Latin and Greek, and a certain amount of English grammar. But what was so essentially good was the teaching of geography and history. There were good maps round the schoolroom, and we were constantly called upon to take a stick and point out important places on the surface of the globe, and, when I went to Eton, I had a very fair knowledge of modern geography. I soon lost most of this at Eton, where, in those days, there was an almost fanatical mania for making the boys know the modern name of some once-celebrated place in ancient geography; as, for example, that Castri is the modern name of the famous Delphi. As I write this, I have had the curiosity to look in Wordsworth's *Pictorial Greece* to see if Castri is mentioned in the index. It is not—but Delphi of course is, demonstrating very clearly the silliness of attempting to teach boys geography in that unpractical way. As regards history, both Mr. Bickmore and his two brothers, who kept large private schools elsewhere, had a system of their own which greatly facilitated their pupils' memory of what they learned. Mr. William Bickmore, who kept a school at Mergate Hall near Norwich, had written a book called *Historical Combinations*. In each century some leading historical event was chosen that combined two or three identical figures. To elucidate my meaning, I will give an instance. Alexander the Great's principal battle was the battle of Issus, 333 B.C. Therefore in the list of Combinations we had "The Age of Alexander the Great, 333 B.C.," while, after Christ, we had "The Age of Constantine, A.D. 333." We all left Hethel

having a very fair approximate knowledge of the dates of the principal periods of history. Furthermore, on the evenings of our Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays, we used to sit round the dining-room table, and good Mrs. Bickmore used to read aloud to us well-selected works of fiction, connected with some period of history.

During the three years I was at Hethel, we had read to us nearly all the Waverley Novels, and we never learned to snuff the air, as do the youth of the present day, when Sir Walter Scott's name is mentioned.

I have not mentioned any mathematics, nor was our school as good for them as for its other branches of teaching. For modern languages we had an old Dutchman, Herr Vlieland,¹ from the island of that ilk, who used to come over from Norwich, and teach us French, Italian, and German. I got the French prize one year, and my Italian was very fairly kept up, preparatory to Eton.

In these days of midland expresses speeding down to Derby in three hours, my readers will be surprised to learn that—when I went with my mother for my Christmas holidays—the journey to Sudbury took the whole day. The Midland Railway of 1844 was limited from Normanton in the north, to Rugby in the south. The line from Leicester, Market Harborough, Kettering, and Bedford to St. Pancras was not begun till fifteen years afterwards. There was no Great Northern Railway, nor a North Staffordshire Railway. To get to Sudbury we had to go to “Euston Square,” as the London and North-Western terminus was always called then. Our barouche, transformed into a closed carriage, was placed on a truck, and we left by the 9 a.m. train. The principal refreshment station was Wolverton, where everybody got out and struggled for some food which was very badly served at a very narrow counter. After Rugby, the Midland system began, the train running by Ullesthorpe and Syston to Leicester, and thence to Derby, which was reached at 4 p.m. Here four post horses from the Vernon Arms Inn at Sudbury met us, and we arrived there, I think, about 6 p.m., and alighted at the Cottage,² which I was to know well for many years after-

¹ In 1916 I had a letter from the Earl of Cromer, who has just died, telling me how well he remembered Herr Vlieland.

² A small house which my father had given to his aunt, the Honourable Mrs. Boothby, from whom we hired it.



SUDBURY HALL SEEN FROM THE PARK

wards. Here was awaiting us the rector of Sudbury, Frederick Anson, a cousin of ours, who had succeeded his father on the latter being appointed Dean of Chester.

My Christmas holidays were a great delight to me. I passed hours and hours in the carpenters' shops in the wood-yard, the steam saw-mill being managed by a man named Rogers. Old Sam Lawley, the park keeper and tenant-farmer, lived at what is now called Oak Cottage. He was a son of the elder Sam Lawley, the famous huntsman of the Vernon Hunt.

I used to divide my leisure time between the wood-yard, sailing on the lake, and fishing with Parrick, one of the old sailors of my grandfather's yacht, and now boat-keeper, and rabbiting in the park with Sam Lawley and any number of dogs we could collect together.

On Sundays the school-children and many of the old women of the village used to turn out in red cloaks, a nice bit of colour in the landscape which has long passed away. In those days there was a good deal of independence among the congregation in church with regard to the singing, which they used to think belonged exclusively to them.¹ The old parish clerk, John Mould, arrayed in a brown cut-away coat with square pockets in the tails, drab breeches and gaiters, used to sit just under the reading-desk according to the three-decker arrangement of that time. He had not the slightest pretension to be a singer, but the singing was never allowed to begin until it had obtained its sanction by his presence in the organ loft, three times in each Morning Service. As soon as Frederick Anson was established in the reading-desk, robed in a white surplice so ample that it would easily have contained three London vicars of the present day, the old clerk began in a sing-song intonation, which my readers would only understand if I could chant it to them: "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the morning hymn: 'Awake, my soul, and with the sun.'"¹ He used then to leave his desk, walk down the aisle, ascend into the organ loft, and exhibit himself at the corner of it, and impart to his mouth, when the hymn began, all the movements suggestive of loud and earnest participation in it, though he never emitted a sound. He then descended, returned to his desk, and the rector never commenced the service until the clerk was safe back in his box. After the

¹ Compare *Tom Brown at Oxford*, vol. ii. chap. ii.

Litany, one of Tate and Brady's psalms, new version, was sung, and after the Nicene Creed a hymn; and the clerk's ritual, such as I have described above, was most scrupulously observed. Prominent among the singers was the village shoemaker, Henry Lane. Some forty years before the time that I am writing of, he had a very beautiful sister, Elizabeth. About the beginning of the last century, the second Earl of Massareene, while changing horses at Sudbury, saw her, and eventually married her as his second wife, his first wife having died in 1800. After his death she married, secondly, George Doran, and thirdly, the Honourable George Massy, and died in March 1838.

We all went on Christmas Eve to a large barn in the Hall yard, part of a huge block of buildings contemporary with the house, but which my brother Augustus pulled down when he commenced the handsome family wing which my nephew George Henry afterwards finished. Here Christmas doles of beef were given to the cottagers, together with red cloaks, blankets, flannel petticoats, or other articles of warm clothing.

I think it was about Christmas time that the announcement was made to us of the engagement of my sister Caroline to our cousin, Frederick Anson, the rector of Sudbury. At that time his brother, George Edward Anson, was Private Secretary to Prince Albert, though not long afterwards he became Treasurer of the Privy Purse to Queen Victoria.

Towards the end of January, 1845, I had to return to school. It was a very different matter in those days from what the divisions of school-time are now, and had it not been for my sister's marriage, for which I was allowed a week, I should have been at Hethel without a break from January 20th to July 27th! May found me back at Sudbury, on special leave for a week, to be present at Caroline's marriage. She was then nineteen. Frederick Anson's father and predecessor at the rectory, the Dean of Chester, performed the ceremony.

My mother went to Geneva for the summer, with Adelaide and Louisa. My parents had taken the beautiful Villa de l'Impératrice at Pregny on the rising ground lying to the left of the road to Lausanne, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellison, my grandparents, had taken another villa a little higher up the hill. We had a great affection for the Impératrice, as we had been often there when the Boileaus occupied it two or

three years before. I travelled out to Geneva with my brother Augustus, and a Mr. Snow, one of the Bible clerks at All Souls, Oxford, who had been engaged as a tutor for us. From here we travelled by diligence.

There were two great rival diligence companies at that time which did the service all over France, namely, the Messageries Royales (afterwards Nationales, and later still Impériales) and the Messageries Laffitte, Caillard & Cie. Except for the difference of name, both were identically the same, and both travelled in company along the road at the same time. The diligence of those days was an extraordinarily complicated machine. The construction was something like this. Upon the under-carriage of a heavy wagon was placed the body of a post-chaise in front, called the *coupé*; immediately behind it the body of a stage coach, called the *intérieur*; and behind that the body of a small omnibus, called the *rotonde*. Above the *coupé* was a sort of cabriolet with a hood, in which sat the *conducteur* and three passengers; and this went by the name of the *banquette*. In front of this was a small box seat from which the post-boy drove five horses in hand, two wheelers, and three leaders abreast. Over the long roof, which extended behind the *banquette* above the other three compartments, was a gigantic tarpaulin for covering the luggage. We had the three places in the *banquette* from Boulogne to Paris, and from this vantage-point, some eleven or twelve feet above the ground, we could enjoy the prospect very agreeably. There was a strict Governmental rule of the road about the diligences of the two companies. The two vehicles ran simultaneously along the road, one in front of the other. The hindmost one was forbidden to pass the foremost one, except when it was standing still to change horses. The consequence of this was the extraordinary celerity with which the change was effected. As the diligence drew up, the postboy threw the reins on the horses' backs, the *conducteur* ran up and unhooked a chain at the end of the pole, and liberated the three leaders all at once, and they straightway walked off to the side of the road; the other operations were as quickly performed, and I have frequently seen the five horses changed for five others under the minute! The Nord Railway was not open at that time. I do not remember our hotel at Paris, but I have a very distinct recollection of our dining at the celebrated restaurant

Les Trois Frères Provençaux. This at that time was mostly called the Trois Frères, but in later years it was better known as Les Frères Provençaux. This was my first visit to it; my last, shortly before its extinction, was in the year 1871, after the Siege and the Commune.

Our journey from Paris to Geneva was, I think, the most disagreeable and trying of any that I can remember. We started from the great court-yard of the diligence office, Place Notre Dame des Victoires, at about ten o'clock in the morning. It was at the end of July; the heat intense, and the dust appalling. There were no places in the *banquette*, and we had to go inside the stuffy *intérieur*. Augustus had the only window-place that was disengaged, and for forty-eight hours did the unhappy Mr. Snow and I sit in the two middle places among six passengers, half smothered by heat and dust. We each had a broad leather strap loop, hanging from the ceiling, in which we could rest our wearied elbows. We left Paris on a Thursday about 10 a.m., and did not reach Geneva until Saturday afternoon about 5 or 6 p.m. How we survived it I cannot realise at the present day.

We travelled by Sens, Dijon, Dôle, Poligny, Pontarlier, and over the Jura, by the frontier station, Les Rousses, down to Morges on the Lake of Geneva, and thence, along the shore of the lake, to Geneva itself. I think it was at Pontarlier that we were able to quit our horrible torture-chamber, the *intérieur*, and got relief in the *banquette* for the rest of the journey. The descent from the summit of the Jura to Morges gave us a sublime view. It was indeed the Land of Beulah after the Valley of the Shadow of Death. In fact, those few hours were a time of real enjoyment.

At the end of the summer holidays Mr. Snow, Augustus, and I travelled back to England, and our first halting-place was at the Hôtel du Faucon at Berne. Here we were present at the wedding of Captain and Mrs. Cunynghame in one of the rooms of the British Legation, on September 13th. Twenty-eight years after this, I was in Norway with my son and a nephew, and, having witnessed the Coronation of King Oscar II at Thronhjelm in June 1873, we were travelling by way of Gudbrandsdalen to Christiania, when one afternoon about five o'clock we saw three carriols with Englishmen approaching us. The leader of the party held up his arm asking us to stop, whereupon he said: "I beg

your pardon, I am General Sir Arthur Cunynghame, and I have left my pocket-knife at the last inn; would you kindly inquire about it for me? Have you got the name?" By this time my son and the two Cunynghame sons, who knew each other intimately, were grinning with delight. I replied: "Oh yes, Sir Arthur, I have got the name quite right—the more so, that in September 1845 I was present at the British Legation at Berne, one morning, when Captain Arthur Thurlow Cunynghame married Miss Frances Elizabeth Hardinge, and I remember that you tipped me ten francs on the occasion." Then a general recognition took place, amidst much laughter.

On leaving Berne we pursued our way home by Bâle and the Rhine, and I returned to Hethel, where I had now been a year. I remember being taken by my brother-in-law, Frederick Anson, to pass part of my holidays with him and Caroline in his new residence as Canon of St. George's, Windsor, in the cloisters adjoining the Royal Chapel. Fred and Caroline Anson received me into their newly formed household with the greatest kindness, and I now for the first time made acquaintance with St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the canons' houses in the cloisters, with which I was to be familiar for the next forty years of my life. It was my first introduction to choral services, of which I had seen or heard nothing while living abroad.

One day my brother took me down to Eton, and we went into chapel for Evensong. The boys had not returned, and we only saw the Head Master and one of the Fellows, but I looked upon the whole thing with much alarm, recollecting how fearfully my father had been bullied when he was an Eton boy. I did not know then what a happy 5½ years I was to spend there from 1847 to 1852.

I have mentioned before that George Edward Anson, brother of Frederick, was at this time Private Secretary to Prince Albert (as the Prince Consort was then called). He and his wife, *née* Honourable Georgiana Harbord, were always most kind to me. One day he took me out with him to the royal shooting party in Windsor Great Park. As George Anson was not shooting, and kept near the Prince all day, I was of necessity near His Royal Highness also, and, I am afraid, got rather in the way sometimes. The Prince very graciously took notice of me, and was very indulgent about my awkwardnesses. I was much in-

terested to see my father's former gamekeeper, Henry Lawley, as one of the Prince's two loaders, in a handsome dress of green and gold. The head keeper, Turner, had been Lord Lichfield's keeper at Shugborough. On one occasion Lord Lichfield had accidentally shot him in the hand, but he would never allow the shots to be taken out, but insisted on keeping them "in memory of his old master." The only "guns" besides the Prince that I can remember were Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, and the Honourable Sidney Herbert, afterwards "Secretary at War" in Lord Aberdeen's Ministry, grandfather of the present Earl of Pembroke. Mr. Sidney Herbert was second son of the twelfth Earl of Pembroke, and was himself raised afterwards to the Peerage by the title of Lord Herbert of Lea. His son was the fourteenth Earl of Pembroke.

All the "guns" wore tall hats. Sir Robert Peel was in a black velveteen shooting coat, and, as he walked beside the Prince, I remarked that he had cotton wool in his ears.

On April 1st, my birthday of twelve, my sister Caroline had her first confinement, and my niece Laura Anson was born, so named after her great-aunt just deceased. As we were only nine boys at Hethel, birthdays used to be kept as high-days. We had sausage-rolls for breakfast to our great delight. No such sausage-rolls have ever been made since—at least, those seemed to me the best I ever tasted! My school-fellows presented me with two books, namely, Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, which bored me, and *Marguerite de Valois*, an English translation of *La Reine Margot*, and this was my first introduction to the wonderful writings of Alexandre Dumas, for which I have the most profound admiration, an admiration shared by Thackeray, Andrew Lang, Robert Louis Stevenson, and other great judges of literature.

I see by a letter from my father that he came to Florence this November (1846) from Geneva by Lyons. He travelled from Lyons by steamer on the Rhone to Avignon, Marseilles, and Leghorn; from Leghorn by "railroad" (he calls it) to Pisa and Pontedera, and thence by *vetturino* to Florence. So the railway from Leghorn to Florence was only open then as far as Pontedera.

On November 11th my father wrote:

"I forgot to tell you that I was present at the Revolution

of Geneva, and a spectator of the battle of October 7th. It was a dreadful sight to see the wounded, I saw one poor fellow who had his cheek and ankle shot away by grape shot! There were three animals killed—a horse—a dog—and a cat. The cat was killed by dropping down from a house out of fright."

In Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, that great author, in chapter vi, speaking of the Genevese Revolution, says: "It was a poor mean fight enough, I am told by Lord Vernon, who was present, and who was with us last night."

In a letter from my father from Casa Cerretani, Florence, dated Christmas Day, 1846, he congratulates me on beginning to study Homer, and begs me not to forget that I passed by the Troad in going to and coming back from Constantinople in 1844. He adds:

"The Prince de Montfort [Jerome Bonaparte] has given Adelaide a little musical harp in gold, and yesterday he sent to her [aged 14] and Louisa [aged 8] two baskets of bons bons. I hope you have not forgotten all your Italian. I should like to see you once more in company with 'Sior-dini' [*i.e.* my mispronunciation of Signor Gordini] to know whether you could still talk."

When I got back to Hethel for the spring term (or "half" as we used to call it), I heard that it was to be my last, and that I should go up to Eton for the summer half. I was at once put on to work hard, so as to get placed "Remove" when I should enter at Eton. I remember in one of our walks we were passing a pond near a farm about a mile from Ketteringham, and we began to shy stones at the ducks, when the farmer, a big burly man, rushed after us with a stick. We fled in laughing terror, but we were totally ignorant of who our pursuer was. It was James Blomfield Rush, who, in the spring of 1849, was hanged for the murder of Messrs. Jermy, senior and junior, father and son, at Stanfield Hall.

When some of the boys went home for a short holiday at Easter, Francis and Arthur Lambton, as well as I myself, remained at school. In fact, I left school one morning, and entered at Eton twenty-four hours afterwards. During this short holiday, Mrs. Bickmore took Francis Lambton

and me to call upon Mrs. Jermy at Stanfield Hall. This lady was the wife of Mr. Jermy junior, and, when the murderer had shot her husband and her father-in-law, he reloaded his blunderbuss in the garden, came in again and fired at her and at her little girl, as he wanted to kill all the family. He wounded Mrs. Jermy so seriously that her right arm had to be amputated. She afterwards married Sir Thomas Beavor, who used often to shoot with us at Ketteringham, but I never saw Mrs. Jermy again, not even after her second marriage. The shot that Rush fired at the little girl missed her, but wounded her nurse, Eliza Chesney, very seriously in the hip. She was, however, at Rush's trial before Mr. Baron Rolfe, brought into court on a bed, and she unhesitatingly identified the murderer. The farm where Rush had lived was called Potash Farm, and was only a short distance across the fields from Stanfield Hall. Visitors came long distances to view the murderer's home. Sir John Boileau, who was the principal magistrate who committed Rush for trial, bought the farm, and changed the name to Hethel Wood, one of his large coverts, which the farmhouse adjoins. He also entirely reconstructed the rooms, so as to scare away the curiosity-mongers.

And now in April, 1847, came the time for leaving my kind schoolmaster and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Bickmore. I went up to London by train to Shoreditch, slept at 11 Whitehall Place, Sir Walter James's house, and the following day my grandfather, Mr. Ellison, took me to Eton. Old Sir William Middleton, who lived opposite in a house since then demolished to make way for the present War Office, called me to him across the street, just as we were starting, and tipped me a sovereign, a rite which my grandfather had also performed just before. We went by the Great Western Railway to Slough, from which the line to Windsor was not made until three years afterwards. My grandfather took me to the house of the Rev. Francis Edward Durnford, who was to be my much-loved tutor for five years and three months, and introduced me to him. He then took me to call upon Mr. (and Mrs.) Schönerstädt, the German master, whom he had known in early life, after which he left me, and I was launched at Eton. I was shown my room, with a new bureau, new crockery, knives, forks, and spoons with my initials on them, a turn-up bed-

stead, and all the joy of new-found possessions. I soon had visits, or rather peeps-in, from divers of "my tutor's fellows," all lower boys, for the Fifth Form did not come back till two days later. Within an hour of my arrival I had made friends with Robert Sutton (Sambo), the late Archdeacon of Lewes. We walked out together, and were joined by Stewart Sutherland, who was also with me at Christ Church, Oxford, and we all three went to Knock's, the confectioner, and cemented our new-born friendship by the consumption of innumerable ices.

During the afternoon, and the next forenoon, I was summoned to my tutor's study, and was put through an examination, in which, though my Latin versification was weak, the excellent grounding I had received from Mr. Bickmore stood me in good stead, and soon afterwards my tutor returned from a short interview with the Head Master, Dr. Hawtrey, and informed me that I was placed in "Lower Remove." "Remove" at Eton and "Shell" at Harrow were equivalent terms. As this was the highest place to which I could attain as a new boy, I need not say that I was pleased. Life seemed very bright to me that day. I knew how happy my father and mother would be at the good place I had taken at the outset of my Eton career, and I knew the credit it would do to my school at Hethel, which was wonderfully fortunate in placing its boys in "Remove." It was lovely May weather. I wandered about the Playing Fields, the beauty of which quite entranced me. I at once invested in a bat, ball, and stumps. Also in a set of fishing things, but I regret to have to state that the gentle art of Izaak Walton was viewed with no favourable eye at Eton, and a *piscator* was contemptuously spoken of as a "swink." The meaning of this epithet is to designate one who follows some pursuit not generally considered "the thing" by his schoolfellows. This was peculiarly the case with hockey, the players at which were few and far between, taken indiscriminately from all the boarding houses; and their consequent absence from football—which was compulsory in the house games—made them specially unpopular.

As I wandered about near Fellows' Pond, I observed a number of small boys taking their way to one of the arches of "Fifteen-Arch Bridge," which I discovered to be the chosen spot for the fights of the Lower School; but this

was the only mill I ever witnessed there during the five years I was at Eton. One combatant was Vidal *ma.*, afterwards the Rev. Francis Furse Vidal, one of the Conducts at Eton, who married the sister of my friend Sir Robert Cunliffe, a charming woman, and kept a Dame's house at Eton. Both my own son and my brother's two sons boarded there. The other combatant, to give him his title in after life, was the Right Honourable Edward Robert King-Harman, M.P. for Sligo, and P.C. The combat was short and decisive, but it has quite gone from me which of the two was the victor. I only remember that the vanquished got "one in the eye," and wept, whereupon honour was declared to be satisfied; but it must be remembered that they were *very* little boys then.

The form master under whom I was placed was the Rev. Edward Balston, most deservedly popular with us in his form, and much beloved by the pupils in his House. He afterwards became Head Master of Eton in 1862, and Archdeacon of Bakewell in 1868. There is a beautiful recumbent effigy of him on his monument in Bakewell Church. The names of the fellows in my Remove include many dear friends, of whom only two or three are still among the living. There were Honourable Robert Marsham-Townshend (then Marsham); Currie, afterwards Lord Currie, who died after being Ambassador at Constantinople and at Rome; Sutton, the Archdeacon mentioned above; Henry Campbell (Lieut.-Colonel the Honourable Henry Walter-Campbell, Coldstream Guards); Henry Blaauw (died at Cairo in 1857); John Arkwright (John Hungerford Arkwright, Master of Hounds and Lord-Lieutenant of Herefordshire); Bathurst (Sir Frederick Harvey-Bathurst); Vivian, (Créppy), afterwards Lord Vivian, a distinguished diplomat, who died as Ambassador at Rome in 1893; Williams-Freeman, afterwards Secretary of Embassy at Paris, whose wit was never-failing; Tom Blundell (Rev. Canon Blundell), best of friends both at Eton and at Christ Church, as also was John Arkwright; Trefusis (afterwards Lord Clinton), loved and respected by all at Eton and afterwards at Christ Church; Honourable Henry Wodehouse, distinguished in the Diplomacy, but died comparatively young; Lord Charles Bruce, also with me at Christ Church, in later years associated with me in working for Bishop Wilkinson; and George Clive (Colonel the Honourable George Windsor-

Clive). I must also mention Arthur Lloyd, who was also with me at Christ Church, and Montgomery-Moore, afterwards General Sir Alexander Montgomery-Moore, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief in Canada and at Aldershot, who married a daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Seaton. Many of these were intimate friends.

And now the Fifth Form returned, and I found myself in the presence of the "big fellows." The captain of the House was Herbert Peel, afterwards in the Oxford Eleven, and rector of Handsworth, who was everything that a captain of a House should be. I may mention incidentally that I got a good hiding from him for "cheek" before he had been back a fortnight, and I was much impressed by the fact that I got no pity, not even from my friends. "Well, if you have nothing better to do than to cheek the captain, you must expect to get a hiding." It did me a world of good, and gave me much food for reflection.

Among some of "my tutor's fellows" were: Wilbraham Egerton, afterwards Earl Egerton of Tatton; Honourable George and Edward Legge, both friends in after life; Bob Lindsay, my Florence friend, afterwards to win his V.C. in the Crimea, and to become Lord Wantage¹; his cousin, William Coutts Keppel, who became successively Lord Bury and seventh Earl of Albemarle; Leopold (afterwards Sir Leopold) Cust; Honourable Ashley Ponsonby, son of Lord de Mauley; Rycroft (afterwards Sir Nelson); Walter De Winton, of Maesllwch Castle, Breconshire. Last, but not least, my namesake, as well as remotely my kinsman, Thomas Bowater Vernon, of Hanbury Park, Worcester-shire. Although we were not really relations, we became great friends; he always called me "major" and I called him "minor." We were again together at Christ Church, but he died early in life regretted by all who knew him. His younger brother, who succeeded him, is now Sir Harry Foley Vernon. I was deputed to be fag to Crosse *ma.* (Thomas Richard Crosse, of Shaw Hill, Chorley), the biggest and strongest fellow in our House, but thoroughly good-natured and kind, notwithstanding a good deal of roughness of manner. He was in the Boats, and was the captain of our Football Eleven. Sutton and I messed together, that

¹ My mother wrote to me from Florence (May 18): "I was delighted to get your letter of the 24th April, and am so glad you are feeling happy at being well placed. Make a friend of Bobby, who is so good and liked."

is, we had our breakfast and our tea in alternate weeks in each other's rooms. I had felt so happy in the possession of my new table utensils, knives, forks, and spoons, etc., but alas, the gilt was very soon off the gingerbread, for, whenever anything of the kind was wanted for a big fellow, his fags used to have no scruples about annexing whatever came first in their way, and I remember one week when we were reduced to the blade of one knife and a pair of sugar-tongs. These last we straightened, and each took one end as a spoon; but, after that week, we began to assert ourselves and fared somewhat better. Our very first guest at tea was the late Earl Amherst. He was then the Honourable W. A. Amherst, son of the then Lord Holmesdale.

The year 1847 was a famous one in Eton cricket and boating annals. It was the year of "Chitty's¹ Eleven," which won both the matches at Lord's, against Harrow and against Winchester; and the Eight, captained by Miller *major* (afterwards Sir Charles Miller), beat Westminster between Putney and Mortlake by one minute and thirty seconds.

The first cricket match I witnessed in the Playing Fields was Eton against an Oxford eleven. I remember seeing Hornby (afterwards Provost of Eton) hit a tremendous swipe to leg his first ball, which flew in the direction of Sheep's Bridge, but its progress was there arrested by (Newton William) Streatfield, a very fine fieldsman, who ran forward and caught Hornby out. More than fifty years afterwards, I recalled the circumstance to Dr. Hornby in the hall of the Athenaeum Club.

Oh, the charm of that first summer half, I never can forget it! The Playing Fields, the river, the cricket matches, the boat races! And in those days we had far more leisure time than falls to the lot of Eton boys now. I remember one week during that half when three whole holidays occurred. I do not think it happened again while I was at Eton. A game much in vogue, in those early days, was called "stump and ball." It was nothing more than minified cricket, with a stump in place of a bat, a small hard tennis ball instead of a cricket ball, while each wicket consisted of two top hats,

¹ Joseph Chitty, afterwards the Right Honourable Lord Justice Chitty, was in both the Oxford Eleven and the Oxford Eight, and, during the rest of his life, was annually the popular umpire in the Inter-University Boat Race.

one inverted on the top of the other. When any Old Etonians were at Eton for the day, former members of the Eleven, I have seen the most exciting games played; and once, some time after 1848, I saw our former captain, Lord Justice Chitty, who had lost all his hair in early life, lose his wig as he was running. On rainy days we used to play this game in the cloisters, and as all games there were strictly forbidden, the stolen fruit added much to our enjoyment.

Our creature comforts were well attended to by the long line of men with baskets who used to sell fruit, tarts, cakes, and sweets along "The Wall," just opposite to the entrance-gate of the school yard. By far the most interesting of these was "Spankie," a very remarkable man. He was said to be a natural son of Sir William Le Marchant in the Isle of Wight, and, as a matter of fact, he was the owner of some cottage property down there. He was a man who never forgot a face, and was a perfect encyclopaedia of knowledge. If, as sometimes happened, some small boy ran away from school, "Spankie" was the one who was always sent after him. It was supposed that he had a sort of secret understanding with the masters, and that considerable latitude was allowed him, but that, if anything really wrong was taking place, he would then privately warn them of it.

The Eton Montem had last taken place in 1844, but was afterwards abolished, as it was found that the large crowds it drew down to Eton were anything but improving to the boys, and many parents strongly objected to their sons being made to carry purses, and collect "salt," which meant petitioning visitors very persistently for money. These purses, or "salt," were the perquisite of the captain of the school, and were supposed to suffice to maintain him at the University when he left Eton.

The year 1847 was that in which the next Montem would have taken place, and dark hints were whispered about, that the school was ripe for rebellion. I happened to be confined to the house by a cold, "staying out," as it was termed; but I remember waking up in the morning and hearing the smashing of windows. The rebellion had begun. It was a terrible business! It lasted exactly an hour! A few panes of glass were broken, a few heroes had to submit to personal chastisement on the block, and in less than two hours everything had resumed its ordinary

routine. Some glaziers mended the windows, the down-trodden patriots rubbed their persons, and, let us hope, mended their ways.

Between 1847 and 1850 I had four first cousins with me at Eton; Frederick, Francis, and Arthur Lambton, who had been with me at Hethel, and William Edwardes, afterwards fourth Lord Kensington. With all four of them I was very intimate in after life, but I was not so much thrown with Bill Edwardes, until after we grew up, fond as I was of him then, and of his dear wife and sisters. These four boys all became soldiers. Frederick Lambton, the idlest clever fellow who ever set foot in Eton, went into the 71st Highlanders and in his later life commanded the regiment. He became a great Orientalist, and both knew and studied seven or eight Eastern languages. Francis became a Lieut.-Colonel in the Scots Guards, and married Lady Victoria Campbell, a daughter of Lord Cawdor, a charming good woman. They lost three sons in one year during the South African War. Both Arthur Lambton (who died a General) and Bill Edwardes were in the Coldstreams, and all four cousins served in the Crimean War.

It was decided that in July I was to go out to my father and mother at Geneva in charge of a servant. They were living in a beautiful villa called Campagne Gérépfzoff, further away from Geneva than Les Délices, but on the same road, and my grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Ellison, were living there as well. I forget by what route we started, but I remember finding myself on board the Rhine steamboat at Cologne with two Eton fellows whom I knew, Palk *major* and Palk *minor*, Ashley and Wilmot Palk. They were travelling with an English servant, and we made great friends. We commenced smoking (!), and rather sought out what we thought were choice vintages among the Rhine wines at the tables-d'hôte on the way. I forget where we parted, but I know I arrived in due course at Geneva. Augustus was there. He had been promised a commission in the Scots (Fusilier) Guards, as they were then called, and, pending its arrival, it was settled that he should go to Cambridge for a term or two to Magdalene. My father had wanted to send him to Christ Church, but old Dean Gaisford, hearing that Augustus had been in the Navy, refused to take him in at Christ Church, for fear that he should corrupt the other boys' morals!

There were two French cooks in the house that summer, our own cook, Pichot, a very active dapper little man, and my grandfather's, Giroud, a most portly personage, who was travelling with the Ellisons, not as a cook but as a courier. One afternoon we saw the two Frenchmen coming down to the cricket ground, and they asked permission to join in the play. We were at that moment playing "tip and run." The portly Giroud took the bat, and sent the first ball a distance of about fifteen yards, when the dapper little Pichot, who had some confusion in his mind between rounders and tip and run, darted upon the ball, and discharged it with unerring force right upon the very centre of Giroud's particularly exuberant person. You never heard such a storm of *sacré-matins*! *Cochon va!*

It is as well to remind my readers that in those days there were no railways between Geneva and Paris. By far the most expeditious and a really delightful way of travelling was the *malle-poste*, which went from Geneva to Paris daily and took about thirty-eight hours to perform the journey. It was a four-wheeled *calèche* in which two passengers sat, with a hood like that of a hansom over them, and doors at the sides. Behind, high above them, so that he could look over the roof of the carriage, was a large hooded rumble for the mail courier, while the postboy drove the four horses from a small box seat in front. It was only on the plain that the vehicle had four horses. On the mountains there were six and, if necessary, eight. These *malle-poste* places were in great demand, so that, as soon as I arrived, our return places were booked for that day six weeks.

My brother and I used to go down to a celebrated fencing-master every day, whose name was Monsieur Poulain, a great, big, bragging sort of old ass, but an undeniably good fencer. One morning we noticed an unusual stir about the place, and quickly detected two foils with their points stuck into corks. We also saw that Monsieur Poulain, in company with a Corsican doctor, was carefully looking over a brace of pistols in a mahogany case. It became evident that a duel was about to take place, and so it proved. There had been a quarrel at cards *a year before* between a Monsieur Gignol, a Frenchman, and "Bastiano" Fenzi, a son of the great Florence banker, and the Fenzi family engaged a Corsican doctor, a thorough adventurer, to travel about with young Fenzi at a salary of so much a month,

which was to cease if a duel took place. The Corsican kept the thing balanced for his own profit. He neither brought about peace between the principals nor did he further the duel, still, however, keeping the sore alive month after month. But things had now reached a climax, and a duel was to be fought. Fenzi was a most skilful fencer, whereas Gignol was totally inexperienced. Poulain, however, the fencing-master, who was Gignol's second, taught him a fencing trick, which, when they fought, enabled him to wound Fenzi in the side. Gignol called upon my father, and showed him his watch, which was nearly pierced through by a lunge of Fenzi's foil, and he also had got a scratch on his throat. My father took me with him to call upon Fenzi, who showed us his wound strapped over with diachylum plaster. Later on, he called at Villa Gérépfzoff, but I noticed that my mother and grandmother obviously gave him the cold shoulder. I knew Bastiano Fenzi, later in life, at Florence about 1887-9. He prided himself very much upon the muscular powers he had attained by the daily practice of chamber gymnastics, and was considered by those who knew him to be a great bore upon the subject. The Fenzi Bank failed some years after the dates I have mentioned above.

When we returned to Durnford's at Eton, it was now the football half; and all boys, large and small, were by an unwritten rule obliged to take part in the House Game. Very few of us small boys liked it at first, for we got rather knocked about in the rough play among boys so much bigger than ourselves, but by degrees, as we got used to it, every one of us took a liking to it, and I was very much attached to the game, *as played at Eton*. I will not attempt here to describe the Eton Field game, which to me is far preferable to look on at than the modern Association game or the Rugby game. I particularly dislike, myself, to see a football handled or carried. In our game we might catch it, but it was a strict rule that it must touch the ground before it might be kicked. The whole scene in the Eton Field game is life, activity, and vigour; everybody is running fast except the Behinds, and there is none of that standing about, doing apparently little or nothing, which I have remarked when watching Association games at Oxford while walking round "Mesopotamia." Bob Lindsay, though not yet a big boy, always distinguished himself greatly at football. To see him then,

and the fearless way with which he rushed at boys far bigger than himself, his beautiful golden hair all ruffled about his handsome head, was a sight to remember, and was almost a foreshadowing of the sterner part he was to play in the Crimean War, when his splendid gallantry at the battle of the Alma won him the great distinction of the Victoria Cross, of which he was one of the earliest recipients.

It was during this half that I was one of the candidates for the Prince Consort's Italian prize, and came out in the "Select," the *first* prizeman being Herbert Coleridge, and the *second* the eighth Marquess of Lothian, with whom I afterwards was at Christ Church, and in whose company I travelled on board the P. and O. s.s. *Indus* to Malta in 1854. The examiner was Signor Gallenga, afterwards well known as one of *The Times* correspondents. Our Italian master at Eton was Signor Picchioni, a professor of the University of Padua, but whose Italian patriotism made him *persona ingrata* to the Austrian authorities in Lombardy, and hence his residence in England. His excitement about Italian politics was so great, that I am afraid his teaching amounted to little more than reading to us the Italian newspapers with lightning utterance and profuse gesticulation.

When I returned to Eton after the Christmas holidays, the state of European politics was giving cause for the greatest anxiety. A revolution had broken out in France, and, on February 24th, King Louis Philippe abdicated and fled to England. From thenceforward the Orleans dynasty was set aside, a Republic was proclaimed, and King Louis Philippe lived and died at Claremont, which up to then had been one of the royal residences conferred on Leopold, King of the Belgians. An incident that occurred at this time was related to me in after years by the Guizot family. On the occasion of the attack by the populace on the National Assembly, Lamartine, a member of the Provisional Government, seeing that there was some danger for his wife, who was sitting in the Tribune, made her a sign to get away as soon as she could. Madame Lamartine straightway turned to an English gentleman sitting beside her and said: "*Monsieur, voulez-vous bien me donner le bras pour sortir de l'Assemblée?*" The gentleman in question was Mr. Monckton-Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, but he answered: "Oh no, madam, this is much too interesting an occasion for me to miss, I cannot go out now." Whereupon Madame

Lamartine said, with cutting sarcasm : “ *Eh bien, monsieur, je vais demander au premier homme du peuple de me faire la politesse qu’un Monsieur Anglais m’a refusée, et vous verrez quelle sera sa réponse !* ” She at once turned to one of the men in blouses who had invaded the Tribune, and said to him : “ *Monsieur, voulez-vous bien me donner le bras pour sortir de l’Assemblée ?* ” “ *Mais certainement, madame,* ” was the immediate answer of the revolutionary, and, doffing his hat, he offered Madame Lamartine his arm, and escorted her to a place of safety.

When I returned to Eton for the Lent term, great disturbances were afoot in London, and the great Chartist demonstration took place in April. It came to nothing, however, owing to the firm attitude and the preventive measures undertaken by the Duke of Wellington. All available troops were introduced into London by night ; the Bank and other public buildings were fortified by sandbags and held by military ; not a single extra soldier was to be seen in the streets, although the ringleaders of the populace had an uncomfortable feeling that troops were everywhere, and, besides all this, 150,000 orderly citizens were sworn in as special constables, among them Prince Louis Napoleon (who, in December, was elected President of the French Republic). The future Emperor of the French patrolled the same street as did my father-in-law, Sir John Boileau. The mob was cowed, and the insurrection fizzled out ignominiously.

I believe I am right in thinking that it was during this term that the great tragedian Macready came and gave a reading of *Hamlet* in the Mathematical School at Eton. It was a great performance, and impressed me very much, although I was only a boy of fourteen. There was, however, one drawback to our pleasure in hearing him, for myself and the group of boys sitting round me, and that was that he seemed to see the ghost of his father exactly where we were placed, and the effect of those blazing eyes piercing into our inmost being made our hair stand on end, and we were, I confess, not a little frightened.

I had another experience inside Windsor Castle, which would have terrified anyone except an Eton boy ! One day I received a letter from Sir Stratford and Lady Canning, telling me that they were staying at Windsor Castle, and wanted me to go and see them. Nothing loath, off I started

the next morning. One of George Edward Anson's servants introduced me into the Castle, and, with such an introduction from the servants of Her Majesty's Treasurer of the Privy Purse, every one thought I was all right, and I wandered at will, through long corridors; but, mistaking my directions, I found, somewhat to my dismay, that I had actually reached the lobby from which opened Her Majesty's own apartments. Even there, the royal servants looked upon me with good-humoured indulgence, and one of them conducted me into the splendid long curved gallery, where, before long, Sir Stratford appeared and took me up to Lady Canning's bedroom. They were extremely kind to me, and, as the kindness was accompanied by a substantial tip, I went away comforted, both as to my feelings of affection and also as to my pocket; the latter joy being also shared by my messmate, Robert Sutton, at this addition to our ways and means. We forthwith gave a breakfast, our guests being Williams-Freeman and Arthur Pemberton Lonsdale, afterwards Heywood-Lonsdale. The latter was in the Eight, and in the chief football elevens, and inherited a large fortune, of which both he, during his lifetime, and his son, after him, made a most liberal and generous use for every well-thought-out charity. Our hot dishes for the breakfast had to be smuggled in, at the risk of entire confiscation if detected, but as our guests in their own boarding-houses were equally liable to the same risks, it was only considered part of the day's work. I remember that Keppel (afterwards Lord Albemarle) carried in for us our chief *pièce de résistance*, a dish of sausages and mashed potatoes, with the coolest effrontery, almost under our tutor's very nose.¹

¹ I had written thus far in March 1910, when the post brought me a letter from Helen Sutton with the sad news that her father (aged 78) was on Friday, March 18th, knocked down in Cannon Street by a hand-cart, and found to have fractured his thigh. They got him back to Pevensey that night, but he never rallied, and gradually sank and died peacefully at 12.50 p.m. on Wednesday, March 30th, 1910. R.I.P. I had an unbroken friendship with him for sixty-two years.

Two anecdotes of Sutton seem to me very characteristic of him. One morning he entered into l'Eglise de St. Roch at Paris, which is a peculiarly dark church. While performing some private devotions, he saw an Englishman come in with his arms full of tracts, one of which he proceeded to place upon every chair. Sutton, on examining these, found they were a violent attack upon the Roman Catholic Church. Where upon, unseen by the other man, he quietly collected the whole of them, and, meeting the man at the door, said: "I think you dropped

I think I must have passed that summer at Sudbury at the Cottage, and my mother eagerly pressed forward my Italian studies with a view to my competing in the autumn for Prince Albert's Italian prize. I presented myself both for the Italian and the French examinations. In the latter I was placed in the Select. The examiner was Monsieur Delille, French master at St. Paul's School, and he was our regular examiner every year. He was not only highly competent, but scrupulously just, and we were never afraid of him. We used to be invited by the Eton French master, Mr. Tarver, to meet M. Delille at breakfast before the examination. The Italian examiner that year was Dr. François René Conneau, a Corsican, and private physician to Prince Louis Napoleon.¹ I was awarded the second prize, to the great delight of my father and mother. I am sorry to record it, but the Head Master, Dr. Hawtrey, did not deal justly with the winners of Prince Albert's prizes. The idea of a schoolboy who has won a prize is to receive a set of books handsomely bound, and preferably with the arms of the college stamped upon them. Dr. Hawtrey was himself a great book collector, and every year had to make drafts from his own library. These he used to utilise by giving them as prizes from Prince Albert. My second Italian prize books on this occasion were nineteen very dingy volumes, bound in dark shagreen, of that ponderous and uninteresting *History of Italy* by Guicciardini and Botta. Sir John Boileau had insisted on Dr. Hawtrey taking back the very inadequate set of books which he had attempted to pawn off on my brother-in-law, Frank Boileau, as the first Italian prize in 1846, and thus obtained for his son a set of finely bound books, but Dr. Hawtrey "spited"

these!" "Oh!" said the man, "I left them there to give some light to these poor benighted people!" "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir," said Sutton, with much indignation, "disturbing poor people in their faith! What have you got to offer them instead?"

On another occasion, as Archdeacon of Lewes, Sutton was visiting a church, the vicar of which was much bullied by a truculent ultra-Protestant churchwarden. This man walked up to Sutton as he was standing in the chancel with the vicar, and in an aggressive tone said: "Now, Mr. Archdeacon, I want to put to you a plain question: Where ought the Ten Commandments to be written up?" Sutton replied: "And I will give you a plain answer—In the fleshy tables of your heart" (2 Cor. iii. 3). The bully was cowed, and went off looking very small.

¹ We had a new Italian master that autumn, Signor Sinibaldi, by profession a very skilful miniature-painter. In a letter in March 1848 from Dr. Conneau to Monsieur Piétri, he speaks of him as "l'amico Sinibaldi." He was very good to me and I was very fond of him.

Frank for the episode all the time he remained at Eton. During this autumn half I was on one occasion spoken to in the Boys' Library by Dr. Keate (then a canon of Windsor), who had been Head Master when my father was at Eton. He was very short, but of commanding appearance, and with a voice like a nutmeg-grater. I received from my father, and also from my tutor, some beautifully bound books in appreciation of my success.

During the next year (1849) my mother rented a house, 5 Upper Belgrave Street, for three or four years. When I went home for the Easter holidays, the London season was in full swing, and both Augustus and Adelaide were going out a good deal. One of the great attractions that year was the weekly issue of *Punch*, which was awaited every time with the greatest avidity. Richard Doyle was publishing in it every week a sort of parody of Mr. Pepys's diary, entitled "Manners and Cystoms of ye Englyshe in 1849 drawn from ye quick by Richard Doyle, to which be added some extracts from Mr. Pips hys Diary." Every scene of London life was described in it in the quaint and racy language of 200 years ago, and illustrated by the inimitable pencil of Dicky Doyle. I went a great deal to the theatre at this time. Planché's charming extravaganzas were being acted at the Lyceum by Charles Matthews, Madame Vestris, and their clever company. Planché's productions were not only of great dramatic power, but were written in superb rhythm, a very different thing to the burlesques of a later day when the rhythm was nothing, the pun everything. I saw Macready act in *King Lear*, with the American tragedian Wallack as Edgar.

During this year Kensington Gardens were thrown open to riders as a continuation of Rotten Row, and Adelaide and I used frequently to ride there. But such a dead-set opposition was made by local Radicals, headed by the fashionable furrier Nicholay in Oxford Street (styled by *Punch* "one Nicholay, a notorious skin-man"), that the Commissioner of Woods and Forests timidly withdrew his permission to equestrians. In a fiery speech before the Marylebone Vestry, Mr. Nicholay asked: "Shall our wives and children be trampled under the horse-hoofs of a bloated aristocracy?"

At the end of the London season, my mother, Adelaide, and I took a trip to Scotland. While we were at Edinburgh

Adelaide fell ill with a particularly bad sore-throat, and was most skilfully attended by Dr. Maclagan, the father, I believe, of my beloved and revered friend the late Archbishop Maclagan of York.

When Adelaide was well enough to travel, we went to Callander, and from there visited the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, and arrived on a Saturday at Tarbet on Loch Lomond. On Sunday, for my many sins, my mother dragged me off to the Scotch Free Church, where a most illiterate narrow-minded minister entirely misinterpreted for our benefit St. Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy in a sermon which lasted *for one hour and forty-seven minutes!* Oh the storm of fury that raged in my boy's heart of fifteen years old! I wonder that any religion ever remained in me after that sermon! After extolling the virtues of "dearrr leetle Teemothee," and his mother *Euneece*, he began to deal with the words, "But continue thou in the faith that thou hast learnt," etc., and, after enlarging to any extent on the blessings to his flock of having "learrrrrnt" their faith from himself, he then added: "But, ma brrrethrrren, could we saay these woorrdds to everry worrrshipperrr who comes heerre on the Saaabath? I fearr not! We could not saay them to the Jew! we could not saay them to the Turrrk! we could not saay them to the Hindoo!" and then, throwing out his arm to a group of us English from the hotel who were sitting together, he added in a malevolent tone: "We could not saay them to ourrr blinded naaaaghbourrs the Episcopaaalians!"

This half at Eton was destined to be one of great disappointment. I had been working up for the Italian examination in October, and had fairly good hopes of winning the first prize. But a new candidate had entered the field in the person of Arthur Cowell¹ (afterwards Sir Arthur Cowell-Stepney, M.P.). He was an undoubtedly good linguist, and won the first prizes both for Italian and German this year, and in the following year (1850) completed his success by winning the French prize in a canter. I had, as mentioned above, won the second Italian prize in 1848, and the second

¹ In a letter from me to my father, February 25th, 1849, I wrote: "I go five times a week to Sinibaldi's, which is something terrible. . . . I long to see you, and sap with you at Italian. There is a fellow I fear most terribly at the next examinations, for he has been in Italy within the last two years, and translates beautifully. His name is Cowell." I added: "If your Dante is out, would you send me a copy of it."

German prize had at the same date been won by Wilbraham Egerton (afterwards Earl Egerton of Tatton). We were both of us simultaneously discomfited by Cowell carrying off our expected prizes. In the Italian examination, Dr. Hawtrey announced that Vernon and Cowell were bracketed equal for first prize—that Vernon had the better style, but that Cowell had one mark more. Therefore he, Dr. Hawtrey, should give the first prize to Cowell, and as Vernon had had the second prize before, and no boy could win the same prize two years running, he should give the second prize to Francis Byng. So that I was left out in the cold with no prize whatever! My dear old tutor (Durnford) said to me with great sympathy: "Well, Vernon, I must say you have been very hardly treated!" and gave me a prize book, as he would have done had I won the first prize. The Italian examination has now been abolished. Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Machiavelli, and Boccaccio have been disfranchised, in favour of German. It is a fad among the pedants of this generation to look down upon things Italian! A passing fad, I honestly believe, for already (in 1910 as I write) there has been a revival of some of the Italian operas which we used so to love.

On February 1st this year was celebrated at Poynton (my father's place in Cheshire) the coming of age of my brother Augustus. He and I went down there the day before with our excellent old family solicitor and friend, Mr. Edward White, the father of the late Sir Arnold, and grandfather of the present Sir Henry, all three of them beloved and respected friends and counsellors of the Vernon family. We were the guests at Barlowfold, during the two days' festivities, of Mr. Ashworth, the Quaker agent of the estate and collieries at Poynton, who had created for himself a position of predominance in the estate and neighbourhood. Great preparations had been made for the festivities. Two enormous bullocks, to whom had been given the names of Samson and Goliath, had been fatted for a dinner to the tenantry and cottagers, and a coloured print and a plate on which was printed a record of the occasion was given to every tenant. In the afternoon there was an assemblage of the tenants and cottagers in a field adjoining Barlowfold, and speeches were made. I had to respond for my mother and the younger members of the Vernon family. My grandfather had advised me to make a modest speech, pleading in-

dulgence for my youth, and adding, "but I hope that, if I ever attain the *maturity* to which our common friend Mr. Ashworth has brought Samson and Goliath, I shall be more competent to address you than I now am." This was reported as follows :

"The Honourable William Vernon, who is only sixteen years of age, pleaded indulgence for his youth, but hoped that, if he ever attained the *dimensions* of Samson and Goliath, he would be able to make them a longer speech ! "

During these holidays I went to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, for the first time. My mother had a box there for one day in the week, and sent me more than once. The first opera that I saw was the *Prophète* by Meyerbeer,¹ and the part of John of Leyden, the false prophet, was taken by Mario, whose handsome personality, glorious tenor voice, and perfect acting were a revelation to me, and the forerunner of many evenings of intense enjoyment during the next twenty years. The part of Fidès, the mother of John of Leyden, was acted by Viardot-Garcia, a celebrated contralto, and sister of the still more celebrated soprano, Malibran, not then living. I also saw *Norma*, acted by Mario and Grisi, as no one ever saw it acted since, followed by the second and third acts of *Masaniello*, in which the part of Masaniello was taken by Mario. Grisi's beauty and majestic dignity impressed everybody, as well as her splendid voice and cultivated artistic singing. But it was in *Lucrezia Borgia* that she and Mario were best seen together, acting as they did with the great baritone, Ronconi, as Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, and the lovely young contralto, Nantier-Didier, as Maffio Orsini. For many years afterwards I was as constant an attendant at Covent Garden Opera as my purse would allow.

One evening my mother, dining alone with Adelaide and me, told us that she had promised to pass an hour or two with Mrs. Gladstone, and that she would take us. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were then living in their own house, 6 Carlton Gardens, and we were shown into the lesser of two large drawing-rooms both to the front. Mr. Gladstone was at home as well as Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, and we passed

¹ It was in this opera that the Dutch peasants were represented skating in the celebrated *Pas des Patineurs*. This was the first introduction of roller-skates.

an hour and a half in their company. Three years afterwards, when Mr. Gladstone had moved into his official residence as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the house in Carlton Gardens was hired for my mother, who was dying of an incurable complaint. The drawing-room in which we had passed the evening with the Gladstones was turned into a bedroom, and in it my poor mother died on October 14th, 1853.

On my return to Eton for the summer half, I became deeply interested in cricket. The Eleven this year was a particularly good one, and was known in Eton Annals as Charley Norman's Eleven, C. Norman being the captain, extremely and justly popular in the school, and one of the finest leg hitters of his day. In one match at Eton I saw him hit a ball for seven runs, which went over the trees that overhung the scoring tent. During this half, and during the rest of the time I was at Eton, I began to play in Upper Club. I did not, however, confine myself entirely to cricket, for I shared a boat with my cousin Frederick Lambton, and we always managed to do some boating as well as cricket. We were both looking forward, not without hope, to winning respectively, he the German, and I the Italian prize in the autumn, and our hopes were to be fulfilled. We were both of us also candidates for the French prize. The Italian master at Eton who had succeeded to Picchioni was (as I have already said) Sinibaldi, who was very kind to me, and took great pains to prepare me for the autumn examination.

Eton was very successful at Lord's this year, beating both Harrow and Winchester. The Public School matches were preceded by an excellent match, the Old (*i.e.* all over forty-five) versus the Young. This match included most of the best players in England. In the second innings of the Old, who lost the match by twelve runs, I saw two sixers hit off two consecutive balls. The first was by Alfred Mynn, the last ball of one over, and the second by Dakin, the first ball of the next over.

Early in September my mother, Adelaide, and myself went to pay a visit to James Bankes Stanhope at Revesby Abbey, near Tattershall in Lincolnshire, by the recently completed Great Northern Railway. I left my mother and Adelaide at Revesby, and went to pay a visit to the Boileaus at Ketteringham, with many heart-beatings and

much anxiety of mind, for my child love for Agnes Boileau had developed into a more matured love which made me never flag from this time in my determination to overcome all obstacles and seek her hand, as soon as I could be allowed to do so. Both Sir John and Lady Catherine were most kind to me, Lady Catherine always having treated me as if I had been one of her own boys. But I was not best pleased to find Monsieur and Madame Cornélis de Witt, and Mme de Witt's brother, Guillaume Guizot, there, for my instinct told me what my after knowledge confirmed as a fact: that Mme de Witt was bent upon her brother marrying Agnes. As all three of them became dear friends of mine in after life, I will not dwell upon them now, except to explain the identity of the De Witt couple. Monsieur Guizot had two daughters. The elder, Henriette, married Conrad de Witt, and the younger, Pauline, married his brother, Cornélis de Witt, both direct descendants from the De Witts famous in the history of Holland, but naturalised French subjects. The pair at Ketteringham were the younger brother married to the younger sister. I was not to know the other pair, nor M. Guizot himself, until four years afterwards.

A few days after this saw me back at Eton, and the principal event of this half was my cousin Frederick (surnamed Dick) Lambton winning the first German prize and I simultaneously winning the first Italian prize. What joy for our mothers, who were sisters! and what joy for my father away in Italy, who had set his heart on my winning this prize! He bestowed £20 again on me for books, but he was not pleased at the way I expended it, for I entrusted the binding of the books to Ingalton, the Eton bookseller, and my father, with his fastidious taste in bookbinding, said he would not touch one of them with a pair of tongs! My tutor gave me a beautiful Chaucer, and was heartily pleased at my success. I did very fairly well, too, in the French examination (won by Cowell, Francis Byng being second), and was placed high up in the Select. There was one young competitor in the Italian and French examinations who distinguished himself a great deal. This was A. C. Swinburne, afterwards the poet. He did quite a remarkable Italian ode, which was much and justly praised. In the French examination, when Monsieur Delille made us his annual valedictory harangue, he spoke in terms of great

commendation of "*votre jeune camarade, le petit Swainburne,*" adding: "*Faites-en compte, messieurs, il vous fait honneur.*" I do not remember that much *compte* was paid to Swinburne, except perhaps twisting his arm, and the bestowal on him of a stray kick or two, but that was all in the way of business.

I was now in my tutor's Football House Eleven, and, being a very fast runner, held what is such a delightful post in the Eton game, that of "flying man." Our eleven was among the good elevens in the school this year. My chief friends at this time were the Earl of Lincoln, Arthur Jervoise ("Tommy") Scott, Honourable Francis Byng, Honourable Henry Campbell, Honourable Edward Legge, with whom I was messing when Dick Lambton joined us though not in the same House, William and Edward St. Aubyn, and always dear old Bob Sutton. Francis Burnand was also in our House, and used to come to my room regularly to read Planché's extravaganzas and other comedies, but he was never a real Etonian. Other friends were Charlie Fremantle (Honourable Sir Charles, K.C.B.), Charles Townsend Murdoch (late M.P. for Reading), and Algernon Bertie Mitford (afterwards Lord Redesdale). I have already mentioned Williams-Freeman, Marsham, Blaauw, Tom Blundell, John Arkwright, Charles Bruce, and Charles Trefusis. The last named was a remarkable instance of one who was a leading spirit in all active sports and amusements, and at the same time a most sincerely and deeply religious man. He was in the Eight, foremost in all football matches, and was universally and deservedly beloved by all who knew him. His second brother, who inherited the vast property of Lord and Lady Rolle, was known by his changed name, Honourable Mark Rolle. Another friend was Hugh Colin Smith, who afterwards married Miss Constance Adeane. He paid me a schoolboy visit at Sudbury, and later in life was a governor of the Bank of England. Of all this long list, the greater number have joined the majority.

I had two *mills* (*i.e.* fights) while I was at Eton. The first was with dear old Bob Sutton, in which I was victorious. In the second I got a tremendous licking from "Jack" Mytton, of Garth and Penylan¹; and it is somewhat of a

¹ His name was Devereux Herbert Mytton, but he was nicknamed "Jack," after the eccentric Jack Mytton of sporting notoriety.

coincidence, as I write this in April 1910, that both my former adversaries have just died, within a few weeks of each other.

And now I returned to Sudbury for my Christmas holidays and found my mother fully established there. I found to my great delight that I was to be rigged out in hunting things, but I was not yet to don a red coat, so had to content myself with a dark-green one. My mother had been advised to buy a seasoned hunter for me that knew its own business, as I had not yet become very safe in my saddle. A very experienced old nag was bought for me from Mr. Abraham Flint, the magistrates' clerk at Uttoxeter. This horse possessed all the virtues except that of beauty, and was in fact such a very ill-favoured animal that it got the nickname of "Mr. Sykes" (of *Oliver Twist* celebrity). All the same this good old horse taught me to ride across country, and I have ever felt grateful to his memory. He was absolutely reliable at his fences, never pulled, never rushed, and was sobriety itself. On his back I learned courage in riding, which I had previously lacked.

During this winter it transpired that my brother, Augustus, had fallen in love with the beautiful Lady Harriet Anson, third daughter of the first Earl of Lichfield, and we were all invited to stay at Shugborough, where a ball was given on her birthday, December 23rd, though no engagement had yet taken place. Augustus drove me over with him in his mail phaeton, my mother and Adelaide going separately. It was the first time I had stayed as one of a large house party in a country-house. The party was a very distinguished one, comprising the Marquess and Marchioness of Stafford (afterwards Duke and Duchess of Sutherland); Earl and Lady Constance Grosvenor (afterwards Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Lady Constance was a sister of Lord Stafford); Honourable Arthur (afterwards Lord) Wrottesley; Lady Seymour (afterwards Duchess of Somerset) and her two daughters (afterwards respectively Lady Hermione Graham and Lady Ulrica Thynne); Hugo Meynell-Ingram, the Master of the Meynell Hunt, and his two sisters, Miss Meynell and Miss Dora Meynell; Frank Charteris and Lady Anne Charteris (afterwards Earl and Countess of Wemyss and March). Lady Anne was Lady Harriet Anson's next elder sister, and was extraordinarily beautiful. She was a most kind friend to me in 1874-5, during my first wife's long

illness, and I shall ever reverence her memory. There were also present Lady Gwendoline Anson (afterwards O'Shea), Augustus and Adelbert Anson, both dear friends of mine in after life. Lord Lichfield was completely crippled by gout, and had to be wheeled about in a mechanical chair. He had led a very tempestuous existence, and his high play at Crockford's and losses on the Turf had necessitated the sale of many treasures at Shugborough, and this was the first occasion when the house had again been thrown open. Lady Lichfield had been a Miss Philips, of Slebbetch Hall in Pembrokeshire ; she had an icy demeanour, and was to most people very appalling, but I can testify to her great kindness to me during the whole time I knew her. She would, speaking quite figuratively, knock one down with one hand, but would promptly lift one up again with the other. Lord Lichfield's *bonhomie* and cheery manner endeared him to nearly all who knew him, but his family had had to suffer cruel humiliations on account of his great failings.

Before the second day's dancing came to an end, we all enjoyed the rare treat of seeing the Reel of Tulloch danced by the Staffords and Charterises, two of the most beautiful women and two of the handsomest men in England. I never saw a dance performed with such refinement, such perfect good taste, and yet with such extraordinary spirit. I never forgot it in my whole life.

During this spring I won the Eton School Steeplechase. The usual course was two and a half miles, but one never knew beforehand what it was going to be. My friend John Arkwright was undoubtedly a better man than I, and at two and a half miles would have beaten me, but the course turned out to be three miles, and consequently, after John Arkwright had run two and a half miles, he got pumped, and I caught him up. He was so much exhausted that he ran blindly against a bank and dashed all the breath out of his body. I left him fainting, and ran home and won by a hundred yards before the second man, who was afterwards my friend Sir Robert Cunliffe.

And now came the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was due to the inspiration of the Prince Consort, and it stirred not only all Europe to its foundations, but all the civilised world. Nothing of the kind had ever been seen before ; and, with the exception of the French Exhibition of 1855 in the Palais d'Industrie, nothing of equal interest has been seen since.

These two exhibitions contained no objects for sale, only for display, whereas all subsequent exhibitions have been merely gigantic bazaars. The novelty of the building moreover roused universal attention. The competing design that was selected was that of Joseph Paxton, head gardener at Chatsworth, who designed a building of iron and glass. His idea, however, had nearly failed, as its acceptance was conditional upon his not cutting down three fine elm trees that stood just where the very centre of his design would come. He happened to mention his difficulty to Brunel, who was himself a rival competitor; but, being a most generous man, Brunel at once showed him how to get out of the difficulty by rearing a great central arched roof that would go over the tops of the trees, and at the same time make them a most delightful and refreshing object in the centre of the building. The exhibition was opened with great ceremony on May 1st, 1851, by the Queen and Prince Consort. The building, which is now the Crystal Palace, stood in Hyde Park, just west of the Life Guards' barracks. A popular song at the time thus mentioned the ceremony :

“ O who shall e'er forget the day,
The glorious, glorious first of May,
When our good Queen Victoria gay
Opened the Palace of Crystal ? ”

One curious episode happened on this day, which was described in *The Quarterly Review* shortly afterwards. It is a known fact that it is difficult for the police to distinguish between a detective and a pickpocket, supposing them to be strangers. Before May 1st our police had been warned that a large contingent of Belgian pickpockets might be expected, and they were in consequence all vigilance. On the morning of the ceremony, they observed a number of well-dressed foreigners whose movements and demeanour looked suspicious. They accordingly arrested the whole of them and took them, notwithstanding their protests, to the police depot in the Exhibition, when it turned out that they had netted fourteen Belgian detectives specially sent over to watch the Belgian pickpockets.

It is not easy to give a description nowadays of the extraordinary novelty and interest of this first Exhibition. The great glass fountain which is now at the Crystal Palace stood in the very centre of the building, and was the spot invariably selected by persons wishing to meet, but it con-

stantly happened that two people, looking for each other, found they had been standing in close contiguity without seeing one other. One notable attraction was the great Kohinoor diamond belonging to the Queen, which was exhibited in a gilded iron cage. It was supposed to be so contrived that, if any attempt were made to force the cage, a mechanical process would cause the diamond to drop down into a safe repository below the floor. Everyone was awestruck with the barbaric splendour of the enormous malachite folding doors belonging to the Emperor of Russia. The comic groups of stuffed animals from the Zollverein States were an immense attraction. One case of them was bought by Lord Leigh, and I saw it when staying at Stoneleigh three years afterwards. The railway machinery excited great interest, and the Great Western Railway broad-gauge express engine, "The Great Britain," stood under the elm trees in the centre of the building. The Crystal Palace was profusely decorated with the flags of all nations on the outside. One day a Frenchman came up to me and said: "*Pardon, monsieur, mais est-ce que c'est là le grand Duc de Vellaington ?*" I looked round, and sure enough it was the Duke of Wellington, dressed in a blue frock coat, with white trousers, riding a bay horse, with a groom behind him. I received the most polite thanks from the Frenchman when I confirmed his supposition. That was the last time I ever saw the Duke.

The principal event to me of this summer half was the visit paid to the school by Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort on June 6th. Dr. Hawtrey, the Head Master, had previously sent for me, and told me he was anxious that the Prince Consort's prizemen for modern languages should each write an address in the language in which they had been successful. As none of us were in the Sixth Form, the rules of the school would not admit of our *speaking* our addresses before Her Majesty, but the Queen and Prince Consort had signified their willingness that we should be brought before them at the end of speeches in Upper School. Arthur Cowell, the winner of the first prizes in all the three languages, wrote the address in German. I, the winner of the Italian prize in 1850, wrote the Italian one, while the French address was written by Francis Byng, afterwards Earl of Strafford, who had won the second French prize when Cowell won the first.

On the day of the Queen's visit to Eton, Cowell was on the sick list, but Byng and I were called forward in Upper School, and were most graciously received by the Queen and the Prince. The latter said to me: "It must have been very difficult." On the day following the visit of the Queen and Prince Consort to Eton, namely, on June 7th, I had leave to go up to town for the marriage of my brother Augustus to Lady Harriet Anson. My father was now back in England, and he and my mother were established at 11 Whitehall Place, which I suppose they were renting from the Jameses. The wedding took place at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, and Lady Lichfield held a reception at 2 Great Stanhope Street afterwards.

During the ensuing summer half, there was a good deal of cricket in which I took part. I now played regularly in Upper Club, and was on terms of intimate friendship with many of the Eleven, such as Charles Thackeray, Tremlett, Hamilton Hoare, Reginald Yorke, Edmund Wodehouse, Henry Bowden (now the Rev. Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory, Brompton), Arthur Hayter (the late Lord Haversham), and others. I was held to be a first-rate field, but I never attained to sufficient batting or bowling excellence to qualify me for the Eleven. Oh those afternoons in Upper Club! I shall never forget the delight of them! From the time they came out of afternoon chapel, those who were playing in the Upper Club game were free until lock-up at a quarter to nine. The captain of the Eleven had to send in to the Head Master the names of those playing in Upper Club, and they were excused from six o'clock "Absence" (calling-over). Their fags used to bring their tea things to Poet's Walk, and the tea was brought by an old attendant who, as he got level with Upper Club, used to put down on the ground two huge tea-pots, and call out: "Water bo-o-i-ls." Then there came back a refrain from the cricketers in response: "Make te-e-a-a!"

When I got home to Sudbury for the summer holidays, I found that Augustus had engaged a professional bowler to teach us cricket at Sudbury, and it certainly did make an immense difference in my cricket.

My father was at Sudbury during part of this summer, the first time I had seen him there since 1838.

I paid a visit this winter to Lord and Lady Howe at Gopsall. It was the first time I had ever been alone on a

visit in a great country house, and it was rather a shy thing for an Eton boy of seventeen, as I felt rather a fish out of water among a number of people so much older than myself. However, they were all very kind to me. I made acquaintance with Lord Howe's daughter, Lady Adelaide Curzon, with whom I danced a good deal during the next four years. She afterwards married the Earl of Westmorland. Among the guests were the Earl of Dartmouth and his second son, George Legge, who had been in Durnford's House with me at Eton. He was in the Rifle Brigade, and Lord Howe's youngest son by his first marriage was in the same battalion. This was the Honourable Leicester Curzon, who was one of Lord Raglan's aides-de-camp in the Crimean War, and ended by becoming General Sir Leicester Curzon-Smith. Before we had been two days at Gopsall, there came a sudden and peremptory order for the two Riflemen to rejoin their battalion at a moment's notice and get ready to sail for the Cape. The Kafir War was in full swing at the moment, and reinforcements were urgently required. I was anxious to give George Legge something to take to the war. In those days binoculars had not come into use as field glasses, so I gave him a spy-glass (a short fat telescope) in a leather sling case. When George Legge returned home after the war, he told me that this spy-glass had saved his life. He was standing on a knoll and sweeping the woods all round him with his glass, when he perceived a Kafir aiming at him with a gun. He discharged his pistol (there were no revolvers then) at the Kafir, and either killed or disabled him.

My Christmas holidays ended by my going to pay a visit to Lord Dartmouth at Sandwell. I was received there with the greatest kindness as a friend and messmate of Edward Legge, who was now going to Christ Church, Oxford. I made acquaintance with all the elder daughters, the eldest of whom, Lady Frances Legge (afterwards Michel), was a very favourite partner of mine for some years. I was now to return to Eton as captain of Durnford's House, and it was settled that I should take little Augustus Legge under my wing and launch him on his Eton career. As captain I had four fags; to fag in the captain's mess was a privilege much sought after by Lower Boys, and those boys were usually selected who were naturally clean and refined, and whom it was desirable not to subject to the

possibly rough treatment of a fag-master not very high up in the Fifth Form. My fags became distinguished men in after life. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord St. Aldwyn; Henry Ewart, nicknamed "Shiner" on account of his glossy hair, became Colonel Sir Henry Ewart, and Crown Equerry; while Augustus Legge became the Bishop of Lichfield. My fourth fag was Barclay Field, who was a very wealthy man afterwards.

At this time Lincoln, Francis Byng, "Tommy" Scott, and myself formed a quartet who were always together. Then there were Tom Blundell, John Arkwright, Henry Campbell, the two St. Aubyns (William and Edward); Arthur Lambton; Luttrell (yclept "Beef"); Coventry (Earl of); Charles Trefusis (the late Lord Clinton); John Rolls (afterwards Lord Llangattock); Tremlett, captain of the Eleven; Hamilton Hoare; John Yorke (late M.P. for Tewkesbury); Edmund Wodehouse (now Sir Edmund, K.C.B.); Henry Bowden (now Father Sebastian); Edmund Antrobus (the late Father Antrobus); Henry Brackenbury (afterwards General Sir Henry); T. O. Reay, a distinguished member of the Eleven, and afterwards a curate at St. Andrew's, Wells Street. I have before now mentioned my friend Williams-Freeman as being a very amusing fellow. One never could tell, when on any special occasion one was required to look serious, that he would not make some *sotto-voce* remark that would throw one into perfect convulsions of laughter. He sat beside me in chapel and I was always in fear and trembling, for his sayings were irresistible. One evening Dr. Hawtrey summoned the captains of all the Houses to his chambers, and spoke to us very seriously about using our influence for good in putting down certain faults which he greatly condemned—and I may mention, by the way, that Dr. Hawtrey was an extraordinarily ugly man. I was standing in the front rank directly facing him. He was saying with great solemnity: "I met that man years after, and I declare he could not look me in the face"; when a voice behind me whispered into my ear: "I should like to know who could!" How I got through the next five minutes I do not now remember!

During the month of June "Tommy" Scott, Stewart Sutherland, Charles Trefusis, and I went up to Oxford and matriculated at Christ Church. I blush to say that,

according to a happily obsolete custom, I took privilege as a gentleman-commoner and *Baronis filius*, and had no entrance examination. The senior censor, the Rev. Osborne Gordon, conducted us to University College, the master of which, Dr. Plumtre, was then Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford. A number of Christ Church freshmen were presented at the same time, and the spokesman of the oath for us all was Viscount Fordwich (afterwards Earl Cowper). I cannot in the very least remember where we slept, nor where we dined (probably we put up at the Mitre), but I know we had supper in the rooms of Lord Valletort (afterwards Earl of Mount Edgcombe) in Tom Quad, and then adjourned upstairs to those of Lord Sandon (afterwards Earl of Harrowby) where we met a number of old friends, Wilbraham Egerton, Edward Legge, Grey de Wilton, Lothian, and others. We returned to Eton the following day.

But now the end had come of my five and a half happy years at Eton. My friends gave me a great number of kind presents in the shape of leaving-books—I had to write a "*Vale*" in execrable English verse. My dear tutor returned me the twenty pounds leaving money which, according to custom, I offered, and said with great kindness: "No, Vernon, I cannot take any leaving money from you, but I should like to have your portrait to hang on that wall." Dr. Hawtrey not only gave me the customary *Juvenal* as the Head Master's leaving book, but also gave me a prize book for writing the Italian address. He slightly hinted at asking my father to send him my picture, but, as he did not hint at returning the leaving money, I did not see why my father should be victimised. My picture for my tutor was done by Eddis, and was thought very like. Fifty-three years afterwards, long after my dear tutor had passed away from this world, I received a message from the aged Mrs. Durnford that she was anxious to return all the portraits her husband had of his pupils, either to themselves or to their families, and so my portrait came back to me, about the year 1905, as near as I can remember. When we moved into our flat at 105 Cadogan Gardens at Christmas 1912, I bestowed it upon my granddaughter Eveline, Mrs Frank Southby Walker.

CHAPTER III

OXFORD AND ITALY (1852—1855)

It was after I got back to London that I went with my mother to an afternoon reception at Lady Clanricarde's, in Carlton House Terrace. While there, my mother witnessed an interesting episode. The then Duchess of Sutherland, an intimate friend of the Queen, and at that time Mistress of the Robes, was noted for her assumption of quasi-regal airs. The new French ambassador, Monsieur Walewski, who was in reality a son of Napoleon I, had brought with him his beautiful young wife. Madame Walewska was a daughter of the Marchesa Ricci, with whom we were acquainted at Florence and at whose house I was a visitor in 1854. She was a beautiful and most fascinating young woman, who on her return to Paris became one of the leading personages at the Imperial Court, and (Monsieur Walewski having then become Minister of Foreign Affairs) presided with grace and dignity in the *salons* of the Quai d'Orsay, besides being an intimate friend of the Emperor and Empress. The Walewskis were standing close to my mother, when the Duchess of Sutherland on the other side of the room sent someone to say she should be happy to make Madame Walewska's acquaintance. The young ambadress, with a generous and spontaneous impulse, was about to hurry across the room to the Duchess, when my mother heard Monsieur Walewski say, with his hand on her arm: "*Non, reste, c'est elle qui doit venir te trouver.*" I saw Madame Walewska then in all the plenitude of her youth, beauty, and high position. When next I saw her, it was at Florence about 1878, at the house of old General de la Rochepouchin and his daughters. Monsieur Walewski had long been dead, as also the Emperor, and Madame Walewska had remarried with an obscure Sicilian, a Count d'Alessandro. She was more than middle-aged,

but her charm of manner was still there. She was extremely gracious to me, and invited me to call upon her any morning at the Hôtel de la Paix. When I did so, they sent down to ask me to excuse their being at *déjeuner*, but to come up and pay them my visit all the same. I found them in the table d'hôte room with a dish of *œufs au plat* before them. I could not help mentally drawing a contrast between this situation and that of the beautiful young ambassadress in London in 1852. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

Now that I had left Eton, at the end of July, I paid a series of delightful visits in country houses. During September I went to a very large party at Lord Dartmouth's at Sandwell, near Birmingham. Lord and Lady Wrottesley were among the guests. He used to boast that his wife and he were the ugliest couple in England. Nature certainly had not been favourable to them, but they were endowed with every other merit. He was a most learned man, and President of the Royal Society. One morning I was sitting at breakfast beside the Honourable Mrs. Newton Lane (*née* Bagot), and remarked to her what an expression of gloom there was upon Lady Wrottesley's face. She quickly silenced me, saying: "Hush, my dear William, she will hear you. You can have no idea what that poor woman has gone through. I will tell you after breakfast." The story she told me, which I also heard from Lord Lewisham (afterwards fifth Earl of Dartmouth), who had been told by Lord Wrottesley, was this. The Honourable Henry Wrottesley, lieutenant in the 43rd Regiment, was killed in the Kafir War, March 11th, 1852. On the night of his death, his mother saw him standing by or at the foot of her bed. I have received from Mrs. George Wrottesley an account of the circumstance, written by a cousin "who was practically living at Wrottesley at the time." This lady says:

"Lady Wrottesley came down one morning and said she had had a wretched night. She awoke and saw Henry standing by her bed, and she felt sure he was dead. They told her she had had a dream, and that she was always nervous when alone (Lord Wrottesley had gone away for a day or two), but she was quite upset all day. A day or two after, there came a letter from Henry saying he was

well, but later on the news of his death came, and he died the night she saw him."

In a letter to Mrs. Maclagan (wife of the Archbishop), the Dean of York (Cust), who was a great friend of Henry Wrottesley, says that while the latter was pursuing some Kafirs who had been looting cattle, at a place called Fuller's Hoeck, he was struck by an assegai in the femoral artery. He sat down on a stone, and a tourniquet was applied, but, when his men came back to him, it was found that the tourniquet had slipped, and that he had bled to death. It took letters four weeks to arrive at Wrottesley from the Cape at that time.

In the middle of October I took up my new residence as a gentleman-commoner at Christ Church, Oxford. My first rooms were to be first floor No. 1 Peckwater Quad; but, as the former occupant had not yet vacated them, I resided temporarily for six weeks on the ground floor of No. 8, at the corner of Peckwater and Canterbury Quads. Being a gentleman-commoner, I had a servant of my own, a groom-valet of the name of Scott, whose elder brother was valet to Lord Anson, afterwards second Earl of Lichfield. It was with feelings of boyish elation that I contemplated my rooms, my plate, linen, and china. By the way, my dessert service, made for me at Minton's, had eighty dessert plates, which, however, were none too many, considering the large number of guests we used to entertain at a "wine." Looking back at those days, I view with regret the fact that I was allowed to gratify my wish of becoming a gentleman-commoner. I was heir to only a very small income, and I found myself thrown into the constant society of contemporaries who were heirs to large fortunes. It would have been much better for me to have gone up as a commoner; I should have spent far less money, and should have been just as happy. Many of my old Eton friends, who were only "commoners," were to become far richer men than I.

When we first came up to Christ Church, or "The House," as it was and is always styled by Christ Church men, our old Eton quartet became messmates, and used, all four, to breakfast in successive weeks in each other's rooms. These were the Earl of Lincoln, Honourable Francis Byng, Arthur (Tommy) Scott, and myself. But Francis Byng lived at the farthest end of College, beyond Tom Quad,

and Tommy Scott not very near, so that after a month or two these two latter seceded from the mess, but Lincoln and I continued to mess together the whole time we were up at Oxford. His rooms were on the first floor in No. 7 Peckwater, and mine were on the first floor No. 1 Peckwater, but, about a year afterwards, both he and I moved into very handsome rooms in Canterbury.

The rugged old Dean of Christ Church (Gaisford) was one of those ancient fossils of the old school, who were not uncommon in those days, and I should imagine that he was well matched both in profound learning and eccentricity by Dr. Whewell, then the Master of Trinity at Cambridge. *Arcades ambo!* The special characteristic of Gaisford was his strong sense of the superiority of Christ Church to anything else in Oxford, and of himself, as Dean of Christ Church, to any other personage in the University. It should be explained to the unenlightened that, in other colleges, the senior tutor is called "The Dean." On one occasion the senior tutor of Wadham wrote to Gaisford as follows: "The Dean of Wadham presents his compliments to the Dean of Christ Church." The old Dean was furious, and in his reply confined himself to the following words:

"Alexander the Coppersmith presents his compliments to Alexander the Great."

The two Censors, or leading tutors, of Christ Church were Osborne Gordon and George Marshall. The former, known as "O.G.," was one of the finest scholars in the University. Marshall, the Junior Censor, was my tutor. He was a profound Greek scholar, and had, I believe, done all the quotations in Liddell and Scott's *Lexicon*, so that people said his name ought by rights to have been added as one of the authors. He was a gentle little man of a retiring disposition. "O.G." was a decidedly eccentric man. His memory was marvellous. It was reported of him that, dining with a former Christ Church man at a cavalry mess, he was able to set all the betting men right as to the odds against a certain horse, simply because he "usually recollected all that he read in *The Times* newspaper!"

We used to have Latin prayers in the Cathedral at 8 a.m. and at 9.15 p.m., in which both the Dean and "O.G." used to take the most active part, though their voices were never heard on the days when the service was in English.

The way that "O.G." used to read the Absolution in Latin, with his surplice only just on his shoulders, as he twisted it into every kind of shape, and the way he turned and looked about him in all directions, used to amuse us at the time, but it was certainly not an edifying performance.

The noblemen (tufts) who were up at this time were the Marquess of Lothian; Lord Valletort (afterwards Earl of Mount Edgumbe); Lord Grey de Wilton; Viscount Fordwich (the late Earl Cowper), and Lincoln (afterwards sixth Duke of Newcastle). In those days they alone dined at high table, and paid an extortionate sum for their dinner, twelve shillings a head, I believe. We gentlemen-commoners were charged pretty high, seven shillings a head; but, as we were at liberty to order anything we liked, the difference between our seven shillings and the tufts' twelve shillings showed that these latter were simply swindled out of five shillings at every dinner! *Nous avons changé tout cela*. There are now neither tufts nor gentlemen-commoners, but all the undergraduates dine together, and I think are only charged half a crown for a plain, substantial, well-cooked dinner. High table is now reserved for those M.A.'s who are elected to it—some few are not—and the B.A.'s now dine at the table that used once to be reserved for gentlemen-commoners—a much more sensible arrangement. My fellow gentlemen-commoners were Henry (the late Colonel) Blundell; Honourable Robert Harris Temple ("Jet"); Wilbraham Egerton (the late Earl Egerton of Tatton); Johnnie Malcolm of Poltalloch (the late Lord Malcolm); my friend Thomas Bowater Vernon; Jacob Gwynne Holford; William Forbes of Callander; Honourable Charles Trefusis (the late Lord Clinton); Lord Charles Bruce; Honourable John Warren (the late Lord de Tabley); Aleck Baring (the late Lord Ashburton); Honourable Robert Marsham-Townsend; George Drummond (of Drummond's Bank); William Tyssen Amhurst (afterwards the late Lord Amherst of Hackney); E. A. F. St. Maur (afterwards Duke of Somerset); Charles Selby Bigge; and Sir Henry Geers Cotterell. They are all dead now. I said enough before to show how such a minnow as myself was misplaced among the above set of young men, all of whom were heirs to great fortunes. It led me into a scale of expenditure and a foolish career of extravagance which I shall always regret. I had a number of friends among

the commoners, many of whom continued friends through my long life, though, alas, most of them, too, have now passed away. Of these were Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. Doc.¹; Edward Henry Pember, the late distinguished K.C.; William (Billy) Walters (afterwards Archdeacon); Arthur Henry (nicknamed John) Davies, the captain of the drag; Tommy Howe, a distinguished lawyer; Edward Fownes (known as Beef) Luttrell; my old Eton messmate Honourable Edward (afterwards Colonel) Legge, who became Deputy Sergeant at Arms in the House of Commons; Granville Ryder; Arthur Lloyd, in my remove at Eton; Henry Blaauw; Tom (afterwards Canon) Blundell; and Stewart Sutherland, my very old and constant friend; John Hope Barton (afterwards Master of the Badsworth Hounds); Arthur Jervoise Scott; John Arkwright; Francis Byng (afterwards Earl of Strafford); William Chandos Pole; John Talbot (afterwards M.P. for the University); T. Baskerville Mynors (who when he left Eton had the largest number of leaving books on record); Henry *Eyre* and Arthur Kindersley *Blair*, who were familiarly known as "Huz and Buz," and many others. I forgot to mention one friend who was much esteemed by all of us, Henry Cruger Miles, of King's Weston, near Bristol—generally known as Cruger. None of these, except Byng, are alive in 1917.

I had brought my two hunters, "Miami" and "Claret," and they stood at Figg's Livery Stables, a little way below Tom Gate. My servant Scott soon left me, not caring for the Oxford life, and in his place I engaged John Mayo, as groom and valet. He had been hunting groom to Lord Dufferin. He remained with me till after my marriage, when he set up as a tobacconist and wine-merchant in the Corn Market. I hunted as often as I was able. My preference was for the Heythrop, the Master of that Hunt being Lord Redesdale, a most kind and courteous old gentleman, whereas Tom Drake, the Master of Drake's Hounds, made no secret of showing Oxford men that they were unwelcome.

As soon as we got to Oxford, Lincoln and I began learning to play tennis. There were then two courts. The large one, of the normal size, was in Merton Lane, and kept by

¹ Sir Herbert Oakeley had even in those days commenced forming the marvellous collection of models (made to scale) of the cathedrals of England, which he afterwards added to, and made so famous. The only foreign cathedral was that of Cologne, which towered above the others as a giant among pigmies. The models were made of cardboard.

Sabin ; but we began to learn in a miniature court, about half the size of the other, in St. Mary's Lane. This was kept by old Jem Russell, who had club feet, but was a wonderful teacher. He used sometimes to play with a ginger-beer bottle with a wooden peg stuck into the mouth for a handle, instead of a racquet, and with this he could give twisting services which puzzled many first-rate players.

I used to take lessons in billiards from old Betteris in the Turl. His name is celebrated in the song *The Thoroughbred Oxford Man*, in these words :

" Old Bickerton full well with Betteris can tell
 All the fifties in their time we have scored ;
 With the never-ending rattle of the balls' iv'ry battle
 On the surface of the smooth green board."

I used to frequent a winter cricket-ground in St. Aldate's, quite close to Tom Gate. It was kept by a retired player of the name of Martin, a good teacher, and he had as his partner the celebrated Fuller Pilch, one of the best cricketers in the All England Eleven against whom I had played in the twenty-two of Ilkeston in 1851. The ground was simply a pitch of beaten earth, about forty yards long and about fifteen wide, surrounded by strong nets. We certainly learned a great deal, and it was capital practice in the winter for our play in the summer.

Among the canons of Christ Church was then living Dr. Bull, who had been my father's tutor. He was a kindly old man, and invited me to dine with him. He had not a trace of pomposity in him really, but he looked as if he had. The undergraduates had noted that, when Dr. Bull and Dr. Pusey entered together into the Cathedral, the former wore an appearance of self-satisfaction, while the latter crept into his stall with bowed head, and fell on his knees with a dejected air of self-abnegation. Wherefore these two good old men bore the several nicknames of the Pharisee and the Publican, a nomenclature that did not really befit either of them.

As we walked into morning chapel, one of the students was on duty as "prick-bill." He held a long slip of printed paper with the list of the undergraduates, and pricked off with a pin each name of those who were present. The prick-bill my first week was Charles Dodgson, afterwards the witty author of *Alice in Wonderland* and other amusing books. Absence from chapel involved the reception after-

wards of a very thin slip of paper with the admonition that one had to bring a hundred lines to be delivered as one entered chapel the following day. This never troubled me. It was my servant's business to get this done for me by Boddington, the stationer, and he handed it to me with my cap and gown before I went off to the next day's chapel.

It was during this autumn that the great Duke of Wellington died. I had very much desired to get leave to witness his state funeral, but old Dean Gaisford was in a surly humour, and would not give me leave to sleep out the previous night. I went up all the same during the forenoon, but too late to see the procession. Traffic was not well managed in those days, and the crowds were very great. They had not then started any of the good restaurants of the present time; I remember that my cousin Francis Lambton and myself met somewhere, and eventually had a wretched dinner on the top floor of some pot-house in the Strand, our table being lighted by a candle stuck into a bottle! Compare that with the luxurious dinners of to-day, lighted by electric light, at the Savoy and the Hôtel Cecil. I got back into college before midnight.

When I got back to Sudbury for the Christmas vacation, I found that my poor mother's state of health had become very serious—in fact she was found to be suffering from an incurable complaint. Just before Christmas, Mr. Gladstone's house, 6 Carlton Gardens, was hired for her, and my grandfather, Mr. Ellison, provided a special train in which she was transported in an invalid carriage to town.

During the Lent term of 1853 I began to ride in the "drag." I may explain to the uninitiated that this was virtually a steeple-chase, but that we were nominally following a scratch pack of some dozen hounds, for whom a drag of aniseeded meat had been drawn over a course selected by the master of the drag. It was very rough riding and the falls were not few. How we escaped breaking our heads I cannot think, for we were very unskilled and inexperienced.

The drag riding by degrees gave me courage, and I learned to ride fearlessly. One day I rode in what was termed the "Wet Eynsham" drag, a meadowland with several brooks.¹

¹ On this day I gave the drag-luncheon. Very exaggerated reports of the extravagance of this luncheon got about. One account made out that I had spent £100 at Gunter's upon it. This was absolutely untrue! When I left Oxford, my bill at Gunter's for three years was about £30.

I had hired a very clever little mare, whom I bought that evening for £25, and christened her "Playful." She was an extraordinary jumper, and during the race cleared twenty-nine feet with me over a small brook. A friend had advised me to try to ride in the front, as it would give me courage. I followed his advice and led all through this drag, clearing some very big jumps. I had not, however, the experience to win, and an Oriel man won the race on a steeple-chaser called "The Dean," John Arkwright on "Voyageur" being second, and I coming in third. "Playful" was a very favourite little horse of mine for the next two years. In the course of that spring my friend Tommy Scott, a light weight, rode her in the Waterperry drag and won it.

It was during this Lent term that I was made a Freemason in the Apollo Lodge at Oxford. Brother Best was the Worshipful Master of the Lodge. The two University Lodges at Oxford and Cambridge have the special privilege of being allowed to initiate candidates at the age of eighteen instead of twenty-one, as is the rule in all other Lodges.

My Easter vacation was passed at 6 Carlton Gardens, where I learned to my great grief that my dear mother's illness was incurable. I was a great deal with her at this time. She liked me to sit by her couch and sing to her. I had been well taught, both by herself and by Vera,¹ and, for an amateur, I had a moderately good tenor or high baritone voice, what Vera used to call *un baritono distenuto*. Our repertoire was very large, of all the songs, operatic, English ballads, folk-songs of Naples, Florence, Scotland, and Ireland, and my mother never tired of hearing me sing these to her. One prime favourite of hers and mine was Don Ottavio's song in *Don Giovanni*, "Il mio tesoro." I loved singing it, and my mother loved hearing it, and to this day, fifty-seven years afterwards, I can hardly hear the tune without emotion.

The summer term to which I returned was delightful beyond words. The cricket, the boat-races, the drives into the country, the intercourse with many friends, were all an unending source of happiness. I am afraid, however, that

¹ Vera was the leading singing-master of the day. Grisi, Mario, Ronconi, Nantier-Didier, and Bosio all took lessons from him. He spent the last three years of his life as resident music-master and accompanist to Queen Margherita of Italy.

the reading was not pursued with that zest and steady purpose which would lead to success at the examination for "Little-Go." Alas! I was "plucked for Smalls," and had to go home ashamed.

It was during this term that I became treasurer and one of the managing committee of the very select Bullingdon Club. Bullingdon is a particularly good cricket ground with a race-course running round it, and our meetings included a little of the former with a good deal of the latter. The Club affected a uniform consisting of a blue dress coat with white silk facings and brass buttons, but (will it be credited?) up to that time the uniform had been roughly put on over the flannel cricket things on the days of our smart dinners. We at once changed all that. A white evening shirt with a dark-blue cravat were made *de rigueur*, dark-blue trousers were added to the coat and waistcoat, and the uniform, as seen now, is what "Cruger" Miles, Dashwood, and I recommended the committee to adopt in 1853, and our proposition was adopted *nem. con.*

We had flat races and hurdle-races. My little mare "Playful" won every hurdle-race with me except the first, when, from sheer obstinacy, she ran the wrong side of one of the flags. She more than once—I think twice—cleared twenty-seven feet with me over a hurdle.

Our eleven at Christ Church that year was the best upon record. Eight of our men were in the University Eleven, and, in a match between Christ Church and the rest of the University, "the House" beat the University in one innings. In the Inter-University Match at Lord's, Oxford beat Cambridge, and one of our eleven, Colley of Christ Church, drove a ball from the pavilion end straight to the "on" in the direction of where the "practice ground" is now, and ran seven for it without any overthrow. Such a feat could not be performed in these degenerate days of boundary hits.

We were now in full Commemoration, which was rendered more important by the installation of Edward, fourteenth Earl of Derby, as Chancellor of the University in succession to the late Duke of Wellington. This Earl of Derby had been Prime Minister in 1852 for one year, and used to be styled, when he was in the House of Commons as Lord Stanley, "the Rupert of Debate." He was a man of very great dignity, and of a most stately presence. He went through all the ceremonies of the installation and the *En-*

caenia as if he had rehearsed the whole thing every day for a month before. The Newdigate Prize Poem was read that year by the prizeman, Matthew Arnold, who very happily contrasted the new Chancellor with the late one. The Duke of Wellington had gained all his celebrity by feats of arms, whereas Lord Derby's honours had been won in the Oxford schools, and he had in former days stood to recite the Newdigate in the very pulpit in which Matthew Arnold was then standing. I can partially remember one line emphasising this fact :

“ This was thy . . . this thy Waterloo ! ”

As I said before, the end of Commemoration witnessed my humiliation in not finding any “ *testamur* ” or certificate of having passed “ Responsions,” to use the correct phrase. After taking advice from wise friends, I decided to join a reading party presided over by William Scoltock, our coach, and our destination was to be Lynton in North Devon. My servant John Mayo, and his wife, who had been a cook, came there to serve us. Our party was a very small one at first, consisting of Stewart Sutherland, George Henry Philips (surnamed “ Young Alligator ”), and myself. I also brought with me my beloved big dog “ Luath,” a son of the dog of our childhood, “ Questor.” We took a small cottage, which just held us. Later on in the summer we were joined by other pupils of Scoltock, but they did not live with us.

During the last month we were at Lynton, the presence among us of other men who were not themselves reading hard caused us to become rather more slack than we had been in the two previous months. Scoltock by no means took it lying down, but upbraided us most vigorously ; and we took to calling him “ Grip ” (the raven in *Barnaby Rudge*) because he was always croaking. He never saw such idle dogs—he would not stay—he would coach us no longer—and we should all be ploughed !

When Scoltock was a candidate for one of Her Majesty's inspectorships of schools, all his old pupils backed his candidature with a will. He was one of the best men at *imparting* knowledge that I ever knew. He said to me one day : “ Do you know, Vernon, why I should make a good inspector of schools ? I will tell you. It is not that I can lay claim to any special cleverness. In fact I was only a Second

Classman! But I do feel that I have the one faculty of finding out what a child *does* know, and not what it does *not* know."

I returned to 6 Carlton Gardens about the middle or latter end of September, to find that my poor mother's suffering life was drawing gradually to a close. She died during the forenoon of October 14th (1853). We were all with her except Caroline Anson, my eldest sister, who was not in a condition which permitted her to travel. We were all very young, Augustus was only twenty-four, and although we much wished to have buried my mother in our beloved home at Sudbury, we were not strong enough to resist the masterfulness of the Ellison and Carr families; wherefore, to our great regret in after years, she was laid in my grandfather's burial place in the churchyard of Kingsbury near Neasden in Middlesex.

I do not seem to recollect any very salient incidents during the Michaelmas term, with the exception of one very sad episode which occurred in my own rooms, and which was the social ruin of a man with whom we had all been on terms of friendship and intimacy, and whom I will call X.Y.Z. I do not of course mention any names, but, as the guilty party and his victims have long passed away, I relate the story as a warning to any who might be led, in the thoughtlessness of youth, to tread too lightly on the boundary-line which ought rigidly to separate Honour and Dishonour. This friend of ours was one of the most gifted men in the University. He might have taken any class with less efforts than were put forth by many men, his inferiors in ability, who won the coveted First Class. He was a musician, an excellent singer, a very promising poet, an excellent draughtsman, an athlete, a wit, and in fact had every talent that might have carried him to the top of the tree, but . . . we first heard, and afterwards came to realise for ourselves, that he did not play fair at cards and other similar games. A general tacit *consensus* had gone forth that he should not be taxed with dishonesty until some very glaring and unmistakable case occurred. There were three men in particular, all intimate friends of mine, all long since dead, who, having been themselves cheated by him, were determined to expose him. We all got to watch him. The racing game was then much in vogue. Throws with dice decide the number of lines to which each

little horse and jockey shall be moved. We noticed, more than once, that X.Y.Z., while volunteering to move on the horse of the last thrower, would with his stiff shirt-cuff push on his own horse! But it was at *vingt-et-un* (familiarly called "van") that the exposure took place. There had been a supper in the rooms next to mine, and we had then adjourned to my rooms to play "van." There was a great deal of electricity in the air, and more than once an outbreak was with difficulty averted. I "lost my life" early in the game, and, as the rooms were very hot, I strolled down into Peckwater and got into conversation with "Cruger" Miles and John Davies. They asked me if the suspected man and his three shadows were there, and we began talking of his proceedings, gazing up in the meanwhile at my two lighted windows. All of a sudden we saw a great tumult arise. Figures rushed about impetuously, and we three ran to the door of staircase No. 1. As we entered it, we saw X.Y.Z. kicked downstairs with yells of contumely. He told us what had occurred, and we promised to look into it, as he positively denied his guilt. We went in, and made every one promise not to leave my rooms until the thing should have been settled one way or another. Eventually we got "Cruger" Miles and John Davies (they had not been playing) to go to X.Y.Z., and tell him that, if he would own up, and promise not to play cards any more at Oxford, we would pledge ourselves to keep the thing secret. But it most unfortunately happened that among our party there was one man (say L.M.N.) between whom and X.Y.Z. there existed strong rivalry and hostility. In the altercation and recrimination that had taken place, L.M.N. gave X.Y.Z. a black eye, and that rendered all attempts at conciliation futile. X.Y.Z. left Christ Church the next day, and the whole thing became known.

It made a very deep impression on us all, and for myself I must own that it gave me a horror of gambling in any shape or form. From that day, till I left Oxford, I never allowed any cards in my rooms except for a rubber of whist.

In the course of the following term, I was taking a walk with my friend (let us call him A.B.C.) who had been the person specially victimised on the evening of X.Y.Z.'s exposure and disgrace. Both he and I felt more pity than resentment towards the unhappy man, and could not all at once cast aside our former feeling of friendship for him.

To our amazement, we saw approaching us in the distance a tall melancholy figure with his eyes cast down. It was in a retired part of Oxford, on a footway beside the long wall of the Clarendon Press. We met. It was X.Y.Z., who had come up to take his degree at that refuge for the destitute, New Inn Hall (popularly known as "The Tavern"). We were all three much overcome, and, I am afraid, burst into tears. We called upon him two days afterwards, but we made the stipulation that there must be no allusion to the past, as we could by no means extenuate his wrongdoing. He afterwards became a clergyman, but not a good one, and was later in life put on the shelf and not allowed to officiate. He died when he was about seventy years of age. He became most careless of his dress and of his person and could hardly get servants to wait upon him. All his former attractiveness had left him, and his appearance was bloated and repulsive.

I returned to Christ Church for the Lent Term of 1854 to find myself installed in what had been Bowater Vernon's beautiful rooms in Canterbury. My rooms were on the first floor, and Lincoln had simultaneously moved into the rooms below them on the ground floor, so that, as we messed together, we were in close contiguity. John Arkwright had rooms on the same landing as myself, and he and I used to have down from London a tailor of the name of Goodman from Great Marlborough Street, who had been a prize-fighter, and was an admirable teacher. He used to hold classes alternately in John Arkwright's rooms and mine. He had been recommended to me by Sir Arnold White, our family solicitor and friend, who was himself an expert with his fists.

Since my mother's death, my father had been quite alone. He was living in a villa near Naples on the Portici road, and much wished to see some of his children. As I was practically the only one who could go to him, it was settled between our family and the powers-that-were at Christ Church that I should be absent during the summer terms and go out to my father. It had been agreed that I should provide myself with a coach or bear-leader. I tried my best to find a good one. I asked Joyce, then Bayne, both of them afterwards Senior Censors of Christ Church. Then I asked Wellington Johnson (better known in later life by his changed name of Canon Furse), but he was just

engaged to be married, and he recommended to me Edward Polehampton, formerly a private tutor at Eton, and whose brother, chaplain at Lucknow during the Mutiny, earned such deserved fame for his noble self-sacrificing devotion during the siege. Edward Polehampton was a good-natured fellow enough, who liked the good things of this life, but not the right man by temperament to guide and restrain a high-spirited colt just let loose; and, moreover, the poor man was at that time undergoing torments from a great disappointment in love.

But, before this took place, I was one morning calling upon the Boileaus at 20 Upper Brook Street, and found myself alone with Agnes. I had long wished to tell her of my feelings towards her, and I spoke, and I did not speak in vain. She accepted me. Dear Lady Catharine, whom I loved like a mother, warmly greeted me as a son. But Sir John Boileau was not in, and I had to go back and see him in the afternoon. He was not at all unfavourable to our *eventual* marriage, but thought we were much too young, especially I, who was hardly twenty years old, to become permanently engaged. He therefore stipulated that we were both to be "as free as air," but that I should have opportunities of seeing Agnes, and that, if we were still of the same mind when a little older, I might then come to him again. Lady Catharine would have liked us to be engaged at once, for she loved us both and longed to see us united.

The last time I saw dear Agnes before going abroad was on March 22nd at a dance at Lord and Lady John Russell's. I kept the gloves I wore that evening for years afterwards, with the date written inside.

I started the next day for Dover with my servant, John Mayo. Modern travellers by Charing Cross and Victoria can have but little idea of the difficulties of departure. One had to drive through Southwark to London Bridge Station. There were no large thoroughfares through "the Borough" in those days. One went by a succession of narrow streets, the New Cut, Union Street, into High Street, Borough, and thence to London Bridge. The broad thoroughfare of Southwark Street did not then exist, and the delays and blocks in Union Street were maddening and heart-breaking. No policemen stood in those days to regulate the traffic at important points. The only way was to allow for interminable delays, and go unnecessarily early in order to make

sure. The journey from Calais to Paris in those days was an infinitely longer one than it is now. The line from Calais to Boulogne did not then exist, and the train from Calais to Amiens had to go round by Hazebrouck, St. Omer, Lille, and Arras. The Boileaus had charged me with letters to the Guizot family, and I then first made acquaintance with the great statesman and historian, Monsieur Guizot, who was living in Rue de la Ville de l'Évêque. I now first saw also his elder daughter Henriette, married to Conrad de Witt. His son, Guillaume Guizot, and the younger daughter, Pauline, married to Cornélis de Witt, I had met in England four years before.

While I was at Paris, I paid frequent visits to the tennis court (*jeu de paume*) which in those days was in the Passage Sandrier, a kind of short street running parallel with the Boulevard de la Madeleine, but at a lower level. There were some famous players attached to this court. The first marker was the celebrated Barre, probably the finest tennis player the world has ever seen. He was well advanced in years, and yet he played with extraordinary activity and grace, never appearing to exert himself in the least. He always seemed to know what his opponent was going to do, and wherever the ball came, there was Barre. The second marker was Biboche (whose real name was Delahaye), only inferior to Barre, and superior to all other players, except perhaps Monsieur Moneron, an amateur. The third marker was Dalman, who went to the imperial court at Fontainebleau. The fourth was Séraphin, afterwards the headmarker at the new court built in the Tuileries Gardens, when the Passage Sandrier had ceased to exist.

On March 30th Polehampton and I started on our semi-railway, semi-diligence journey to Marseilles. One had first to drive to the great diligence *dépôt* in Place Notre Dame des Victoires, and, our places having been already booked, we entered our diligence just as if we were going to start on a journey by road. When we reached the Gare de Lyon (*i.e.* the Paris terminus of the Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles Railway), we drove under a travelling-crane, and drew up alongside of a railway truck. Four heavy chains were then lowered to our carriage, some pins were drawn out, and we were raised up into the air, and saw the under-carriage with its five horses trot away from under us, leaving us between earth and heaven. Then, by the operation of

the crane, we moved laterally till the diligence was exactly above the railway truck. On to this we were lowered, the pins were reinserted, and we were at once shunted to our place in the train, which started at 10.30 a.m. At 9.30 p.m., when we woke up at Chalon-sur-Saône, we found ourselves in exactly the same position as in the morning, up in the air, except that we now saw the wheels and the horses returning under the carriage. We started instantly and travelled all night, breakfasting at Lyons, where the stoppage was only sufficient to enable us partially to relieve ourselves of the copious dust that had accumulated upon our faces and hands. We travelled all day by road, and about 6 p.m. arrived at Valence, where we dined very comfortably.

On the following day, April 1st, my twentieth birthday, after a little more dusty driving, we came in sight of Avignon, where we got through a *little* purification, and *much* breakfast, after which, being replaced upon the railway truck according to the most approved fashion, we proceeded at a very leisurely trot, and reached Marseilles at 1.10 p.m.

We embarked at 6.30 a.m. on April 3rd in the *Mongibello*, a Neapolitan but English-built passenger steamer, with a fair wind and a cloudless sky; the sea was as smooth as a sheet of ice, and we ran into the port of Naples about 4 a.m. on the third day.

My father was in a house he had hired a little off the road to Portici, called Villa Farina. I arrived there some time between nine and ten. My father was in a very invalid condition, and had been very anxious to have some of his children with him. He had seen none of us since my mother's death, and he was deeply moved when he and I met. Good old Tilley had been with him for a few months, besides his own valet, Jem Jarratt.

I very soon laid the state of my heart before my father, who was too kind by nature to be obdurate for long, and the result of our conversation was that an amicable correspondence took place between my father and Sir John Boileau, in which it was settled that Agnes and I were to be allowed opportunities of seeing each other and getting to know each other's minds better, and that, when a suitable time came, if we ourselves still wished it, and if our parents approved, we might then be allowed to become engaged.

I now began to go about seeing all that there was to see at Naples. My father took me to Rothschild's bank and

introduced me to the two superior clerks who attended exclusively to foreigners. These were François Goëtz, a Frenchman, and Salvatore Patella, a Neapolitan, and with them I made great friends, especially with the latter, who shortly afterwards became my father's secretary, and played a great part in my life for the next seven years. He had been in the Neapolitan diplomatic service, but, after the troubles of 1848, being known to be an advocate for a United Italy, he lost his appointment. In 1861, when Italy had become a kingdom, he was restored to his post, and given the seniority he would have attained in the natural sequence of events. He was a good deal with me this year, and with Agnes and me after our marriage, but in 1862 he resumed his diplomatic career, and we did not see him again for some years. He and I now went to see everything there was to be seen, the Opera of San Carlo, the Museums, the churches, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Cumae, the Lago d'Averno, the Grotta del Cane, the extinct volcano of the Solfatara, Baiae, and the Lago del Fusaro with its famous oysters. One night we went up Mount Vesuvius by moonlight.

Towards the middle of April, my father, who knew Captain Chamier, the naval novelist, and his wife, Mrs. Chamier, arranged with them that Polehampton and I, with my servant John Mayo, and Tilley (who from Malta was about to return to England), should travel in their company in an expedition to Sicily, and on April 15th we embarked on board the afterwards ill-fated *Ercolano*, from Naples to Palermo, which we reached in eighteen hours, arriving on the 16th. Our expedition is related in the third volume of Captain Chamier's *My Travels* (Hurst & Blackett, 1855), pp. 33-175, though no names are mentioned. The night that we were at sea was so beautiful that Captain Chamier and I remained for hours on deck, watching the phosphorescence of the sea, and the millions of stars in the deep purple firmament. In the middle of the night Captain Chamier perceived a red light on deck, and at once hurried to see what it was. Readers will hardly credit it, but the rascally Neapolitan crew had actually unshipped the red and green signal-lights from the paddle-boxes to light them as they washed the decks! "By Jove, sir," exclaimed the wrathful little captain, "if I had only got those rascals on board my ship, wouldn't I give them four dozen apiece at the gang-way to-morrow morning!"

This deplorable carelessness bore its evil fruits. On her next journey, after depositing us at Palermo, the *Ercolano*, on her voyage to Marseilles, was run into and cut in two between Nice and Antibes by a large Italian liner called the *Sicilia*, bound for New York, with a very serious loss of life. Among the passengers was the second Sir Robert Peel and his servant. The latter was drowned. A very sad story was that of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lewis Knight, of Hornacott Manor, Cornwall, and two little sons. This I learn from a friend who married the daughter of Mr. Knight's second wife. The *Sicilia* cut right into the *Ercolano* amidships, where the ladies' cabin was. Mr. Knight was on deck at the time, and, finding the entrance to the ladies' cabin completely blocked up, he began to tear at the deck, although it was obvious that all the occupants of the cabin must have been crushed to death by the bow of the *Sicilia*. He persisted, however, and in his exertions tore off one of his thumbs, and only desisted when the ship was going under water, when he and Sir Robert Peel managed to get into the *Sicilia*, but he was so shattered in mind and body by the loss of his wife and two sons that he sold out of the 20th Foot, and for two years he explored the sources of the Nile and shot big game. In 1856 he married Miss Henrietta Mary, daughter of my father's friend, Mr. Edward Ayshford Sanford, of Nynehead Court, Somerset, whom I met, two months later, at Ischia. The first Mrs. Knight was a Canadian.

We took up our quarters at the Hôtel Trinacria, which, as Captain Chamier (vol. ii. p. 40) remarks—

“is by far the best hotel at Palermo. . . . We were four masters, with three servants; we occupied the best rooms in the Trinacria, having the terrace exclusively for ourselves; and the following were the charges: 18 carlini for the salon, 8 carlini for each front, and 6 carlini for each back bedroom *per diem*. One piastre¹ (5 francs 20 cents)

¹ The Neapolitan coinage of those days under the Bourbon Dynasty consisted of piastres, ducats, carlini, and grani.

The *carlino* was a small silver coin, containing ten grani, and was worth 4d.

The *ducat* was a silver coin and money of account. It contained ten *carlini* and was worth 3s. 4d.

The *piastre* was a large silver coin, larger than the French five-franc piece, and was worth about 4s. 6d. One used to get large *rouleaux* of these when drawing money at the bank.

each paid for both breakfast and dinner, at the latter of which a kind of *vin ordinaire*, by no means bad, was thrown in. There is a fixed charge for the servants, from which Ragusa never varies. There was nothing to complain of; everything was good and clean; but such was the scarcity in Sicily that the principal comestibles for the table were brought from Naples. It is but just to say that in all his places of resort, be they where they may, the traveller can scarcely be more comfortable than in the Trinacria, and there are few hotels more beautifully situated."

The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies was at this time ruled over by Ferdinand II (better known throughout Europe by his opprobrious name of King Bomba). The State prisons were filled to overflowing with men of education and intelligence, whose only fault was that they aspired to a more liberal form of government than the iron tyranny which was crushing the life out of the country. In the Ergastolo¹ of Nisida the noble victim, Baron Carlo Poërio, was languishing in an octagonal dungeon with three companions, each chained to a ring in the centre of the floor and each with an iron girdle about his waist. What an honour and privilege I felt it in 1867, when at Florence with Lacaïta, that this noble old man, six weeks before his death, dined at one of our little dinners, and heard with evident pleasure the sympathy felt for him by every Etonian when I was at Eton!

The leading features of modern Palermo are the Marina, which skirts the sea, and the two great streets, each above a mile in length, which cross each other at right angles. These two streets were originally created by Spanish viceroys. The principal one of these, called when I was there the Toledo, has in these latter years been renamed the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Before my time it used to be the Cassaro, a name derived from the Arabic *alcazar*, meaning palace, and this street leads direct from the Marina to the Palace. It is always full of bustle and animation, except when the Scirocco unnerves every living being with its hot blast, and then one seems to gaze upon a city of the dead. The other great street is the Macqueda, which still preserves its name. The two streets cross each other as nearly as possible

¹ *Ergastolo*, from the Latin *ergastulum*, a workhouse, a house of correction, a prison, from the Greek ἐργάζομαι.

in the centre of Palermo, and thus make four distinct quarters. At the upper end of the Toledo is the Cathedral, built in 1185 by an Archbishop of English birth, Gualterio Offamilio—Walter of the Mill. Beyond it is a large open space, terminated by the Palazzo Reale. The principal attraction in this is the celebrated Cappella Palatina, built by King Roger, which runs the length of one side of the Palace. This chapel is a perfect gem of its kind. The apses, the cupola, the walls, the insides of the arches are entirely covered with mosaics on a gold ground, mixed with deep blue, the effect of which, says Mr. Gally Knight (*Normans in Sicily*), is more rich, without being gaudy, than can easily be imagined. There is another church in the city, La Martorana, that has similar, but not such profuse, ornamentation, and is deservedly much admired; but the glory of Palermo and its neighbourhood is the great Cathedral of the town of Monreale, situated on the hills about four miles to the south of Palermo. This Cathedral was begun in 1174 by the Norman King William II, and is, says Mr. Gally Knight, on a scale not inferior to the works of the Normans in France and England; but nothing can less resemble the interior of Norman churches in the north than the interior of Monreale. Its walls in every part—nave—aisles—transepts—apses—are covered with mosaics, all on a gold ground, and, as a whole, affording the most gorgeous display of Byzantine decoration now in existence. In one of the transepts are the sarcophagi of porphyry, which contain the remains of William I (surnamed “the Wicked”) and William II (surnamed “the Good”). Anything like a detailed description of Monreale would be quite outside the scope of this work.

The Viceroy of Sicily at this time was General Filangieri, Prince of Satriano, an eminent and enlightened man, who, while acting as the representative of a most tyrannical and vindictive sovereign, sought, by a firm just government, to restore the Sicilians to peace and quietude; and, as a writer of that day said: “He was merciful where mercy was possible; gave great scope to employment; and by his vigilance and exertion restored, as far as absolutism can restore, a contentment and security around him.” On the third day after our arrival, Captain Chamier was presented to the Viceroy, and a few days later we were all asked to dine at the Palace. We were much struck with the

Viceroy's extraordinary resemblance to King Louis Philippe, who had been dethroned at the French Revolution of 1848. We met with the kindest and most hospitable reception. The Prince spoke to me of my father, whose love for Italy and whose encouragement of Dante studies he well knew. He desired that we might be allowed to visit every place within his viceroyalty, and introduced us to the Director of the Interior, and handed us over to the protection of the Minister of Police, the notorious Signor Maniscalco, who was present at dinner. His Excellency himself suggested our various excursions, and charmed us by his kindness and condescension.

Every visitor to Palermo in those days used to make a point of seeing the Casa Reale dei Matti, the royal lunatic asylum, an establishment that contrasted favourably in the humane treatment of its unhappy inmates with any other in the south of Europe. The patients were always spoken of as *ammalati* (sick), never as *matti* or *pazzi* (mad). The wards were clean and airy, and the patients seemed to come and go here and there without any of the restraint which in those days was almost universal elsewhere. Some of the patients took upon themselves to act as our guides as if they were masters of ceremonies by right of office. We were conducted to the refectory at the hour of dinner. All the cooks but the *chef* were insane, all the servants were insane, even those who seemed to be in some authority were in the same plight; but everything was conducted in the most orderly manner. The patients seemed as a rule to be perfectly happy, and when we took our leave it was with a feeling of thankfulness that so many unfortunate beings had fallen into such kindly hands.

Our principal excursion during our stay at Palermo was to the ancient Greek temple of Segesta, on which we started on April 29th. The Minister of Police, Maniscalco, had called upon us and signified to us the wish of the Viceroy that our journey should be facilitated in every way; suitable escorts were to accompany us along the road, and his Excellency had himself written to the parish priest of Calatafimi, the *parroco* Pampeluna, asking him to house and feed us. The Viceroy had before told us that there were no hotels in the interior, but that those who were under his protection were received with pleasure by his friends.

Our landlord of the Trinacria, Signor Ragusa, advised

us to be ready to start by half-past seven, as Calatafimi was forty-two miles distant; and although we were to have a relay of horses at Partenico, we should not arrive at a convenient hour for the *curato* if we did not make an early start. The bargain for our journey, made for us by Ragusa, was as follows: "Large carriage with rumble, three horses, with a relay of three horses to Calatafimi and back, nineteen piastres (a little over £4); and the *buonamano* to the coachman, two piastres (about 9s. 6d.)." We were well provided with food in the carriage, for Ragusa was an excellent caterer. Besides six bottles of porter, and another containing something more potent, there were (writes Captain Chamier) enough oranges and biscuits to have regaled a half-starved boys' school.

We were a party of six, namely, Captain and Mrs. Chamier, Polehampton and myself, Mrs. Chamier's French maid, and Tilley. We did not get away until half-past eight. The road was at first fearfully rough, but it got better as we went on. The sun blazed so hot on one's knees that it was necessary to throw a light plaid over them. We mounted the steep ascent to Monreale, and then continued along the excellent road that winds round the various hills to Borghetto, a dirty straggling village, but beautifully situated; and then, descending into a country which looked even more luxuriantly rich than that near Palermo, we eventually reached Partenico, a town of 14,000 inhabitants, of which 13,500 were beggars.

There is one feature in Sicily, which I noted both in 1854 and also during a subsequent visit in the spring of 1859, and that is that the coast districts, especially to the north and east, offer a striking contrast to the interior. There is an extraordinary luxuriance of trees and shrubs within a zone, about ten miles in width, extending right round the coast of the island. When one travels further into the interior, not a tree is to be seen. The fertility of the soil is wonderful. Every little nook in the rocks at the side of the road has its ears of corn growing out of it, and, when the tree-zone is left, vast fields of corn, undivided by fences, extend as far as the eye can reach, and trees are not encouraged near them, as harbouring birds. The roads are skirted on either side with hedges of aloes. Be it remarked that, however attractive an aloes tree may be when grown on a terrace in England, this is by no means the case in

Sicily, where the aloes and the prickly pear¹ are both of them covered an inch thick with dust.

The Sicilians are much given to expressing their feelings, whether political or religious, by means of inscriptions. If you took a boat at Palermo, you would probably find on it *Viva Gesù Cristo*; or *Viva Dio*; or *Viva la S.S. Vergine*. I often saw *Viva l'Inghilterra*; and Captain Chamier and I once saw in 1854 *Viva Bentinck*, alluding to General Lord William Bentinck, who in 1812 was at the head of the troops protecting the island against Napoleon, and under whom there was a constitution on the English model.

The high roads in the interior of Sicily swarm with very small carts painted white with inscriptions, such as above, and sacred pictures in the brightest colours. Each of these contained two or three large blocks of sulphur being sent down to the coast. Long strings of mules, each carrying two blocks of sulphur, continually meet one. Sicily is almost the only region in which the pure mineral is found in large masses. The other great trade products of Sicily are: the fisheries of the tunny, which is largely used in *maigre* cookery by Roman Catholics; asphalt; salt; immense quantities of oranges; both the *portogallo* (the common orange) and the *mandarin-arancio* are exported.

Directly we arrived at Partenico, we were surrounded by an immense host of beggars, and Captain Chamier wrote that he never saw such an army of tatterdemalions, such hosts of animated rags, who, in spite of the corn and the wine abounding all round, stood starving and shivering before us. The very sight of the bread we had to buy lighted up the savage vulture look of their eyes, and demonstrated their excessive want. The crowd began to make a regular rush for the carriage, and it seemed a perfect impossibility to clear the way even for the horses. The military escort, who might have been of some use in clearing the way, sat in their saddles with the greatest unconcern. We bought loaves upon loaves, but nothing seemed to avail, but we managed to move on, throwing small coppers as far behind the carriage as possible, and Tilley plentifully besprinkled the beggars with water from

¹ During my stay in Sicily I managed to eat the fruit of a prickly pear without the usual precautions, and got my mouth inside pricked all over with the needle-like spiculæ, which, being poisonous, set up a most painful inflammation in my mouth, and I did not get cured for ten or twelve weeks.

the rumble, which had more effect in driving them away than anything else. Partenico stands in a hollow; the next town we reached, Alcamo, fifteen miles further, is beautifully situated on a height. It derives its name from its Saracen founder Alcamah, and retains much of its oriental character, even to the dress of the women, who envelop their heads in dark serge—a kind of mixture of the fashion of the Spaniards and the Turks.

After crossing a district that had fallen into sterility for want of cultivation, we found ourselves at Calatafimi, at the door of the good and hospitable *parroco* Pampeluna. He stood ready to receive us, a man with a remarkably fine countenance, and, although he had never in his life even visited Palermo, there was about him that look of dignity combined with courtesy which stamped him as an unpretending but true gentleman. From him and his brother we received the warmest and most sincere welcome, and we found that our rooms were most comfortably furnished.

Captain Chamier and I, accompanied by a brother of the *parroco*, went out for a stroll through part of the town, but we could see that our companion, from the way he wrapped himself up in his cloak, dreaded the dangerous sunset hour, besides which, the wind had become somewhat blustering. Having seen in the distance the celebrated temple of Segesta, which stands on an eminence under Monte Inici, we returned to the presbytery, where a most excellent dinner awaited us. Only Captain Chamier and I could speak Italian, and we had to interpret for the whole; but the good cheer and the warm welcome, the profusion of wines and fruits, combined to keep us all in a state of happy cheeriness and hilarity. The war between England and Russia had just begun, and the attention of the Sicilians was keenly directed to it. It was very little that the Neapolitan newspapers were allowed to insert, but our hosts were much excited about a recent episode of which it was reported that, on the British steam-frigate *Furious* approaching Odessa under a flag of truce, it had been fired upon by the forts—in consequence of which an English squadron was sent to make a punitive attack upon the peccant batteries.

The next morning at seven o'clock we all started for Segesta; Mrs. Chamier on a mule, her maid on a donkey, and the rest of us bestrode the steeds that had been provided

for us. The good *parroco* Pampeluna did not accompany us, but, as Captain Chamier put it, he consigned our bodies to the care of his brother, and our souls to his assistant priest, the *sotto-parroco*. Our infallible escort were to the fore as usual. The fresh cool air of the morning invigorated and refreshed us, and away we all went, laughing, shouting, galloping, and even the donkey resolutely maintained its place, every now and then expressing its satisfaction by a lively salute of legs and tail. After riding over three miles of ground, we came to a hill on the flat surface of which stood, in all its majesty and glory, the superb temple of Segesta—one of the most perfect in Europe. It is about 450 feet long, 160 feet wide, and 63 feet high. It has thirty-six columns of the Doric order, some of which are nearly as well preserved as the day they were erected.

It was half-past ten when we dismounted at the presbytery. The good Pampeluna welcomed us to a breakfast equal in abundance to the dinner, and then the difficulties of departure began. Every traveller of those days knew that, when he was received in a *curé's* house, delicacy and good taste dictated to him that in some way or other he ought to leave an equivalent for his entertainment. We endeavoured, almost in vain, to get the good *parroco* to accept a sum of money for the poor of the town. He refused again and again, and said he could not accept from friends of his Excellency the Viceroy any money whatever. We on our side said that our *conscience* would not allow us to leave a town where we had received so much kindness without contributing to its charities, and at last the good priest said that, if it was a case of *conscience* with us, he would waive his objection, but he would only accept half the amount we offered. The servants of course we tipped as in other places.

But for the horses, mules, donkeys, guides, and boys whom we had employed our generous friends would not allow us to pay, and so, with the warmest expressions of our heartfelt thanks; we descended to get into the carriage. The *curé* took charge of Mrs. Chamier, but no sooner had she passed the threshold than a rush of beggars endeavoured to seize her hand. We were all completely hemmed in by the dingy crowd, we could not move a step, and the escort, who might now have been of the greatest service, had quietly moved forward without helping us. Pampeluna raised his hands and his voice, declaring that we had left

a magnificent sum with him for the poor—he, and his brother, and the *sotto-parroco* inveighed loudly against the rudeness and ingratitude of the parishioners. We fought like demons, we emptied a whole sack of copper among the crowd, and at last we got away and in the evening rattled over the pavement to Ragusa's comfortable hotel.

How little did we then think that in six short years, on May 15th, 1860, Garibaldi, with the famous "Thousand," would at Calatafimi win his first battle over the Neapolitan troops, which he followed up by repeated victories until he had driven the Bourbon Dynasty out of Sicily, and paved the way for the new Italian Government to defeat them finally by the capture of Gaeta. The campaign of Garibaldi in 1860 is admirably recounted in *Garibaldi and the Thousand* by George Macaulay Trevelyan (London, 1909).

And now came my time for leaving Sicily and my kind friends, the Chamiers, and on April 30th I left Palermo in a rickety little paddle-wheel steamer, as broad as it was long, called the *Diligente*, that trafficked between there and Messina.

The next morning found us at Messina. After disembarking in the beautiful harbour, we went to an hotel looking out upon the principal square (which latter was full of braying donkeys), and performed a very necessary *toilette*, after the filth and discomfort of the *Diligente*. A fine American frigate, the *Cumberland*, was lying in the harbour; Polehampton and I went on board, and were courteously received by the officers in the ward room. During the Civil War in America in 1864, the *Cumberland* was sunk by the Confederate iron-clad *Merrimac*, at the very beginning of the action in the James River, together with her consort, the *Congress*. At 2 p.m., we embarked on board the French *Messageries* steamer for Malta. There were several English officers on board, and among them a commissariat officer named Crookshank, with whom I made friends, and whom I afterwards knew for several years at Masonic gatherings in London. We arrived at Malta, in Valetta Harbour, the next day (May 2nd), and put up at Dunsford's Hotel in the square facing the Royal Palace. We met at the table d'hôte Captain Horton, who shortly afterwards distinguished himself by blowing up some Russian magazines in the Sea of Azoff.

I do not remember how it came about, but I was intro-

duced to the officers of the 68th Regiment, from whom I received the greatest kindness and hospitality. While walking with one of them the first day, he pointed out to me an old gentleman, nicknamed "General Cargo." This old fellow used to peruse the paper for the names of any passengers who arrived in ships, and then write and invite the most likely ones to dinner. On one occasion he was supposed to have seen "and general cargo" at the end of the list of passengers in a certain ship, and to have issued the invitation which earned him his nickname.

It was a most interesting time to be at Malta. The English and French troops were hastening to the Dardanelles in swarms, and every day and every hour brought in fresh troops in shiploads. The streets of Valetta were filled with a mixed soldiery, wearing every variety of uniform, and universal fraternisation was the order of the day.

Crookshank had at his disposal the horses belonging to Herbert Murray, of the Commissariat, late of Christ Church, and took me with him for more than one ride. One day we rode to Città Vecchia. Among other friends at Malta was Captain Honourable William (surnamed "Pickles") Feilding, afterwards in the Coldstream Guards. His elder brother, Lord Feilding, afterwards Earl of Denbigh, was also there. The latter had recently become a Roman Catholic, and had set his heart upon making Polehampton one too, but it did not come off, nor do I think my friend, who was very fond of good cheer, would have found the fast days at all to his taste. We accompanied Lord Feilding, nevertheless, to an inner sanctum of the Cathedral, where we were shown various relics of great repute.

I am not very clear in my recollection as to how long we stayed at Malta, but at the outside it was not more than a fortnight. We (Polehampton and I) then returned to Naples. I think I stayed partly with my father at Villa Farina, and partly at the Hôtel Vittoria opposite the Villa Reale. The British *chargé d'affaires* at that time was William Lowther, afterwards M.P. for Cumberland. His wife was an old acquaintance of mine, being the daughter of Lord Wensleydale. Their son is the present highly distinguished Speaker of the House of Commons. I used to meet them frequently in the house of Lady Strahan (Marchesa di Salsa).

By the time we got back to Naples, my father had moved

bag and baggage to the Island of Ischia, where he had taken the large Villa Zavota close to the small town of Casamicciola. This villa in after years became the Hôtel Bellevue, and was destroyed in the terrible earthquake of 1880. But, when I saw it, it was in all the plenitude of its beauty. My father had staying with him the great philologist, Vincenzo Nannucci, afterwards librarian of the Biblioteca Nazionale at Florence, and Signor Holmes, a Neapolitan music-master of great taste, who, though completely an Italian, was of English extraction. Patella, as my father's secretary, was of course there also. The only way of reaching Ischia was in a very small steamer which took four hours to go. In my passage there I travelled with Lord and Lady Holland, and their private doctor, Mr. Chepmell. The latter saved the life of my father when supposed to be dying of cholera in the August following. Later, as Dr. Chepmell, he was with my brother when he died of apoplexy in April 1883; and he was also with my second wife's father, Mr. Charles Eyre (Archer-Houblon), when he died of diphtheria at Welford Park, Newbury, in July 1886. Dr. Chepmell, I grieve to say, became totally blind.

I went two or three times to Naples, and usually preferred returning in a sailing-boat from the fishing-village of Miniscola. I rode a good deal with my father, who had his horses there. I went up the extinct volcano, Monte Epomeo, in an hour from Casamicciola, for a bet of a hundred francs with my father, and won my bet with nine minutes to spare. My father had gatherings of the peasants in his grounds occasionally, and the tarantella was danced, in which I took an active part, having been regularly taught to dance it when we were at Castellamare in 1843.

The cholera epidemic, which rapidly spread all over Europe, reached Ischia in August, as I see by a letter from my father, dated the 18th. But I must have left Ischia about the middle of June, for I was present at the annual fireworks at Florence on St. John's Day (June 24th).

All Tuscany was at this time guarded for the Grand Duke (Leopold II) by an Austrian army, and military law was in force at Leghorn. Accordingly I found I should not be allowed to take with me to Florence a Turkish scimitar which I had bought at Naples, and I had to deliver it up to the officer of the guard, who gave me a receipt for it, and told me I could have it before I sailed for Genoa. I

think I must have stopped a night at Pisa, at the Hôtel Victoria, the landlord of which, old Piegaja, I had known years before. I remember that I travelled in the train with Prince and Princess Orsini and a charming daughter. They were most kind and polite to me.

I took up my quarters at Florence at the Hôtel Nuova York, the landlord of which, Gregorio Faini, had in 1842 been the waiter Gregorio at the Hôtel de York, shut up with us when Adelaide and I had the scarlet fever. The welcome he gave me did me good. He had retained for me a charming little mezzanine apartment with a terrace overlooking the Arno.

Immediately on my arrival, my father's valet, Guglielmo, who had come from Ischia for a holiday, was in attendance, and looked after me the whole time I was at Florence. The old Chevalier d'Arlens, a Swiss, formerly in Napoleon I's army, and a friend of my father and mother, also paid me friendly visits, and piloted me about everywhere. He took me to call on Mrs. Macdonnell, who not long afterwards married the old Duc de Talleyrand. She was the daughter of the British consul at Algiers when our fleet bombarded the forts of the Dey of Algiers in 1816, and she was smuggled on board the flagship in a basket, disguised as a midshipman. She now lived in the Palazzo Macdonnell in the Via dei Serragli; and, as one floor of her Palazzo was occupied by the Austrian general in command, there was a guard and a sentry in the *porte cochère*. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Mrs. Macdonnell. She made me completely free of her house, and I used to dine there constantly. She lived on the ground-floor of her Palazzo, opening into the garden, and her eldest daughter, the Comtesse Belcastel, with her husband, occupied a *pavillon* on the other side of the grounds. Another daughter of hers was the Comtesse (afterwards Duchesse) d'Aguado, a great lady at the Tuileries. Her sons were Colonel (afterwards General Sir Charles) Macdonnell, then in the Rifle Brigade, and Hugh (afterwards Sir Hugh) Macdonnell, who became a distinguished diplomat, and was minister, among other posts, at Copenhagen. I made acquaintance with Charles Lever and his wife and daughters, and I possess the card which he left upon me, and which I have appropriately gummed into my copy of *Charles O'Malley*. They were jolly, rollicking, but not very refined people. D'Arlens also took me to call upon

the old Marchesa Ricci, in the Via Larga. She was a friend of my father's, and was the mother of the celebrated Madame Walewska. It is a sad pity that the name of this fine old historic street, with its noble palaces, should have been changed to "Via Cavour." It is such a cheap way of doing honour to a distinguished statesman of modern times. He was surely distinguished enough to have had a new square, street, bridge, or public garden dedicated specially to him!

I renewed acquaintance with the well-known flower-woman (*fioraia*), Beppina, whom I had known as a child. She was at this time an extremely presentable, buxom, middle-aged woman. She left flowers for me every day at the hotel, and, when I left, I presented her with two napoleons. I knew her after my second marriage. She was then in extreme old age, but, whenever she caught me, she used to shower flowers on me. This made one very conspicuous, and I used rather to get out of her way. She would talk for ever of my father and mother.

I was invited to the grand-ducal ball at the Casino de' Nobili, the principal club. No one could be asked to it who had not been presented at his own Court. The old Grand-Duke was there, and his son, the Arch-Duke. I danced a good deal, but with whom I have forgotten, except that the great Mrs. Somerville was there, and I danced with her daughter.

At this time the Marquess of Normanby, formerly our Ambassador at Paris, was living at Florence, having a fine Palazzo in the town, as well as the beautiful Villa Normanby on the road to Fiesole. I was invited to an afternoon dance at the latter, where I met all Florence. Among many pretty partners, I danced with Miss Du Boulay, whose father and mother lived at Villa Galli, near Villa Normanby. She afterwards married the deaf and dumb Mr. William Cowper-Cooper, and in 1879 my son Reginald married their daughter.

And now, after a most delightful fortnight, the time came for my leaving Florence. I went by train to Leghorn, and I think I stayed at the Hôtel Aquila Nera, but this was in the old building, which was afterwards most handsomely reconstructed. A *laquais de place* accompanied me to the guard room to get back my Turkish scimitar, but it had been moved to another place, and I passed my morning rowing about the harbour, tracing my unhappy scimitar



SUDBURY HALL GALLERY, FACING SOUTH



from the guard room to the barracks, from the barracks to the fort, from the fort to the citadel. It was very nearly time for me to go on board my steamer when, at the last moment, someone recollected that it had been taken to the *gendarmerie* at the railway station. The captain of gendarmes was so gushingly polite that I asked him if a *complimento* would be acceptable. He held up both hands with a pious look of self-abnegation, whereupon I hopped into my open cab, and was about to drive off, when the sergeant ran up to me, and said in an audible whisper: "The signor capitano could not accept it before the men, but any little thing that your Excellency . . ." etc. etc. The captain stood about a hundred yards off, grinning and gesticulating, whereupon I sent him a scudo (about 5.40 francs) and departed amid fervent benedictions.

Having recovered my scimitar, I embarked on board the steamer for Genoa, where I arrived the next morning, and proceeded to the Croce di Malta, where I had been several times before with my father and mother. On leaving Genoa, I passed through Turin, and went on to Geneva over the Mont Cenis.

Before I left Geneva, I went up the Lake to Nyon, where a Tir Cantonal was going on. I took part in it and competed for prizes. I met with a moderate success, but, the moment it was known that *le jeune Lor' Vernon* was there, the president, Monsieur Binet, came and conducted me in state to the members' table. I had to chink glasses of very sour wine with all the members present, and finally was made a member with a green-and-white band round my arm.

Augustus and Harriet were now occupying the hall at Sudbury, and I went to stay with them about the beginning of September, taking with me, as a coach, Naunton L. Shuldham, an old Etonian, at that time a Fellow of Magdalen, Oxford, and afterwards Master *in College* at Eton, and later vicar of Scawby, Lincolnshire. He was a particularly nice fellow, and we were getting on together splendidly, when the disastrous news came that my father was supposed to be dying of cholera at Ischia. I started off immediately, but, when at Paris, I received a telegram from my brother Augustus and Fred Anson informing me that my father was out of danger, and begging me to return and go out to Naples by sea. It was just as well, for I should

have had to pass through many infected districts, and perhaps have been put into strict quarantine when I got to Naples.

I returned to London, and settled to start from Southampton on September 20th in the P. and O. steamship *Indus*. Before that day came, however, I ran down to Brighton to take leave of the Boileaus, and, as I was parting with them, Agnes whispered to me: "God bless you, William." It comforted me, and speeded me on my way.

We arrived at Malta in the morning of Sunday, October 1st, when I took leave of my 176 fellow-passengers. Any grief they felt at parting with me was at once dispelled by the arrival of the French dispatch vessel *Le Nil*, with the news of the Allied victory at the battle of the Alma. The *Nil* was full of French wounded. We all stood up and gave the *invalides* three British cheers, I in my boat, and the passengers on board the *Indus*, as she slowly moved out of Valetta Harbour on her way to Alexandria. The *Nil* had not long arrived before the English steam-sloop the *Fury* came in with Lord Burghersh, Lord Raglan's aide-de-camp, on board.

I left for Naples in a French Messageries steamer, but, on account of the recent ravages of cholera at Naples, I was one of only two passengers. We touched at Messina, but did not land. I had been there in May, and between May and October 20,000 persons had died of cholera. We arrived at Naples on October 4th. Hardly had the steamer anchored, when a servant of my father's appeared, and went and fetched my father's secretary, Patella, and about an hour afterwards my father himself followed. He had only that very day been thought well enough to come out in a boat to meet me. He looked very pale and thin, and everyone assured me that his had been a most marvellous cure.

My father had been staying at the Hôtel du Globe, long since disappeared, but he now moved up to a charming villa which he had rented, the Villa Lucia, situated on the high ground called Il Vomero, and lying close alongside of the Castle of Sant' Elmo. It had extensive grounds on hill slopes, and the drive to the house crossed a deep ravine by a very lofty bridge, the arch of which is a prominent feature in the view of Naples from the harbour. It was a long way off, and it took an hour to drive up there in a cab,

but, when one got there, it was charming. One could ride every day in the royal park of Capodimonte. My room was on the ground floor opening on to a terrace garden, surrounded by a low wall about two feet high, on which I used to have my breakfast tray placed every morning, and sit in my dressing-gown with a glorious view below me of the whole Bay of Naples. I remained there with my father about ten days, but he then went to Sorrento to pass October 14th, the anniversary of my mother's death, in entire seclusion.

And now came the time for me to go back to Christ Church, or I should have lost my term. By way of helping me in my journey, William Lowther kindly entrusted me with a bag of dispatches for the Embassy at Paris, and another for the Foreign Office in London. I went by a steamer called the *Vesuvio*, which was timed to stop at all the ports, namely, Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, Genoa, and Marseilles. I was much disgusted to find, on going aboard, that we were to carry a considerable number of soldiers, discharged from the King of Naples' Swiss regiments for misconduct, in fact all their worst characters. These men, whose countenances were most unprepossessing, were in the charge of a captain, but, as they were no longer in the service of the King, they were not in the least disposed to obey their officer. They were deck passengers, drinking, shouting, and singing the "Marseillaise," and we did not like their contiguity as we paced the deck. In the middle of the night an uproar arose. Two of these miscreants began fighting with empty bottles. The English engineer, a stalwart north countryman, tried to separate them, whereupon they attacked him simultaneously. He at once hit out straight from the shoulder right and left, and sent the unlovely pair rolling into the scuppers. In a moment the whole band were up and in a state of mutiny. We men passengers ran up the companion ladder, and stood ready to support the officers. As I came up, one of them was saying with gross insolence: "*Non, mon capitaine, ce n'est pas comme cela qu'on met les mains dans la figure des gens! Nous sommes maintenant dans le cas de vous en rendre raison.*" We all opposed as bold a front to them as we could (though I felt in the bluest of funks!), and somehow, I forget how it happened, the tumult subsided. We got rid of them the next morning at Civita Vecchia.

I arrived at Paris at 5.21 p.m., delivered my Paris dispatches at the British Embassy, and, just managing to catch the 7.25 express at the Gare du Nord, arrived in London at 7.45 on the morning of Monday (October 24th or 31st). Having delivered my dispatches at the Foreign Office, I left Paddington by early express, reaching Oxford at 11.25 a.m. It was a very near thing about my not losing my term. I see from my letter to my father dated November 6th that my new horse "Yorick" had borne the journey exceedingly well, and that I began hunting him about the middle of November. I hunted a good deal this term, but also set to work to read hard with Scoltock for my Moderations next term.

I also took part in the concerts of the Oxford Amateur Musical Association, and this term sang, as a solo, "*La Donna è mobile*," accompanied by Herbert (afterwards Sir Herbert) Oakeley. As my rooms in Christ Church were large, and I had a piano, I used to have gatherings of the members of the Amateur Musical Association, when we used to practise our choruses for the concerts, and the solo-singers used also to rehearse their songs. Foremost among the latter was Troutbeck of University, afterwards D.D., and the Precentor of Westminster Abbey. He had a glorious baritone voice, and every syllable that he sang could be heard distinctly. A fine tenor was Smith of Lincoln, but he had a predilection for singing Italian songs without the faintest approach to an Italian pronunciation: The late Canon Duckworth, afterwards Sub-Dean of Westminster Abbey, was a fine and most cultivated bass singer with a good Italian pronunciation. Troutbeck married Duckworth's sister, and Mrs. Troutbeck and her daughters are dear friends of mine. The late Edward Henry Pember was another fine bass singer. We had three distinguished pianists who used to preside over our musical gatherings, namely, Dr. Stephen Elvey, organist of New College Chapel, Herbert Oakeley, and Sidney Joyce.

During this term our hearts were rent at the great loss of life among our fellow-countrymen in the Crimea. The battle of Balaklava and the destruction of the Light Brigade, the battle of Inkerman, with its heavy casualties, and then the succession of disasters to our shipping in the fearful gale of November 14th, caused a general depression; but, more than all, the feeling of uneasiness which pervaded all classes,

from the intuitive knowledge that the organisation of our army and commissariat was terribly at fault. Many were the friends whose loss we had to mourn, and nothing seemed to be going right.

When I went down for the Christmas vacation, I stayed with my grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Ellison, at the house they had bought near Dorking, Juniper Hill. At that time my grandfather had one nephew, Colonel Cuthbert Ellison, and five grandsons in the army before Sebastopol. These were: William Edwardes (afterwards Lord Kensington), Coldstream Guards; Lord Stormont, Grenadier Guards; Frederick Lambton, 71st Highlanders; Francis Lambton, Scots Fusilier Guards; and Arthur Lambton, Coldstream Guards. Not one of the six had had even a scratch during the whole campaign in the Crimea. Frederick Lambton was afterwards all through the Indian Mutiny, and Arthur through the Egyptian campaign, but both came through these services untouched.

I went to stay with Amhurst Tyssen and his father for Christmas, and had some good shooting, including a right and left of swans; but Didlington Hall was a small house in those days, and the shooting, though very good, was not of the high order it afterwards attained.

From Didlington I went to Ketteringham to spend there the last days of one of the most eventful years of my life. I was welcomed most affectionately by all, and I could clearly discern from Agnes's demeanour towards me that happiness was not very far off. We took walks together, and there was a good deal of singing in the evening, and all my songs were addressed to Agnes.

On New Year's Eve I signified to her how much it would delight me if she could be the first person for me to salute on the morning of the New Year, and the tender smile she gave me sent me to bed happy and hopeful.

On New Year's morning I went to the drawing-room at eight o'clock, and I was soon rewarded by dear Agnes tripping in with outstretched hand. She said: "I felt I must come, as you wished it, to be the first to wish you a Happy New Year. God bless you!" We were as yet only on hand-shaking terms, but her hand-shake was the most perfect I ever knew.

I was now back at Christ Church preparing to go up for Moderations at the latter end of April, and I buckled to,

all I knew. My subjects were Homer, Cicero, and Logic. I began at once reading with Scoltock, who had rooms in the Turl, near to the High.

About the middle of February Sir John Boileau came up to London, and I went and had an interview with him, at which it was arranged that I might go down to Ketteringham on February 19th, and try my fate with Agnes, who would never marry any man, however much she might love him, unless she found that his ideas on matters of religion coincided with hers.

Having obtained leave from the Dean, I started from Oxford on the morning of February 19th. It was very hard winter weather, a frost on the top of a thaw, and the streets were so slippery that I soon found, between Paddington and Shoreditch, that it would be impossible to catch the eleven o'clock train. So I went down to Wymondham by the express at 5 p.m. I had a most kind welcome from everyone, but I went to bed full of anxiety for the morrow.

I will not describe the forenoon—suffice to say that, between breakfast and luncheon, I was made happy—too happy for words. All the Boileaus greeted me as one of the family in the tenderest way possible.

I returned to Oxford during the Easter vacation, and went into lodgings above Le Grand's, the French cook-shop. I went there so as to be close to Scoltock's lodgings, but it was against the rules, when one had rooms in college, to be in lodgings without special leave.

And now came the time for Moderations. I went up with a certain amount of confidence, being so well prepared.

I got through my paper work very well in the Schools. On April 26th I went in for my *viva voce* examination, and, as soon as it was finished, I went up to London to see Agnes. It had been arranged that Henry Blaauw and Stewart Sutherland should telegraph the result to Agnes herself, and she it was who presented me with the telegram:

“Vernon has passed his examination, and Blaauw and Sutherland congratulate him.”

It was a very joyful moment, and I need not say that Agnes's congratulations were most grateful to me. She wrote a charming letter to my father, telling him she

wished to give him the first news of my success, and added that I had worked most zealously, and that I had thought of my father all along, and was keenly anxious that he should not be disappointed.

I see by a letter from me to my father dated May 3rd, 1855, that the senior examiner had sent to tell my coach, Scoltock, that I had passed the best examination of all the candidates on the final day. I had written to tell my father how thankful to him I was for allowing me to marry before taking my "Great-go," and that I had tried to show my gratitude by staying up at Oxford to read for Moderations instead of billing and cooing in London, and that, in fact, I had worked as hard as my nature would allow me.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE—THE GUIZOTS—COUNTRY LIFE AT WOLSELEY (1855—1858)

It had been finally settled that we were not to embark upon the expense of keeping up Stapleford, and I had to find a *pied-à-terre* before I was married. My friend Charles Selby Bigge, who was a gentleman-commoner with me at Christ Church, invited me to go and stay with his mother at her own place, Ightham Mote,¹ near Sevenoaks. He took me down to see two small places which were to let furnished. The first was Norbury, which I did not take, but the second, Oak Bank, belonging to Countess Amherst, I settled to rent for one year. It was underlet to me by Captain Mitford, a cousin of the Miss Mitford who married Tyssen Amhurst, and who is now the Dowager Lady Amherst of Hackney. Oak Bank was near the village of Seal, and looked from an elevation down on to Wildernesse Park, then belonging to the Marquess Camden.

Lincoln and I had long settled that whichever of us was first married should have the other as his best man, and accordingly he officiated for me. Our wedding took place on May 8th at St. George's, Hanover Square. As we had to leave Euston for Sudbury by the twelve o'clock train to Derby (St. Pancras did not exist then), we were married at 9.15 in the morning. Dear Agnes was a lovely bride. Her bridesmaids were: (1) Caroline Boileau; (2) Minnie Boileau; (3) Theresa Boileau; (4) my sister Louisa

¹ Ightham Mote is one of the most entire specimens remaining of the ancient moated manor. It lies "sleeping in the midst of thick woods." The broad clear moat is fed from a neighbouring rivulet, and the walls of the house rise at once from the water. The house belongs to three distinct periods, namely (1) Edward III; (2) Henry VII; (3) the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It passed, from different succeeding proprietors, to the Selbys of Northumberland, and remained in the Selby family till 1888, when it was sold to its present owner. There is, or was, in the house the oldest organ known in England, the next oldest being at Knole, now belonging to Lord Sackville.

Vernon-Warren (afterwards Mrs. Garnier); (5) Miss Margaret Gurney (afterwards Mrs. James Orde); and (6) my cousin Miss Sarina James (subsequently Lady Godley, and now Lady Kilbracken). The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Hay Gurney, who had married Agnes's eldest sister, Ama Boileau. Among those present were the Lord Chancellor and Lady Cranworth, and Lady John (afterwards the Countess) Russell; my dear godmother, the Countess of Rosebery, also came to the church, early though it was. After the ceremony we adjourned to 20 Upper Brook Street, the house of my father-in-law. The only *contretemps* that occurred was that our carriage and four followed another wedding-party by mistake, but was fortunately brought back in time. We left Euston at twelve, and got to Derby at six. We travelled in our own carriage on a truck, a custom which had not yet gone out of fashion. From Derby four horses and postboys took us fourteen miles, in an hour and twenty minutes, to Sudbury. The front of the Hall was decorated with flowers, and the school-children showered flowers upon Agnes. The dear rector, my brother-in-law, Frederick Anson, greeted us at the door of the Hall.

Our honeymoon at Sudbury passed most happily, and in the first week in June we were back at 16 West Halkin Street to be present at the wedding of my sister Adelaide to Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Reginald) Macdonald, younger of Clanranald, which took place on June 12th.

"Rim" and Adelaide went to Sudbury after being married, and we in the middle of June took up our residence at Oak Bank.

We had not been long established at Oak Bank before we got the news of the disastrous assault by our troops on the Redan at Sebastopol on June 18th. Poor Charles Boileau (in the Rifle Brigade) received the severe wound of which he died in August. Peter Godfrey (19th Regiment), another Hethel school-fellow, son of the Dowager Countess Morton, was reported dangerously wounded, and died.

In July we went to stay with my father at his house, 2 Rue de Bel Respiro, at Paris. We got to the Paris station at 6.30, and were met there by my father. My father's house was in a terraced garden, which towered about twenty feet above the roadway of the Champs Elysées close to the great Arc de l'Etoile. In summer it was delightful, for we

used to have our coffee after dinner in chairs on the terrace, and watch all the movement in the Avenue.

The French Exhibition had been recently opened on May 15th, and we paid many visits to it. It was in a great building, called the Palais d'Industrie, which had been built on purpose for it, and which is still standing. I shall always think that the Great Exhibition of 1851 in London, and that of 1855 in Paris, were far more interesting than any of the magnified bazaars which I have since seen in both places.

While we were at Paris, we had an opportunity of seeing the famous Italian *tragédienne* Adelaide Ristori (afterwards Marchesa del Grillo) in her great rôle of Maria Stuarda. There was much disputing at the time between the adherents of Ristori and those of Rachel, and much hissing was intermingled with the applause of the audiences in the case of both these magnificent actresses.

One evening my father took us to dine at the Frères Provençaux. Among the guests were the well-known Captain Gronow and the Baron de Vidil. Captain Gronow, when an officer in the Foot-Guards, was in the army of occupation at Paris after Waterloo, in 1815, when the most notable duellists in the French army made a practice of calling out and shooting any British officers on whom they could fasten a quarrel. Gronow was by far the best pistol-shot in our army, and he had a pretty trick of shooting very straight from the hip without raising his arm. In due course of time he was insulted by a French officer, and a duel was arranged in the Bois de Boulogne. As Gronow and his second approached the French group, his opponent told his second to hang his glove upon a branch, and, by way of intimidating Gronow, roared out: "*Je tire au gant!*" and sent a bullet through it. Gronow, not to be outdone, said to his second: "Hold out my glove"; and called out: "*Je tire au premier doigt!*" The forefinger of the glove was immediately cut off, and the Frenchman was not only disconcerted, but five minutes afterwards lay dying with a bullet through his body. Gronow never would go out again, and, some years later, bound a would-be adversary over to keep the peace, explaining to the astounded London magistrate, that, having had once the misfortune to kill a man in a duel, he would never risk doing so again.

The Baron de Vidil was an out-and-out *petit-maître*; a

curled and scented dandy, with an absurd affectation of dignity. While dining with my father, he sent for the manager of the Frères Provençaux and requested him "*de dire à vos gens qu'ils ne me froissent pas l'habit en passant ma chaise.*" Six years afterwards he was convicted, in England, of unlawfully wounding his son, an account of which is given by Sergeant Ballantine, *Experiences of a Barrister*, vol. ii. pp. 197-8, in the following words :

"The Baron de Vidil was a friend of the Orleans dynasty, and, whilst that family were staying at Twickenham, he was in the habit of visiting certain members of it. He had a son, a youth, as far as I can remember, about nineteen years old, and the story I am about briefly to relate is a very strange one. The father and son were riding together in a secluded lane in the neighbourhood of Orleans House—it was in the June of 1861—when the young man suddenly received a blow upon his head, and, turning round, saw his father in the act of repeating it, and he did inflict several of a murderous character with a heavily loaded whip; and it was at the time alleged that it was his intention to commit murder. The lad pressed his horse forward, threw himself off the saddle, and, covered with blood, sought the protection of a man and woman who happened to be passing. He first seemed disposed to accuse his father vehemently, and to disclose the causes of the attack, but after a short time nothing would induce him to give any information. The Baron escaped to Paris, but was delivered up to the English Government, and tried before Mr. Justice Blackburn at the Central Criminal Court. Sufficient evidence was obtained from the man and the woman, who had witnessed part of the assault, to convict him of unlawful wounding, but, as his son remained resolutely silent, no more serious verdict could be procured. I was retained for his defence, but learnt no more than the rest of the public, and the events leading to the transaction remain still a mystery. Vidil was very well known in French society, and from the circumstances of my defending him introduced me to the acquaintance of many of its members. They could give no clue to the transaction, but I fancy for some reason he had previously been in ill odour.¹ It was one of

¹ I once mentioned his name to one of the de La Rochefoucaulds, who replied: "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela?*"

the earliest criminal cases tried by Mr. Justice Blackburn, and excited much interest at the time."

On our return from Paris, we visited Ketteringham during the Assize week, and Sir John had a great dinner, to entertain Her Majesty's judges, Baron Parke (afterwards Lord Wensleydale) and Baron Alderson (father of Lady Salisbury). The two old judges were exceedingly kind to me, and I sat beside each of them in court on two successive days. There was a great trial on the second day in the *Nisi Prius* court before Baron Parke, respecting the validity of the will of an old lady, whose sanity was questioned by some disappointed relatives. On one side was Mr. Sergeant (afterwards Mr. Justice) Byles, and on the other the Attorney-General, Sir Alexander (afterwards Lord Chief Justice) Cockburn, who had been brought down by a special train, and had £1,000 marked on his brief. Notwithstanding this, he found the case against him too strong, and threw up his brief before it had proceeded very far. Judges were just then complaining a good deal about the ventilation of the courts, and a characteristic episode marked the commencement of this great law-suit. The day was intensely hot, and the atmosphere of the court stifling. I was sitting by the side of Baron Parke, when he suddenly said: "Mr. Under-Sheriff, will you have all the windows opened." The under-sheriff, quailing under the judge's stern eye, tremblingly replied: "I am very sorry, my lord, but the windows are not made to open." "Then send for twelve carpenters," said Baron Parke, in a voice of thunder, "and have the window-frames taken out. This is a very important case, and to try it properly I must have air. Let it be done at once." And it was done.

An anecdote was current the following year, when Alderman Sir David Salomons was installed as Lord Mayor of London, the first Jew who attained to that office. At the Lord Mayor's banquet it was remarked what a number of Jewish faces there were among the waiters. One of these came hurriedly up to Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Willes, who were sitting together, and, touching the Baron sharply with his thumb, asked: "What will you take, gents?" Baron Alderson turned upon him in great wrath and said: "What do you mean, fellow, by addressing Her Majesty's Judges in that familiar way?" when Justice

Willes interposed, saying: "Oh, don't be angry, brother Alderson, don't be angry; he only means Gentiles!"

During these last days of July, the accounts of poor Charlie Boileau became very alarming. He was landed at the hospital at Malta with other wounded from the Crimea, and died there on August 1st. He and Honourable Augustus Anson (afterwards Colonel and M.P.), brother of my sister-in-law, shared the same hut. Augustus Anson told me afterwards that Charlie had said to him that, if he went into action, he should put into his pocket his mother's portrait and a little book of prayers that she had given him. He had to leave the hut about 3 a.m. on the morning of June 18th. In less than a minute afterwards he ran back into the hut again, saying: "I had forgotten them after all." He slipped them into his left breast pocket, and ran out buckling on his sword.

Augustus Anson was ordered out as one of the covering-party an hour or two afterwards. As he was going down to the trenches, he met a stretcher in which poor Charlie was being carried back, desperately wounded. He said to Augustus Anson: "It's all up with me. I'm done for." A canister shot of four ounces in weight struck him on the left breast. It went right through the book of prayers, but was stopped by the portrait, which was a steel daguerreotype plate. By this it was deflected, and cut right through the intestines, being eventually extracted from the small of the back on the right side. His sufferings were fearful. All the functions of nature were deranged, and, had he lived, his life would have been one of misery.¹

It was during the November of this year (1855) that, following my father's advice, I took steps for making the change in my name and arms required by the will of Sir John Borlase-Warren, and prefixing the surnames Borlase-Warren to my previous ones of Venables-Vernon. I regretted afterwards that I did not drop "Venables," as my family generally had done, but it got into the deed for the royal sign manual, and so I was fixed with it. It was, I think, in October that my estates of Stapleford and Toton were sold, and sold very well. I did not finally sell Stratton Audley until a year or two afterwards. These sales made

¹ Forty years afterwards Dr. Poore said to me: "Yes, I suppose he would die, according to the surgery of those days; now we should have saved him."

me *comparatively* very well off, but unfortunately I was very extravagant, and spent a great deal more money than I ought to have done, in consequence of which I have been more or less crippled during my subsequent life.

On January 27th, 1856, Agnes gave birth to a boy, who, in due course of time, was christened "Reginald William."

About the middle of May, Agnes and I, with Reggie and his nurse, besides a lady's-maid and a footman, went over to Paris and put up at the recently opened huge Hôtel du Louvre, where my father was staying, and Patella with him.

We left Paris, after spending a few days with my father, and, travelling by train to Lisieux, went to pay a visit to Monsieur Guizot, at his Château du Val Richer. It was certainly an event of my life to be received into intimate friendship with so illustrious a man as that great Frenchman. He always called the Boileaus his English children and Agnes his English daughter, and this agreeable illusion was carried on still further by his adopting me at once as his English son; and his children called me their *frère anglais*. For long years afterwards, until her death in 1908, Henriette (Madame Guizot de Witt) always wrote to me *Mon cher frère*; and her children, and their children, to this day call me *l'oncle William*. Monsieur Guizot was very small in stature, but of extraordinary dignity; a man with whom no one would ever venture to take a liberty. He was so intimate with all the Boileaus, that I felt no difficulty, nor was I even made shy. It was, however, a risky thing to express any very decided opinion even of anything English, for he was so at home with everything belonging to England, that, if one should make a mistake, he was at once able to set one right. The French life here was very different from what I had expected. In the first place dressing-rooms were things unknown, and Agnes and I occupied one single room, with two small cupboards, dignified with the name of *cabinets de toilette*, on either side of the bed, to which we had to retire for our ablutions, though my india-rubber hip-bath completely filled up the whole of my petty domain.

Nearly every morning Monsieur Guizot received a letter on green-tinted paper from the celebrated Princesse de Lieven, whose intimacy with statesmen and men of letters of several nationalities, added to her wit and powers of conversation, made her a very interesting personality during

the first half of the nineteenth century. She died during the year that followed this visit of ours to Val Richer. When Monsieur Guizot had read his letter, one of his daughters would ask him : “ *Papa, qu'est-ce que Madame de Lieven vous dit aujourd'hui ?* ”

Poor Agnes was laid up with a very bad sore throat, which prevented our going back to England at the end of our week's visit, and we had to stay nearly a fortnight. Nothing could exceed the kindness of all our hosts, and they were never tired of doing things for Agnes. Besides Monsieur Guizot himself, his son and two daughters, the family included an old Dutch aunt of the de Witts, Made-moiselle de Temingues. The whole family were engaged in literary pursuits. Monsieur Guizot was at that time writing the life of Sir Robert Peel, which was coming out in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and he kindly presented me with a copy of what had been privately printed up to that time. Agnes and I asked Monsieur Guizot to give us a list of books to read for a course of history, and he very kindly did so.¹ His elder daughter, Henriette, always known as Madame Guizot de Witt, wrote innumerable books for young girls which are highly esteemed in France. Her husband, Conrad de Witt (who afterwards lived to a great

¹ The following is a copy of the course of history recommended to us by Monsieur Guizot :

“ Livres d'histoire—

- 1°. Prendre chez Hachette, libraire, rue Pierre Sarrazin, no. 14.—
Les histoires ancienne, grecque, romaine, histoire du moyen âge, et histoire moderne dont on se sert dans les collèges de l'université (non pas les simples précis chronologiques, mais les histoires un peu développées, comme *l'histoire romaine* de M. Dury, *l'histoire du XVI^e siècle* de M. Filon, *l'histoire de France* de M. Poisson, etc.).
- 2°. *Précis de l'histoire des Français*, par M. de Sismondi, 3 volm.
- 3°. *Histoire des républiques italiennes*, par M. de Sismondi.
- 4°. *Histoire du système de l'équilibre en Europe*, par M. d'Ancillon.
- 5°. *Histoire des Suisses*, par Jean Muller—continué par MM. Villemin et Monnard.
- 6°. *Histoire d'Espagne*, par M. Rosseau St. Hilaire.
- 7°. *Histoire des ducs de Bourgogne*, par M. de Barante.
- 8°. *Histoire de la Convention*, par M. de Barante.
- 9°. *Histoire du Directoire*, par M. de Barante.
- 10°. *Histoire de Russie*, par M. Karamsin.”

My father (June 20th, 1856) wrote to me : “ Monsieur Guizot is one of the lights of the age, and though his conduct on the occasion of the Spanish Marriages was not considered to be very straightforward, nevertheless he will certainly occupy a very distinguished niche in the Temple of Fame. It is a great thing for you getting his advice as to the proper mode of studying history, and I hope you will not fail to profit by it.”

age as Deputy for Calvados), devoted his time principally to the management of the farm and estate. His brother, Cornélis de Witt, husband of Monsieur Guizot's younger daughter Pauline, was Deputy for Calvados for some years before his elder brother, Conrad, succeeded him. He was also a director of the Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles Railway, and of the great iron company of Anzin. After the Franco-Prussian war, he became Sous-Secrétaire de l'Intérieur for as long as the Conservatives held office. He was, at the time we were at Val Richer, writing the Life of Jefferson, as a sequel to his previously published Life of Washington. Guillaume Guizot, the only surviving son of Monsieur Guizot, a most accomplished scholar, was afterwards a professor at the Collège de France. He was just then translating for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the memoirs of Sydney Smith, in which writing he showed far more originality than one usually sees in translations. He presented me with his work *Ménandre, ouvrage couronné par l'Académie* in 1853.

I was at this time looking out for a country house and estate to buy, and it often happened to me to visit estates much larger than my requirements, with the view of buying a portion only, if it could be so arranged. I read in a letter of mine to my father of June 2nd: "Spencer Cowper is going to sell Sandringham. I went to see it the other day, before I left England, but, though beautifully furnished, it would not suit me at all." The estate was more than three times the value that my trustees would have sanctioned my expending, and the [then] house was larger than I could have kept up. As everyone knows now, Sandringham, not long after this, fell into hands more capable of maintaining it, and so of doing honour to the county of Norfolk, where the names of King Edward and Queen Alexandra are universally loved and revered.

Lord Lichfield, who had married Lady Harriet Hamilton a few weeks before our wedding, had hired Wolseley Hall (which was only a mile and a half from his place, Shugborough), in order to let it to some congenial neighbour. He most kindly offered it to us, and we accepted. On June 18th Agnes and I arrived at Wolseley Hall to take up our abode there, and did not leave it until 1860.

There were about 2,000 acres of light land on the estate, excellent for partridge shooting, besides Wolseley Park, which was moorland. In the reign of Henry VIII, that

King cut off 500 acres from Cannock Chase, a royal property, and bestowed them upon the Wolseleys of Wolseley with the right of a deer-leap. That privilege, although Cannock Chase has passed into other hands, remains as a highly prized right of the Wolseleys. At the inner extremity of the park, the high park-paling is seen with a depression of about five feet high, over which deer can leap easily from the Chase into Wolseley Park. There were numberless spinneys of birch and larch, where black-game and woodcock used to congregate, while the park itself was all heather, and held grouse, though in no very large numbers. The River Trent ran for three miles through the estate, and the grayling and pike fishing in it was good, besides some excellent places for starting wild-duck. The partridge-shooting was always very fair, and there was a swamp at the Rugeley end of the estate where one could get ducks, snipe, and other wild-fowl. It no longer exists now, the land having been thoroughly drained. One winter we had a visitation of wild geese there, but I never could get nearer to them than the distance of a rifle shot.

Lord Hatherton, Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire, made me a magistrate for Staffordshire, and a Deputy-Lieutenant, and the Duke of Devonshire a magistrate for Derbyshire. I used to attend the Petty Sessions at Rugeley and at Uttoxeter, as well as the Assizes at Stafford and Quarter Sessions, and I served on the committees of Stafford Gaol, the County Lunatic Asylum, as well as the Coton Hill Asylum for paying patients.

On November 15th Agnes and I went to Gunton, and were most kindly received by the Suffields. Lady Suffield and my wife had been friends as girls. Gunton was peculiarly interesting to me, as the house was full of Vernon relics, including duplicates of the large portraits at Sudbury by Vanderbank of George, the first Lord Vernon, and his first wife (who died before he was made a peer), a daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham. George, the second Lord Vernon, had only one daughter, who was a great heiress. She married the third Lord Suffield; and Vernon House, the family jewels, and the family plate went with her. By this marriage Lord Suffield had a son who succeeded him (the fourth Lord), and a daughter, Georgiana, who, being herself our cousin, twice married cousins of ours.

While we were at Gunton, Lady Catherine Boileau wrote

and told me to be sure and ask the Suffields to show us the wonderful toilet service of old filigree silver, which was discovered by Suffield's father. Lady Catherine said that she had been told the story twice by that Lord Suffield himself. He dreamed that in a certain house in Albemarle Street in a cupboard, in a certain bedroom, there was a silver filigree toilet set belonging to his family. Having dreamed this dream two or three times, it so engrossed him that it preyed upon his mind. One day he mentioned this mysterious house in Albemarle Street to his family solicitor, saying that he himself knew nothing of such a house, when his solicitor remarked: "But, you know, Lord Suffield, number so-and-so *did* belong to your family." Lord Suffield instantly drove there, saw the owner, who allowed him to view the house, which he at once recognised as the one in his dream. He walked straight up to the bedroom, but found no cupboard where he expected to find one. He began, however, to sound the wall, and heard a hollow sound when he tapped it. With the courteous permission of the owner, the wall was opened, a cupboard was found, boarded up and papered over, and in it the identical filigree service that Lord Suffield had seen in his dream. I told the Suffields of Lady Catherine's letter, and after breakfast they took us down to the pantry, where this wonderful old silver was spread out for us to see.

Most of Suffield's brothers were in the house with us. The youngest, Harbord Harbord (known as Bobby), had been at Eton, much below me, and I, having been asked by Canon Anson to look after him, accordingly asked him to breakfast, at which he ate his way steadily through all the dishes in turn, but never spoke, being by nature somewhat taciturn. On Canon Anson asking him, later on, if he had seen Vernon, he replied: "No! I have seen no one but a big fellow who asked me to an awful stunning breakfast, but I never heard his name." Bobby was a very good fellow, became estate agent at Gunton and fulfilled his duties admirably.

I ought to have mentioned that, when we first went into residence at Wolseley, the whole country-side—I might say all England—was ringing with the loathsome details of the poisonings perpetrated by a surgeon at Rugeley of the name of Palmer. He had just been hanged at Stafford for the murder of an associate of his, one William Cook,

whom I remember seeing in 1850 at a cricket club near Worthing. Palmer had poisoned various people: his wife, his brother Walter, whose lives he had insured; a certain farmer to whom he owed racing bets, who, however, recovered; and it was more than suspected that he had also poisoned Lord George Bentinck, who was found dead on a footpath across some fields about an hour after having been there in Palmer's company.

Such a strong *animus* existed against Palmer in Staffordshire that it was decided to change the *venue*, and the case was tried at the Central Criminal Court before Lord Campbell; the Attorney-General, Sir Alexander Cockburn (afterwards the Lord Chief Justice), being the leading counsel for the Crown. Palmer was condemned to death. I was told by Colonel Fulford, the governor of Stafford Gaol, that Palmer made a most determined effort to starve himself to death, and only desisted on being made to understand that Colonel Fulford would, unless Palmer consented to take food, have him strapped down, and fed forcibly by mechanical means. He was, however, duly hanged at Stafford in the early part of the year 1856.

My father had gone, at this time, with my youngest sister Louisa to pass some months at Torquay. In a letter of December 15th, Lord Vernon says: "Rossini, the great composer, has presented me with a *Recitativo Ritenente* of the six or seven last stanzas of the *Francesca da Rimini* to put into my book." It is now in the Album Volume (vol. iii) of the *Vernon Dante* (3 vols. folio), and I have also introduced it into my own *Readings on the Inferno* (Methuen, 1906) at the end of Canto V.

Being now a Staffordshire magistrate, during December I attended the Winter Assize at Stafford, which was held by Mr. Baron Watson, who had fought at Waterloo as a cavalry officer, and was a very fine-looking old man. I did not then know his son, Mr. John William Watson, who was acting as his marshal, but Mr. and Mrs. Watson became most kind and valued friends of mine in after life ever since I first met them at Carlsbad in 1892. During the trial for highway robbery of two young hooligan prisoners, who had plundered an old man, and nearly beaten him into a jelly, Baron Watson asked the meaning of the expression: "The old bloke is coming up the lane, with three half-bulls and a ticker in his fob." I, being quite fresh from Oxford slang,

quickly enlightened the judge that "bloke" was equivalent to "chap," and "half-bulls" were half-crowns. This was the only time in my life that I ever heard a sentence of transportation inflicted. "The sentence of this court," said the judge, "is that you—Nichols—be transported beyond the seas for fourteen years, and that you—William Awcott—be kept in penal servitude for five years." My old friend Mr. Watson told me that, when they were back at the judges' lodgings, they had a fine laugh at the Baron for not knowing what "old bloke" meant. There was but one judge, as only Crown Court cases were tried at the Winter Assize.

Early in January we dined at Shugborough, and met the Duke and Duchess of Bedford (he was the seventh Duke). The kindness we received from the Lichfields during these five years at Wolseley can never be effaced from my memory.

I was now in communication, through Lord Ashburton, with Mr. George Scharf about the Loan Exhibition of Pictures which opened at Manchester on May 1st. Mr. Scharf had such a number of visits to pay to the owners of large collections, that he very naturally found himself unable to come to Wolseley, but he selected as loans from me: (1) the ebony cabinet with paintings on copper by old Francke, which had been the property of Alice, Lady Borlace (spelt in those days with a "c"), daughter of Lord Chief Justice Banks of Corfe Castle and Kingston Lacey, Co. Dorset; (2) the large battle piece of the Raising of the Siege of Vienna in 1682 by John Sobieski, King of Poland, painted by Wyck; and (3) a Holy Family painted on panel, with the mark "C.R." of the King Charles I Collection branded on the back, and (erroneously) attributed to Andrea del Sarto. The subject is generally now considered to be the work of a Flemish artist, but in imitation of Andrea del Sarto. This latter picture I gave to my old friend and legal adviser, Sir Henry White, when I left 34 Grosvenor Place in 1898, to move into a smaller house. The cabinet with some of the Borlase and Warren pictures, by a family arrangement sanctioned by the Court of Chancery, passed into the family collection at Sudbury. The Wyck I parted with in 1912 before going to live in a flat.

Lord Ashburton also put me into correspondence with the famous Thomas Carlyle, who was at that time writing his *Life of Frederick the Great*, and the result was that Mr.

Carlyle had my picture of that King in his house from April 21st, 1858, until February 10th, 1860, and I possess several very interesting letters from him to me about the picture.¹ Tradition says that this portrait is the only one for which Frederick ever sat, but Mr. Carlyle suggests that he probably did not sit at all, but favoured Francke of Potsdam at a review, as the attitude in which the King is represented standing is just like that of a man sitting on a horse.

At the March Assizes at Stafford, before Mr. Justice Willes, a perfectly upright and respectable man named James Cope, a tax-collector at Darlaston, was tried on March 21st on twenty-one different counts of obtaining money upon false pretences. The principal witness against him was a young Welshman, his own clerk, who gave his evidence with such palpable malice that he aroused the strong suspicions of the judge. Mr. Huddleston, Q.C. (afterwards Mr. Baron Huddleston), and Mr. Macnamara were counsel for the Crown. Mr. Cope was defended by Mr. Keating, Q.C., the leader of the circuit (afterwards Sir Henry Keating, Solicitor-General, and eventually Mr. Justice Keating), and Mr. Scotland (afterwards Chief Justice at Madras). As I remarked, the evident *animus* of the young Welsh clerk against his master caused him to be very severely handled by Mr. Keating. I was sitting beside the judge, and between him and the witness-box. Mr. Keating had just said: "Now, sir, you who profess to be so ignorant of wrong-doings, will you swear that this was the first knowledge of wrong-doing you ever had to take part in?" The Welshman gave an oily kind of grin, and replied: "Well, sir, you see I expect I was getting my first lesson in villainy!" The judge here turned slowly round, and, raising his gold eye-glasses, looked fixedly across me at the witness on my right, in a profound silence that almost made one's hair stand on end, and then in a low impressive voice said: "That witness is not to leave the Court!" Mr. Cope was most honourably acquitted; what became of the Welshman I did not hear, but, as I was leaving the County Hall, I heard Mr. Macnamara, the junior counsel for the Crown, say to another barrister: "A regular trumped-up case against a most respectable man; I am heartily glad he has been acquitted."

At these Assizes a very sensational, but extremely absurd

¹ Copies of these letters will be found at the end of the present chapter.

case was tried.¹ A young farmer of the name of Charlesworth and his wife, who lived near Abbot's Bromley, prosecuted one James Tunnicliff for having by pretended witchcraft defrauded them of considerable sums of money. The prisoner was defended by Mr. Skinner, Q.C., a most amusing man, and he let the Charlesworths have it with a vengeance! His cross-examination of Charlesworth kept the Court in one continued shout of laughter. His defence for the prisoner was that the prosecutors were drunkards, and did not rightly know what was going on. He elicited that Mrs. Charlesworth was what was known as a "brandy-body," and he also brought out that they used to have recourse to a bottle of spirits in the night. But when he asked the exasperated husband, "Oh! and who used to have the first pull at the bottle, you or the missis?" the yells of laughter were uncontrollable; and when the unhappy Charlesworth stuttered out: "A-a-a don't think, sir, yo'or asking the roi-ght questions!" the hilarity broke out louder than ever. But Tunnicliff was undoubtedly guilty. Owing to the credulity of these two fools, he had domesticated himself in their house, and, by a clever use of phosphorus, had made them to be continually seeing appearances of "animals all a-flame." He extorted a good deal of money from them, and was condemned to twelve months' hard labour. I remember him as a prisoner saluting us, the visiting justices of the gaol, at his cell-door.

Agnes and I led a very happy peaceful life. I was a good deal taken up with my fancy poultry, which were gradually developing into a first-class collection. I became one of the churchwardens of Colwich Church, of which the Rev. Edward Harland was vicar. I engaged about this time John Douglas, from Baker's pheasantries in Chelsea, to come as my poultry bailiff. He had been soldier servant in the Scots Fusilier Guards to General Sir William Knollys, father of the first Lord Knollys, King Edward's secretary. His wife had been the cook. When they were about to enter our service, I asked old Heath, our former gardener in Kent, if he knew whether they were well-principled people, and went to church. Heath, in his old-fashioned

¹ In *Annals of Our Time*, by Joseph Irving, p. 482, this case is specially mentioned. "The witch in the case was said to be Charlesworth's own mother, who had been displeased with his marriage." I suppose she had prompted Tunnicliff.

Kentish speech, answered: "Oh yes, Mr. Vernon, they go regular to church; the woman, she, I believe, is rather partial to the Sacrament!" They came, and were soon regularly established with us, and she became our cook for some few years. Douglas's great knowledge of poultry very soon raised me into one of the principal exhibitors at the shows, and my Dorkings, Spanish, and game fowls took frequent first prizes. My breed of Dorkings became celebrated throughout the kingdom, and their eggs sold for half a crown each. I built a long range of poultry houses, and had, besides poultry, opossums, a kinkajou, tame foxes, and other pets, which our friends used to come in to see.

I had had a very good cricket ground laid out at Wolseley by Nixon, the All England bowler, and it was a great success. We formed a cricket club in conjunction with Shugborough, and it was called "The Shugborough and Wolseley Cricket Club," the secretary being Mr. Webb, son of the rector of Tixall. Our first match, for which Augustus played, was against Rugeley. My wife wrote to her mother, Lady Catherine: "Wolseley won by a good bit, which we are *very* proud of!" This year I made acquaintance with Lord Anglesey's younger sons, Lord Henry (the late Marquess), Lord Alexander (Dandy), and Lord Berkeley Paget. During the ensuing three years I was thrown a great deal with them, and entertained a very sincere regard for the two younger brothers.

At the Stafford Assizes, on July 18th, a case was tried which made a very deep impression upon me, and which I never have forgotten to this day.

Two youths were charged with the murder of an old farmer of some means near Abbot's Bromley, a large village in Staffordshire. This old man was Mr. Charlesworth the elder, whose son and daughter-in-law had figured so ridiculously at the March Assizes when James Tunnicliff was convicted of having defrauded them on the false pretence of being a wizard. The elder Charlesworth had some house-property, and on the occasion in question, after collecting his rents, was drinking heavily at a certain alehouse. There were two youths there at the same time, Brown aged nineteen, a handsome and intelligent-looking young fellow, and Jackson aged eighteen, ugly, ill-favoured, and of a very low type of features. Among the company was a highly disreputable itinerant musician, a man past middle age, known

in that country as "Dulcimer Jack"; an old rascal who was ever ready to incite others to crimes by which he might profit, but too clever to put his own head into the noose. This man whispered to Brown and Jackson: "A say, lads, there's old Charlesworth quite fresh [*i.e.* drunk], with his pockets full of gold; why don't ye slip out and 'ave a bit of foon with him?" The "bit of fun" ended in Jackson striking the old man on the back of the head with a hedge-stake. He had only intended the blow to stun him, but it killed him dead on the spot. Brown then gave the prostrate victim several violent kicks and rifled his pockets. The two prisoners were tried on July 18th, 1857, at Stafford Assizes before Mr. Baron Bramwell. Brown was defended by Mr. Cook Evans, who usually reported for *The Times*, and Jackson by the notorious Dr. Kenealy, the most unpopular man on the Oxford Circuit. I particularly remember how very minutely the judge defined what is murder, as there was a disposition among the counsel for the defence to insist on the fact that Brown and Jackson had only intended to rob, and, having had no murderous intent, were only guilty of manslaughter.

"If two men," said Baron Bramwell, "go out with the intent to commit a felony, and, during their perpetration of that felony, homicide, even accidentally, is committed, that is 'wilful murder.'" The prisoners were convicted, and condemned to death. Lord Lichfield and I, in our rounds as visiting justices, visited both the prisoners in their cells. Brown wept copiously, and, having many friends outside who were interested in him, got off with penal servitude for life. Poor Jackson seemed as if turned to stone, and almost unconscious of his fearful position. As I said before, he was uninteresting-looking, brutish, and friendless. There was no one to speak a word in his favour, and he was hanged; while the old miscreant, Dulcimer Jack, who was the prime originator of the whole thing, came off scot free.

Since then I have always yearned for the isolation and the reformation of young criminals, male or female. As to habitual criminals, I would deal with them as Sir Robert Anderson often recommended in *The National Review*, so secluding them from the world that they shall never again have the opportunity of leading the young into crime. There was no doubt that both Jackson and Brown deserved hanging. If Jackson struck the blow, Brown kicked the

old man about the head and rifled his pockets, and their fate most certainly, to my thinking, should have been identical. Either hang both or reprieve both. Dulcimer Jack whined and sobbed, and said he never meant the lads to go so far ; but he did admit having urged them to " go and have a bit of fun " with old Charlesworth, and, on that admission, I think he should have been punished.

On October 17th (after a night in London to see John Boileau before he started to winter at Nice) we went to stay with the Tyssen-Amhursts (as they were then) at Didlington. From Didlington we went to Ketteringham, where we stayed a fortnight, and had some shooting, but the visits there, year after year, were so much alike that it is not easy now to differentiate between them. On this visit, however, we met Lord and Lady John Russell, and Honourable William George Jerningham, who was afterwards British Minister at Lima. I remember our driving over to shoot at Tacolnestone Hall, Sir John's estate, seven miles from Ketteringham. We went there in a close carriage, Lord John, Mr. Jerningham, Sir John Boileau, and I. Tacolnestone Hall had for many years ceased to be a gentleman's residence, and had deteriorated into a farmhouse, inhabited by Mr. Howes and his family. The shooting was kept up by Mr. Howes and his sons, who acted instead of keepers. I was much amused at seeing Lord John, who was a very small man, with a gun that looked like a very large arquebus over his shoulder, lifting his little legs over the high Norfolk turnips, while Jerningham, a very tall man, had an unusually short fowling piece that looked like a carbine, and as he stood poising it rakishly on his hip, with a cheery laugh on his face, the contrast between the two was startling. It was very nearly being the last day's shooting of my life. We had taken no loaders from Ketteringham. I had a pair of Purdey muzzle-loaders, and one of Sir John's tenants, Mr. Philipppo, whom I knew very well, was to load for me, but he was a few minutes late, and, as there was a small wood to go through near the entrance gate, one of the beaters undertook to load for me till Mr. Philipppo came. I had killed a hare, and had changed guns, when I felt a whiff past my cheek, and heard a loud report. I turned round indignantly to my stupid loader, when everybody rushed up to me with horror depicted on their faces. The cause was quite unknown to

me, but the gun had gone off so close to my head that the powder had blackened one side of my face. Among those who ran up to me was Mr. Philippo, who had arrived at that very instant, and for years afterwards he used to recall the scene, and tell me that, as he ran up, he quite thought that half my head had been blown off.

They are all gone now! Sir John Boileau, Lord Russell, William Jerningham, Mr. Howes and his sons, with all the beaters, and I alone am left to tell!

Our party at Ketteringham included Lady John Russell (Fanny, Agnes's first cousin) and her two step-daughters, Georgiana (afterwards Lady Georgiana Peel) and Victoria (afterwards Lady Victoria Villiers)—also Mrs. Wodehouse, mother of Lord Kimberley (who was then Lord Wodehouse). In the evening we played at a rhyming game in which a question and a word are written down by two separate persons. The folded pages having been shuffled, each competitor had to answer the question in verse, bringing in the word. Mrs. Wodehouse, an excellent but very dull person, did not play, and dear Lady Catherine, who would have been the life and soul of the game, sat out to make table-talk to her. It so happened that the witty Cary Boileau had the sarcastic question to answer: "Is mamma reading the manuscripts?" and the word was "dulcimer." Cary's lines were pithy:

"No, not at this moment, for I just heard her say,
'Mrs. Wodehouse, do you on the dulcimer play?'"

The idea of poor Mrs. Wodehouse playing upon the dulcimer, or any other instrument, convulsed us all.

Lord John was, by unanimous consent, requested to read out the poetical effusions. His own was good.

His question to be answered was:

"Which do you like best, claret or port?" and the word was "filibeg." His lines ran thus:

"Of yore I used to hate port wine,
And thought my claret quite divine;
And in my filibeg I stalked,
And treason to the Georges talked;¹
But now I drink my pint of port,
And go in pantaloons to Court."

¹ On being asked what he meant by talking treason to the Georges, Lord Russell told us that when he was a young man the Royal Princes and he used constantly to sing Jacobite songs together, which of course were High Treason. In reading the above verses, he pronounced "my" as "me" in the second and fifth lines.

One evening I told Lord John Russell of the harrowing case of Jackson and Brown at Stafford, and how keenly I felt, though I was almost too young to have an opinion, that the guilt of these youths was so absolutely identical that to spare one and hang the other seemed to be unjust. Lord John related to me several cases which came before him when he was Home Secretary, in which petitions were made to him to reprieve condemned murderers. In one of these the condemned felon had broken into the house of an old man, beaten him about the head, and left him for dead after robbing his house. Lord John asked the judge who had tried the case if he could bring forward any extenuating circumstance at all which would justify his reprieving him. The judge told Lord John this much, that, when the robber had got the old man down on the floor, and was striking at his head with a hammer, a sudden rush of better impulse came over him; the old man heard him say, "No! I won't murder him!" and he threw the hammer away to the far end of the room. Lord John told the judge that he felt that redeeming circumstances would justify a reprieve, and the man's life was spared. Lord John was the first sitter of whom I took a photographic portrait, but I was at the time so very inexperienced that the result was a dead failure, though I remember that Lord John's tall white hat with a black band loomed very large in the picture.

The year 1858 opened on us at Wolseley. Lichfield (or rather Anson, as he was always called then) was most kind in continually asking me to shoot with him, both at Shugborough and also at Oakedge which closely adjoined my own shooting in Wolseley Park, but the occasions of his kindness were so frequent that I cannot now recollect in which years these different invitations occurred. I met there several times Earl and Countess Vane. I had known him previously as Lord Seaham, and later on he became Marquess of Londonderry.

About this time my father was very desirous that I should render for him into English verse a very beautiful little ode by the Sicilian poet Meli, entitled *Lu Labbru*, and beginning with the lines:

" Dimmi, dimmi apuzzanica,
Ove vai si di mattino? "

Apuzzanica is the diminutive from *ape*, a bee, and *nicu*,

little, in the Sicilian dialect. In ordinary Italian it would be *Apicina*. My father, who was rather crotchety, notwithstanding his admirable scholarship, begged me in some way to give the full force of this long word, coined by Meli himself, which of course I could not do. I sent him the following attempt on my part to render the first stanza :

“ Tell me, oh tell me, little bee,
 Whither so early from thy cell ?
 All yet is night, nor canst thou see
 Thy well-known mountain dell.
 Alas ! Alas ! thou dost not heed
 The glist'ning dewdrop on the mead,
 From flower to flower it springs.
 Oh ! may I never, never see
 Its fatal kiss, my gentle bee,
 Tarnish thy golden wings.”

I had written this to the metre of Gray's *Ode on Spring*, beginning :

“ Lo where the rosy bosom'd hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear.”

I see, in a letter of mine to my father (dated January 30th, 1858) about this poetry, that I allude to several unsuccessful attempts that had been made to launch the *Great Eastern*, which seems at that time to have been spoken of as “ the Leviathan.” I tell my father in my letter that a book of Lord Normanby, that had just come out, was generally characterised in the London clubs as “ Devilish ill-judged ! D—d ungrateful ! Infernally stupid ! ” I think the book was “ Normanby (Marquis of) : *A Year of Revolution, from a Journal kept in Paris in 1848*, 2 vols. 8vo, 1857.” In February I received a letter from my father in which he speaks of my—

“ commencement of a translation of the *Labbru* of Meli into English verse. I think it [he writes] very pretty and very clever, but—but—but—it fails in one essential particular. It wants, in fact, the beautiful simplicity and harmonious flow of the original. . . . Your versification is very pretty, as I said, of itself, but unfortunately it does not imitate the style of Meli.”

Feeling it hopeless to satisfy the critical judgment of my dear father, I gave it up, and wrote him some comic

verses instead, in a letter from Wolseley, March 12th, 1858. They ran thus :

(1)

“ You can have no idea what a task,
My dear father, you've put on your son,
Who indeed thinks you've no right to ask
Such incredible work to be done.

(2)

“ To translate verses purely Sicilian
Into strict Anglo-Saxon is hard.
'T would be like paraphrasing Quintilian
Into Stratford-on-Avon's old Bard.

(3)

“ It is all very well that you think
That it's purely a matter of time ;
But I'm perfectly certain you'd blink
If you had to put this into rhyme.

(4)

“ I cannot be half as mellifluous
As Meli, who dwells among bees.
I suspect he'd be mighty '*fellifluous*'¹
If his heroes were turnips and peas.

(5)

“ Tell Sicily, though it may pique her,
That she cannot expect a translation
Of such hard words as '*Apuzzanica*,'
To find which would employ a whole nation.

(6)

“ Even Horace would soundly rate Meli
For his '*Sesquipedia verba*.'
And my poor little Agnes would tell ye
That he's been of my dreams a disturber.

(7)

“ So, dear father, accept this apology,
And don't think I purposely shirk ;
For I've tried, and find no phraseology
That would give an effect to the work.

(8)

“ Now wishing your Lordship prosperity,
Good appetite, health, and repose,
We send you with greatest sincerity
(*or*, From myself, wife, and infant posterity)
Our love, and with that I must close.”

I added :

“ I fear that is all the versification I can send you, but feel this, that originality may pass muster better than

¹ *i.e.* flowing with gall.

translation. I never attempted anything so difficult before. That first stanza took me much more time to write than a copy of Latin verses."

The attempted assassination of the Emperor Napoleon III, by Orsini, Pieri, Rudio, and Gomez on January 14th, by the explosion of three shells in front of the Opera House in the Rue Lepelletier, had thrown all France into a state of excitement, which reacted upon the whole of Europe. Two persons were killed, and over a hundred wounded. Very indignant speeches were made in France against England, where the bombs that were used were found to have been made. This ferment reached its climax with an open letter addressed to the Emperor in the papers by a number of French colonels, who demanded to be led at once against England.

In February I was paying a visit, with my sister Louisa, to Lord and Lady Leigh at Stoneleigh Abbey in Warwickshire. There was a great Masonic gathering there, and on February 10th, 1858, Lord Leigh, the Provincial Grand Master of Warwickshire, consecrated the Stoneleigh Lodge at Kenilworth. The sermon was preached by Canon T. Lane. In the afternoon there was a splendid banquet given to the Brethren of the Province by Lord Leigh in his riding house, which had been specially fitted up for the occasion. I, as Provincial Senior Grand Warden of Staffordshire, returned thanks for our Provincial Grand Lodge, remarking, however, that I did not think I ought to be called upon to respond for strangers, seeing that Lord Leigh had just made me an honorary member of the Stoneleigh Lodge.

On Friday, February 19th, Lord Palmerston was defeated in the House of Commons on the second reading of the Conspiracy Bill, being left in a minority of nineteen. Lord Palmerston resigned and the Earl of Derby became Prime Minister.

One of the chief conspirators in the diabolical plot to assassinate the Emperor of the French was Dr. Simon François Bernard (*b.* 1817), a revolutionary anarchist of the very worst type. It came out in evidence that he had himself manufactured the bombs which were thrown by Orsini and the other accomplices. A strong interpellation from the French Foreign Office induced Lord Palmerston's Government to order the arrest of Dr. Bernard, who was

tried at the Old Bailey. Partly, however, by the foolish tenderness of our sentimentalists in England for criminal aliens, and partly by a somewhat widespread reaction against any idea of foreign dictation, Bernard was acquitted on April 17th, 1858.

During this spring the American horse-tamer Rarey began to give exhibitions of his wonderful power of taming vicious horses and unbroken colts. This was at first a secret, which was revealed to subscribers of ten pounds. I went up to town and learned the art. Rarey held his *séances* in Motcomb Street, somewhere about where the Pantechicon now stands. He used, in his early appearances, to be left alone with a restive or vicious horse in a loose box, while the audience waited outside. In about a quarter of an hour they were invited to return to seats all round the box, and used to find the horse lying perfectly passive, and one of Rarey's feet resting on its ribs. The will of the horse appeared to be entirely dominated by that of the man. Rarey had tamed a peculiarly vicious horse of the name of "Cruiser," the property of Lord Dorchester, and so docile did this horse become in Rarey's hands, and so affectionate to him, that Lord Dorchester bestowed the animal upon him as a gift. When we "ten-pounders," as the subscribers were called, attended for our first instruction in Motcomb Street, we were naturally all agog to learn this mysterious secret. We were bound to secrecy until a certain date. The horse to be first experimented upon was "Cruiser," and, besides him, there was always at least one strange horse which had not had experience of Rarey's system. He first stood perfectly still on the straw in the box, as soon as he entered it, and faced the horse with his open hand stretched out. He remarked that horses are "naturally curious," and so it proved. The horse soon pricked up its ears and looked at Rarey, who never moved. After a while it stretched out its neck, and little by little approached him and snuffed at his hand. Gradually he managed to stroke its head very gently, continuing until *by very slow degrees* he managed to stroke its neck and finally its fore-legs. The success, so far, varied according to the different temperaments of horses, but Rarey told me that, when he made his first experiment on "Cruiser," who had become, by injudicious treatment, a very vicious horse, he had to handle him tentatively through the spokes

of the wheel of a wagon. Little by little Rarey got a surcingle round the horse's body, and a snaffle into its mouth. When all this had been attained, which I should have thought impossible had I not myself done it afterwards with considerable, but not invariable, success, Rarey explained to us that the system is founded on a profound study of the disposition of the animal, and to convince it by kindness that man is its friend, and then, by the discipline of the straps, that he is its master. He now produced from his pocket a rolled-up strap and buckle about the consistency of a narrow stirrup leather. Standing on the near side of the horse, he passed a loop of the strap round the horse's near fetlock, and then gradually induced it to raise its fore-leg. Passing the strap round the outside of the foreleg, he fastened it with a buckle, so that the horse was now standing on its off fore-leg and two hind-legs. Rarey now left the horse free to hop about on three legs, which some horses did quietly, but others very impetuously. When the horse showed signs of getting tired, he again approached it, and drew from his pocket a second strap. This was longer than the other, with a slip loop at the end. Standing on the near side of the horse, just behind the strapped-up fore-leg, Rarey passed the loop of the second strap round the fetlock of the off fore-leg, drew it tight, and slipped the end which he held in his right hand through the surcingle. With his left hand on the bridle, he turned the horse's head towards him, and, as he gave the horse a push with his own right shoulder, his right hand drew up the second strap. The effect of this was to double up both the fore-legs of the horse, who sank down on its knees on the straw. Now began the real struggle between horse and man; the horse springing and plunging, but falling again and again on its knees; the man keeping close up to it the whole of the time, maintaining hold with his left hand on the bridle, and his right hand so firmly on the surcingle as never to allow the horse's off fore-leg to slip down again. It was a case of endurance, but, in all cases that I saw or acted in, the man got the mastery, and the horse succumbed, rolling on to its side, and lying perfectly motionless. Then Rarey would begin to caress and reassure the horse, but carefully standing at the back of it, and keeping well away from its legs. Some few horses I have seen renew the battle, and for that he was always prepared, but this did not happen often.

He would now stroke the horse all over, talking gently to it; and after a while would remove the straps. He would then raise the horse into a sitting attitude, and would exhibit before its nose every object to be made use of. The horse was allowed to look at and smell the saddle, and he would then put it on its back. He would hold a small drum under its nose and caress the horse with it, gradually beginning to drum, the horse not minding it in the least. I broke a thoroughbred filly of my father's in this manner at Sudbury, and, after the fiercest fight I ever had with a horse, I rattled my hat under her nose, shook my mackintosh loudly in front of her; and when I left her, saddled and bridled, an old man was leading her round and round the paddock to cool her before she returned to the hovel in the corner of the field.

Many people made the mistake of supposing that one treatment would suffice for turning an unbroken colt into a well-broken horse, but that was far from being the case. It was not always necessary to apply the straps again, but the "gentling" process, as Rarey called it, had to be continued from day to day. I had a pretty little three-year-old filly, who took the treatment so intelligently that, if I went into her box and raised her near fore-leg, I had only got to lay hold of her off leg, when she would at once lie down and become completely submissive.

The first time that I witnessed a practical demonstration of Rarey's system was at Shugborough. William Davenport Bromley, M.P. (who afterwards, by the death of his cousin, became William Davenport Bromley-Davenport of Capesthorpe), was staying at Shugborough, and after luncheon we all adjourned to the stables and waited, while he was left alone in a loose box with a restive horse. In due course we were admitted, and saw the horse in a complete state of subjection, such as I have described above. Bromley then asked Lichfield to let him try and "rarey-fy" the prize bull at the farm. This proposition was hailed with a universal chorus of assent, and, eight o'clock the next morning having been fixed as the hour, the whole of the house party assembled outside the building into which William Bromley and the bull entered, and the door was shut. We waited, and waited, but in vain. All was as silent as the grave. At last so great a state of alarm was created, that Lichfield decided to knock. There was no

answer. Our alarm became greater and greater, and then Lichfield decided to open the door. The box was empty! It had two doors, and the stablemen informed Lichfield that William Bromley, not having succeeded with the bull, had caused it to be taken back to the farm, while he himself slipped quietly upstairs and went back to bed, leaving us to cool our heels and our tempers as best we could, while he enjoyed a laugh at our expense. The secret of his failure was that the bull stood solid, and by no effort could Bromley succeed in lifting its fore-leg.

On May 13th my friend and distant kinsman Colonel George Vernon of Hilton, Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of Staffordshire, came to stay with us at Wolseley, and on the 14th he accompanied me to Uttoxeter, and at a meeting of the Foresters' Lodge, held in the Town Hall, he installed me Worshipful Master of that Lodge. I refurnished the Lodge Room and performed several initiations. The following May (1859) I became Past Master.

On May 28th some of the Shugborough party came over to see us in the afternoon, including Lichfield, the Marquess (afterwards Duke) of Abercorn, Admiral the Honourable John Gordon, and the great Sir Edwin Landseer. They made a minute inspection of my poultry cages, animals, etc. My retriever Belle, a most prolific old lady, had recently produced a litter of twelve pups, which were then about six weeks old, and which greatly interested Landseer. I had among my poultry an enormous Brahma-Pootra cock—over two feet high—and also an exceedingly pretty game Bantam cock, a very game-cock in miniature—very agile, and of undaunted courage. I used sometimes to let these two have a sparring match, which was very funny, and they never hurt each other. The Brahma would square up with an unwieldy elephantine bound. The Bantam would make a feint at his huge adversary's head, then quickly dive under his legs and attack the back of his comb. Four years afterwards I met Landseer walking with Dick (Colonel the Honourable Richard) Charteris at the Zoological Gardens (not then christened the Zoo), and he reminded me about the retriever pups, and about the cock-fight.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER IV

I received the following letters from Mr. Carlyle, to whom I lent my picture of Frederick the Great by Francke of Potsdam, at the request of William Bingham, second Lord Ashburton:—

(1)

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
Wednesday Evening,
April 21st, 1858.

DEAR SIR,

Your man has just delivered me your Note and the Picture of Frederic the Great; for which distinguished act of politeness I can in the meantime only return many thanks. I will have the case opened in the course of to-morrow; and then write farther. I much fear there has some slight *breakage* taken place (a bit of the frame most probably,—got in the railway, the men say); but I will write farther so soon as I have seen.

For the present, with my sincere thanks for so unusual a favour,

I remain,
 Yours very sincerely obliged
 T. CARLYLE.

(2)

CHELSEA,
April 22nd, 1858.

DEAR SIR,

I have now delivered the Picture into the light of day, and a very interesting Picture it is. First, however, let me say that there is intrinsically no harm done by the carriage; a small appendage of the Frame, the little crown-royal at the top (which had been glued on, not nailed on, about 80 years ago, and but carelessly then) has disengaged itself in the shaking of the railway, and gone dancing a little over the canvas, injuring the *varnish*, varnish and nothing more, to a quite insignificant extent in one or two places: that is all; and already the touch of a wet finger has rendered it imperceptible. But indeed I think the Picture, before going home again, ought to be a little refreshed by new varnishing, etc.—and the *label*, which is "Frederick 3rd" (a common English and French error in those days) ought to be made "Fredc. II," and the Painter's name given.

There is no doubt but this Picture is by Francke: I know two *brothers* of it in Berlin: one of them personally since about five

years ; the other by report of good witnesses who have examined it for me since I saw *former*. They are all three from Francke's hand,—quite uncertain which of them he did first ; and indeed quite immaterial,—inasmuch as Fredc. never “sat” to him, or to anybody, after his Accession (1740), tho' there are excellent deliberate Portraits of him before that event, that is, in his 28th year and earlier. This of Francke's I consider,—and better judges than I consider it,—the best Likeness there is of the elderly Frederic (in 1775, he was 63) ; an obliging Berlin Artist (one Magnus, their chief Portrait Painter at present), seeing me pretty desperate of finding any *credible* likeness of Frederic in Berlin (where the incredible are plentiful enough), mentioned at last that the Portrait which of all others he, an *unhistorical* man and non-*painter*, liked best, was at a certain Banking House there (Daun und Splittgerber's, whose grandfathers had been Frederic's Bankers) ; and leading me thither, I thereupon, with great satisfaction, and warmly assenting to Magnus,—found the *brother* of your Picture ; which was an important discovery to me at that time (Autumn, 1853). Lord Ashburton, on my return home, was clear for having a Copy of the Picture ; and considerable correspondence ensued with that Magnus and others ; in the course of which a second *brother* (Portrait in the Mason Lodge at Berlin of which Frederic in his young time was nominal member) came to light, *facsimile* of the first, as the first is of yours ; but, for some reason or other, no Copy could ever be had. And now, happily, we are quite beyond the need of coveting any ! That is the history of your Picture, so far as known to me ; and that is the relation I am in to it. The Berlin people sent me a *Photograph* of their “Daun und Splittgerber” Painting ; which might be a *ditto* of yours. Francke must have picked up his likeness, as others did, by *watching* Fredc.—or it is perhaps conceivable the King may have helped him a little (allowed him to stand *nearer*, at some parade or so) for the Masons' or Daun & S's sake, *more* likely the Masons if either ;—but it is impossible to say which Picture was the first painted ; and possibly enough Francke (not much of an Artist, tho' eminently successful this time) may have painted *more* than these 3 that we know of ; and indeed may have been ready to supply any Tourist passing that way who liked to go to the expense.

The First Half of my poor Book on Fredc. is coming out in a couple of months. If I can ever do the latter Half, I had decided long ago that this was to be a frontispiece to one of the volumes ;—the Photograph to be engraved if we could do no better. Of course your Picture will do much better than a Photograph : but it will not be needed for perhaps two years ; or alas perhaps never at all, if matters go too hard with me !

In these circumstances, I think I will ask you to let me keep the Picture for a few weeks, till I satiate myself with seeing it ; once satiated, it will be safer that I return it to your own keeping till once the question of *engraving* rises,—a very glad question for me, but a fearful way off still !

If you chanced to be riding this way, I could with pleasure show you the Berlin Photograph. How pleasantly obliged I am by your kindness in sending me the Picture, I will not trouble you further by saying ; but for several reasons I ought to keep the fact well in remembrance.

Believe me Yours,
With many thanks and regards,

T. CARLYLE.

Hon. — Warren Vernon, etc. etc.

(3)

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
February 4th, 1860.

DEAR SIR,

I am much satisfied to hear of the beneficent Proprietor of my Picture again ; often lately, in the sad Prussian " whirlwind of paper-clippings " here (which is only *half* subdued yet, very far from *done* !), I have said to myself, This Picture at least ought to be returned to its place ! They are now engraving for me at Berlin the best Francke they there have (almost a facsimile of yours, only perhaps in better keeping), which will go into my Fourth or last volume, should I ever survive to finish that,—as I am trying hard to do ! This of yours is plainly superfluous here this long while, fronting me in a kind of reproachful way, for so many months past ; saying only, " Get on ; won't you get on ! " and the like sad things.

If you will have the goodness to tell me, by what conveyance, and to what specific address,—I will at once have the fierce King screwed into his Packing case again, and put upon the road.—The *railway* did him no ill last time, except shattering his *crown*, which is now glued well together again ; railway will do ; but some slower and quieter conveyance, if there is such, might be safer still. Lord Ashburton gave me, long ago, from some Catalogue now in your house, some Note referring to this Picture,—its date, first owner, etc.—I have lost the Note ; and could beg another copy if you would permit.

With true sense of your very great civility to me in this matter, I remain always

Yours much obliged

T. CARLYLE.

Wm. Wn. Vernon Esqr., etc., etc.

(4)

CHELSEA,
February 9th, 1860.

DEAR SIR,

The *Francke* King is packed in his case (*Crown Royal* secured by all the art our man had) ; and will now set out on his journey, so soon as you are kind enough to give us the word.

Our man, a kind of Frame-Maker, etc., and used to the trade of *sending* Pictures, thinks clearly the railway after all is the best conveyance.

We will still wait four days, for some hint from you on that point ; on the fifth day (that is about Tuesday or Wednesday next week), if nothing comes, we shall take for granted that "*Wolseley Hall*" is the intended home of the Picture, and write for the railway van to come and take charge of this valuable cargo.

I am sorry to give you all this trouble : which is a sorry return for your great kindness and politeness.

I remain always

Yours much obliged

T. CARLYLE.

W. W. Vernon, Esq., etc. etc.

(5)

CHELSEA,
February 10th, 1860.

DEAR SIR,

Thanks for the trouble you take. The *Francke* has got its new address put upon it ; and shall be (safely, we may hope) in Evans's ¹ hands to-morrow. If you hear nothing farther from me, please to consider that such is the case.—I understand our man took the Crown-royal off altogether (glue not being strong enough, in his opinion) ; and packed the fragments (all he had of them) in paper,—nailing the same to the box itself, lest they should get loose in the railway jinglings, and perhaps scratch the Picture. Some more solid finish to that part of the Frame (or indeed mere removal of the crown altogether) would evidently be advantageous.

There is no doubt but the Picture is an *original* : and to enhance and secure whatever worth it may have, I think you should introduce (fixed, say, on the back of the Canvas) that Note by the original Proprietor, which is in your Catalogue, and gives the date etc. in an authentic form,—needing only *your* signature (and the *new* date) to make it valid to the present and future time.—That Note was to me an essential part of the interest this Picture excited, and it ought not to be lost.

¹ Evans, picture-cleaner, Silver Street, Golden Square.

Francke was not a Painter of eminence, and I think is now pretty much forgotten; but from this Note in your Catalogue, added to what had turned up for me at Berlin, I considered it pretty evident that Francke was, then and there (viz. at Potsdam, 1773), considered by persons on the spot to have hit off Friedrich well, and to be the man whom an English Nobleman, wanting a Portrait of King Frh., ought to apply to. That is valuable testimony. And it completely coincides with the fact, so far as I could guess it from this distance of place and time. No likeness in Berlin, except that of Francke's, which they are now engraving, had the least credibility for me; and I ran the chance of leaving Berlin more *uncertain* about what the Physiognomy of Frh. had been than I ever was.—Friedrich never sat to any Painter after his accession (1740, in his 29th year); each had to watch for himself, and pick him up by memory or how he could. The Berlin Artists have now an *orthodox* likeness of F., which they have tacitly agreed upon, and will produce at once for any comer;—and many comers do believe in it; but to me the feat was impossible, and even contemptibly so.

My own notion is, Francke comes nearer the real likeness than anybody yet heard of; and accordingly I am having him engraved for my own use. This is all I know.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

I have in recent years presented the picture to the Athenæum, with a full account of how it came into the possession of Sir John Borlase-Warren. I also presented to the Club my own copy of Carlyle's *Friedrich II*, inside which are attached the originals of his letters to me.

CHAPTER V

SWITZERLAND—ROME—SICILY (1858—59)

WE had settled that we should like to pass a winter at Rome, preceded by a summer on the Lake of Geneva. On July 1st we started for Paris—Agnes and I, with Reggie and his maid, together with Tilley and Fichet. Louisa, my youngest sister (afterwards Mrs. Thomas Garnier), accompanied us with her little Swiss maid, Jennie (from the Rectory nursery), who afterwards became the very dignified “first dresser” to Frances Countess of Waldegrave.

Travelling by Folkestone and Boulogne, we went to the Hôtel de Westminster, in the Rue de la Paix, which was an excellent hotel in those days. While there, Agnes, Louisa, and I, accompanied by Guillaume Guizot, who had dined with us, went to the Théâtre Français and saw, amongst other things, that charming comedy in three acts, by Marivaux, entitled *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*. It was first acted in 1730, but is now one of the stock pieces of the Théâtre Français, and I have seen it several times since then. The parts were filled by a most powerful cast; consisting of the sisters Madeleine and Augustine Brohan, Got, Delaunay, and Regnier. Madeleine Brohan was then a most beautiful young woman. In after years I saw her act in London during the time of the siege of Paris (1871) as a very handsome middle-aged woman; and later on, in 1881, I saw her as a beautiful old lady take the part of the Duchesse de Réville in the delightful comedy by Edouard Pailleron, *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. Got became the Doyen of the Théâtre Français. Both he and Delaunay were great actors, and for many years were deservedly admired and respected as genuine ornaments of the French stage. A more delightful *comédienne*, in her various ages, than Madeleine Brohan I never saw.

Talking of the stage, two great events took place this

year. In the middle of February, the great bass singer Lablache died ; and, on May 8th, the great soprano, Thérèse Tietjens, made her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre, and for many years afterwards held the field in common with Adelina Patti as the greatest successors of Giulia Grisi. Poor Bosio would probably have attained equal eminence, but unhappily on one of her journeys to St. Petersburg the train got snowed up, and, the passengers being obliged to walk some distance in deep snow, she got a bad chill, which brought her to an untimely death.

Travelling was a good deal slower in those days, and the line from Macon to Geneva had been only recently opened. We did not therefore reach Geneva until the afternoon of the second day from Paris, and took up our quarters at the Hôtel des Bergues, which I had known well in my childhood.

We began at once hunting for a villa to spend three months in, but it was not easy to find, for most of the best ones were already taken in advance, and after a long and fruitless search we took the steamer to Vevey (on July 19th), where we encamped at the Hôtel des Trois Couronnes, and began a fresh search. Here we found very quickly what we wanted at Campagne Champ de Ban, about two miles up the hill-side overhanging Vevey. It was a large villa belonging to Monsieur Achère, a banker, which I hired for three months for £120, and we went at once and established ourselves in it.

On July 28th we moved bodily to Vevey, and took up our abode for the summer at Campagne Champ de Ban. The house was surrounded by a pretty garden and very large grounds, and these in their turn by most extensive vineyards. In Switzerland there are the most rigid penalties for even plucking a single grape when the grapes are ripening ; and many an unwary Englishman has suddenly found himself arrested and summarily sent to prison for any tampering with the vines. I found myself in much perplexity the very first week at the villa, for all my woman-kind, wife, sister, and three maids, vowed by all their gods that such a by-law did not apply to them, and that they would not be stopped from gathering grapes. I took counsel with the head gardener (a very nice man). The result was that I hired for a small extra payment a walled-in space of about a quarter of an acre, in which was grown a particularly succulent grape called *raisin framboisé*, and I informed

Agnes and her female cohort that this vineyard was now theirs. I think they were a little bit like war-horses suddenly taken back to barracks when the trumpets have sounded the *Pas de charge*, but by degrees the dilemma was solved, and peace ensued.

During this summer Donati's Comet (so called from its having been first seen by Dr. Donati at Florence) made its appearance. It was of great size, and we saw it continually.

On August 3rd, 5th, and 7th, I was present at a Tir, which I believed to have been at Nyon, but there is nothing in the present (1911) records to show that there was a Tir Cantonal held there that year. The Tir lasted six days, and I went there on the three mentioned above, and shot a good deal. I was a very fair shot, and got several small prizes, but never could have attained my father's great skill as a rifle-shot. As soon as it was known that "Lord Vernon's" son was shooting, people flocked to look on, but I fear they must have been considerably disillusioned.

An expedition was now planned to Martigny and the Great St. Bernard. There was no railway in those days, so Agnes, Louisa, Frank Boileau (who had come to stay with us) and I drove to Martigny in a carriage, changing vehicles at Bex, and slept the night in an hotel just opposite the churchyard. On the day following (August 17th) we started for the St. Bernard in a tiny *calèche* which just held the four of us, the guide driving in it the two mules which were to carry Agnes and Louisa from Orsières, the point beyond which the carriage could not go. We were rather amused at the guide's rhyming address to his favourite of the two mules, "Hi [pronounced Hee] Carabie!" though we found the *refrain* somewhat monotonous after three or four hours. For the mules' forage he carried a number of large loaves made of oats or rye, which he cut up and gave to them from time to time. The scenery was fine, but not so attractive as on some passes. After Orsières, Agnes and Louisa rode their mules, while Frank and I walked. The wild flowers formed a gorgeous carpet under our feet. The air was intensely invigorating, and we strode along as if fatigue were a thing unknown. After Liddes, however, (4,390 feet), poor Agnes began to feel the rarefaction of the air, and got such a violent headache that she could hardly sit her mule. By the time we reached the Hospice she was

so prostrate that the good Clavendier¹ (I suppose this means the "bursar") ordered her to bed at once and sent her some strong tea. All the bedrooms, or dormitories, were identical, *i.e.* between the door and the window of each were three comfortable beds, longwise along the walls, not crosswise, and a huge fire in each chimney. Agnes and Louisa had one room with three beds, while Frank and I had a similar one.

After visiting the mortuary in which are seen through a barred window the frozen and mummified corpses of unhappy travellers lost in the snow,² we attended Mass in the chapel and then returned to Martigny. On the following day Agnes and Louisa went back by road to Champ de Ban, while Frank and I started to walk across the Tête-Noire to Chamonix. We were taking a guide with a mule for our valises, but on second thoughts we decided on taking two mules and riding on them for some of the more dull parts of the excursion.

We lunched, if I remember aright, at the Hôtel de la Tête Noire, and, when we had finished our afternoon nap on the mules, we strode on from hour to hour, our condition improving at every mile; and at Argentières we crossed the frontier into what was then Italian Savoy. It was not until two years after this (in 1860) that Savoy was ceded to France by Italy as a compensation for the assistance given by the French armies in wresting Lombardy from Austria in 1859. From Argentières the exhilaration of our souls and bodies was so great that we could no longer restrain ourselves within a walking pace, but began running at a swinging trot, the guide and the mules following us at full canter, when the former remarked: "*Mais ces Messieurs marchent comme des chamois!*" This pace we kept up till we reached Chamonix about six in the evening.

At our hotel we met two Eton friends, Tom Fremantle, now Lord Cottesloe, and Robert Gurdon, afterwards Lord Cranworth, and were to have climbed two high peaks with them on the two ensuing days, but such drenching rain came on that, on the third day, Frank and I decided not to

¹ Clavendier: The superior monk that I allude to bore that designation. See Ducange, *Glossarium Mediae et Infimae Latinitatis*, s.v. *Clavarius*, one of three monks in Carmelite monasteries, each of whom was entrusted with a key opening a separate lock of the treasure chest of the monastery.

² I believe this mortuary is now closed up, and no longer shown to visitors.

stay, and drove down to Sallanches. Here, nowhere could we find a carriage, so we drove on to a small inn at a place called St. Martin, but which I am not now able to find on any map. The landlord of this little inn had been valet to a gentleman in England, who was some relation of Lady Rolle, and was much in love with English people, with their ways, with their dishes, not to mention a few tenderer reminiscences, in which he had played the part of a successful Lothario. He agreed to drive us in his little *calèche*, and entertained us all the way with sentences like this, which he fired off intermittently and suddenly like snapshots. "*Aaah ! vous avez le Ros-Bif, et le Blom-Poudinge, ah, que c'est bon, que c'est bon !* [pause] . . . *et puis . . . ah ! . . . le gigot bouilli . . . ze boiled mutton ! avec la sauce aux Capres—aaah ! que c'est bon, que c'est bon !*" and so on for hour after hour of our long drive. After dining at Bonneville, we arrived at Geneva, Hôtel des Bergues, late on the night of August 21st, and passed Sunday there. In coming out of morning church we met Arthur Peel, whom Frank knew very well, and he went for a walk with us until it was the hour of the midday *table d'hôte* dinner. He was afterwards the famous Speaker of the House of Commons, who became Viscount Peel, respected by everyone. Just thirty years afterwards, at Florence, we knew his eldest son, who, after taking a conspicuous part in the House of Commons, succeeded to his father's peerage (1912). I often think what a number of men in my life I have met and perhaps, for one short hour, have known almost intimately, and never met again. Here was a case in point. Mr. Speaker Peel was a man of extraordinary natural and unaffected dignity. I remember once seeing him at the Athenæum, lunching at the same table with Archbishop Benson. I feel quite sure that I never, before or since, saw *together* two such dignified men. I thought of Dante's description of the illustrious shades in Limbo :

" Genti v'eran con occhi tardi e gravi,
Di grande autorità ne' lor sembianti."

" On it [the meadow] were there people with eyes [that moved] slowly and majestically, of great authority in their mien."

DANTE, *Inferno*, IV, 103, 104.

On the following day we returned to Vevey. One afternoon Frank Boileau and I rowed across the Lake from

Vevey to St. Gingolph, about six miles, and back. When we got home we had an early dinner, and then started on foot, accompanied by our gardener, Edouard Kraoutz, for a guide, about 10 p.m. After passing through Montreux, we made the ascent, in the night, of the Rochers de Naÿe, which overhang Vevey, thence to obtain a view of the sun rising over the Bernese Oberland. There is a Grand Hôtel there now! I will not even attempt to describe the view. It was supremely lovely, and we could not have got such another chance had we waited six months. When we got down again to the saddle in the hills which divide the Rochers de Naÿe from the Dent de Jaman, we found a dairy farm, where we invigorated ourselves by having a cow milked into two glasses of Curaçoa. It was a potent elixir! We raced up to the top of the Dent de Jaman, which sticks up its head like a dog's tooth. Here we thought we were going to have a splendid view of the Lake, when almost in an instant a great bank of thick white clouds swooped down upon us and enveloped us in a thick mist. What was our astonishment to witness that curious phenomenon which has been called the Spectre of the Brocken! We could see immensely magnified shadows of ourselves cast upon the bank of cloud, reproducing all our motions in the form of gigantic but misty images. This vision was but momentary, for the clouds were swept away, and we stood upon the narrow surface of the Peak in all the splendour of the morning sunshine, while, fully a hundred feet below us, we caught sight of a great eagle poised nearly motionless on his wings.

At the beginning of September, Frank having left us, Agnes, Louisa, and myself spent a few days at Interlaken. On September 4th, with a guide called Bentz, I made the ascent of the Faulhorn. We left Interlaken at 5 a.m., and drove to Grindelwald, from where to the summit the usual time allowed is five hours. We, however, were not bound by any such restrictions or limits, and made the ascent in three hours and a half. It is so long ago that I have pretty much forgotten all the splendid peaks that we saw, but the views were glorious, and the air seemed to put a giant's strength into one. The last half-hour we had to walk in deep snow, but we did not mind that, and reached the little hotel on the summit in fine condition for our lunch. Here I met the celebrated professional photographer, Mon-

sieur Braün of Dornach in Alsace. He was in a great state of irritation, because a rascally porter, who was carrying some of his apparatus, had surreptitiously emptied his nitrate of silver solution on to the snow, finding it heavy, and not knowing that he would be detected by the snow having turned black at the spot where he emptied it.

After our return to Vevey, I went to Heidelberg to see my father, who was there on his way to drink the waters at Wildbad. I arrived on September 14th, and found him and his secretary Patella at the excellent Hôtel Prinz Carl. We took a delightful drive among the wooded hills, and with Patella I afterwards drove to the Wolfsbrunnen, a restaurant situated in deep woods on a high hill. In a pond here there are some gigantic trout who are fed for the amusement of visitors. Heidelberg is situated in an enchanting position on the Neckar, and is one of the loveliest spots in Germany. The principal attraction is the old Castle or Schloss, which is of the greatest historic interest, though a description of it would not be possible within the limits of this work. We were shown the famous breed of ginger-coloured dachshunds, and I bought two young ones. I was back at Vevey on the 17th of the month.

It having been settled that I should escort Louisa back to England, as she was not going on to Italy with us, on October 4th I started with her and her maid by steamer to Geneva, and by train to Macon, where we slept. We got to Paris on the 5th, and slept at the Hôtel de Westminster. The next day, before starting for England, I went to Lefaucheux, the gun-maker in the Rue Vivienne, and bought one of his famous breech-loaders (16 bore) for 278 francs (£11). A better gun I never wish to shoot with; I used it continually, and for four or five years lent it to Frank Boileau for a great deal of Norfolk shooting. It went with me to Norway, and I gave it, when I finally left Monen in 1898 (forty years afterwards), as a parting gift to my bailiff, Jakob Nödings, who had served me during twenty summer seasons.

We left Paris on the night of the 6th, reached London on the 7th, and went straight on to Derby and Sudbury, where I deposited Louisa at the Rectory.

On the 14th I stopped the day in Paris, and, being very keen on the subject of fencing, I went to the famous Grisier, saw his fencing school, had a single lesson from him which

impressed me greatly, and bought his great work, royal 8vo, *Les Armes et le Duel*. We now began to pack up for our journey to Italy.

We made a *vetturino* contract with our carriage proprietor, Monsicur Gillard, that he and his man Daniel (our usual coachman) should drive us in two carriages from Vevey over the Simplon to Baveno on the Lago Maggiore. On October 20th, we took our departure from our charming villa Champ de Ban. We seem to have gone by railway to Bex, and met M. Gillard and his carriages there. We dined at Martigny, and slept the first night at Sion. On the 21st we dined at Tourtemagne and slept at Brieg. On the following day we ascended the Pass, had our *déjeuner* at Simplon village, and then descended by Gondo and Isella (Italian frontier) to Domo d'Ossola, which we reached before sunset. The ravine of Gondo is deep, narrow, and wild; and the lofty crags seem to overhang one and shut one in. It was an intense relief to emerge into the fertile Valle d'Ossola, which is strikingly Italian, with villages and campanili dotted about all over the pleasing landscape.

A short day's drive brought us to Baveno. The Hôtel de la Poste, where we had often stayed before in the days of my childhood, does not exist any longer as an hotel, only as a private house. Here we took leave of our Swiss *voituriers*, Monsieurs Gillard and Daniel, and went by boat to the new hotel on the Isola Bella, the most charming of the Borromean Islands, which are such a feature of the Lago Maggiore. On October 24th we visited the Lago d'Orta, perhaps the most beautiful of all the lakes in Lombardy. On the Monte d'Orta, which is laid out as a park, there were erected, in the sixteenth century, twenty chapels in honour of St. Francis of Assisi, each containing a scene from his history in painted life-size figures in terra-cotta, admirably executed. The hill also goes by the name of the Sacro Monte. The little man who acted as our guide up it was in the highest spirits, combining devotion and merriment in a way that was both attractive and irresistibly ludicrous. On taking our departure from Isola Bella, we quitted what was the then Kingdom of Sardinia, and crossed with all our luggage in a large boat to Laveno, on the other side of the lake, and in Austrian territory. After some trouble with extortionate porters, Custom House officers, and carriage proprietors, we found ourselves at last in a *vetturino*

vehicle which took us to Varese, where we had luncheon, and then pursued our road to Como. After a night at Como (October 26th), we went on by train to Milan, where, at the Hôtel de la Ville, we found my father and Patella. We left Milan on November 2nd, and went on to Turin (Hôtel de l'Europe).

On our last evening at Turin we had an experience which was extremely eventful, and might have been highly tragic. We went to the Teatro Carignano for a performance of the opera of *Rigoletto*, which we very much desired to hear again. There was at that time a prevalent, but most exasperating custom in Italy, to divide an opera into two moieties, and to sandwich a long ballet in between. On this occasion there was a *danseuse* performing in the ballet (which was in five acts), who was arousing the greatest enthusiasm in Italy just then. When the first part of *Rigoletto* had been completed, Agnes and I were so anxious to see the other half, that we determined to sit through the interminable ballet. There was but one single entrance to the theatre for the audience, for the stage performers, and for the staff. As soon as the ballet began, the theatre filled to its utmost capacity, until there was no more standing room in it. Every gangway was crammed. I forget how far the ballet had progressed, perhaps a couple of acts, when, in the middle of a dancing scene, a woman in plain clothes darted on to the stage, seized a child who was dancing and carried her off, followed by the irate manager. At that instant a great puff of smoke came out from the wings. Never shall I forget the hoarse roar with which all the audience sprang to their feet. "*Fuoco, fuoco!*" The manager stepped quickly forward to the footlights, holding up his hands in a way to deprecate panic, and said in a firm voice: "*Il fuoco ha preso una delle camere di toeletta, ma non è niente—si spegnerà subito* (one of the dressing-rooms has caught fire, but it is of no consequence, and will be put out directly)." He then recalled the dancers, and, beating time with his hands and foot, started them again, but in half a minute there came another great wave of smoke and flame, and the whole *corps de ballet* ran shrieking across the stage. Our box was just by the staircase, so I thought it best to get Agnes out before the great rush came. We were none too soon, however, for a terrified *coryphée*, dressed as a harlequin, as she fell fainting on the floor, clasped

Agnes round the waist, and I had some trouble in unclasping her hands. When we got to the top of the staircase, I saw Tilley waiting for us at the bottom with a shepherd's plaid wrapped about him. He forced his way up the stairs against the crowd, and he taking Agnes by one arm, and I by the other, we fought our way out in safety. Agnes behaved with the greatest coolness and courage for so long as she was in danger, but, as soon as she had got back safely to her room at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and into good old Fichet (Mrs. Tilley's) sympathising arms, she fainted right off in good earnest.

We left Turin the next morning somewhere about ten, and travelled by train to Genoa. We found ourselves in the same carriage with Lord Lilford, whom I had known at Christ Church as Powys. He was always a great sportsman as well as naturalist, and as an ornithologist, in after life, he had few rivals. One of our toasts at Christ Church was "Mr. Powys and the Trigger." In his rooms in Canterbury Quad at Christ Church, he had a variety of birds and beasts. Robert Harris Temple, whom we called "Jet," thus described, in his dulcet and effeminate voice, a supposed visit to Powys's rooms: "I went to see Powys the other morning. As I opened the door, I was greeted by a boa-constrictor, a racoon seized me by the skirts of my coat, and a large sea-gull flew into my face!" Lilford was a right good fellow, and a great favourite with everybody; genuinely sincere, and with a total absence of "side."

A few weeks before we met him, he had been the hero of an episode at Berne which might well have proved a sad tragedy but for his quick presence of mind and indomitable pluck. He was leaning over the railings and looking down on to the bear-pit where the large bears, which are themselves the emblem of the city and canton of Berne, are treasured in a public place. All of a sudden a stupid nursery-maid let a baby fall down into the pit. As it fell on to the back of one of the bears, it was not killed, but its danger from the beasts was imminent. Without an instant's hesitation, Lilford vaulted over the railings, let himself down into the pit, picked up the baby, and called out to the terrified spectators to shower down food to distract the bears' attention. This they did, and the bear keeper being fortunately at hand, Lilford and his charge were safely passed out by the iron door at the side. It is easy

to talk of, but how few would have given such a noble example of self-sacrifice to save an unknown child !

We reached the Hôtel d'Italie at Genoa (down by the Harbour) about two o'clock on November 5th, and had very nice rooms there. We had a visit from Tubino, the head of the Accademia delle Belle Arti, whom my father had asked to come and see us, and for several days, under his auspices, we visited all the palaces, galleries, churches, and other sights. He was most useful to us and very kind. What interested us most was the Palazzo Brignole (also called the Palazzo Rosso), because, years before, Lady Catherine Boileau had lived there with her father, Lord Minto. We commissioned Tubino to make us copies in water-colour of two beautiful boys by Vandyck. The Palazzo Brignole has now become a Government Gallery. In it are the two magnificent portraits by Vandyck : the one, of the Marchesa Brignole-Sale, a lovely woman who is said to have been the *bonne-amie* of Vandyck ; the other, of the Marchese himself, a very handsome swarthy man on a horse riding towards the spectator—life size—and not unlike Vandyck's portraits of Charles I.

We left Genoa on the 9th by sea by the French Messageries steamer, and, landing at Leghorn on the morning of the 10th, went on at once by train to Pisa, where we stopped for a night. Here we were rapturously received at the Hôtel Vittoria, by old Piegaja, the landlord, who had formerly been Sir John Boileau's courier.

The next day we went on to Florence by rail. We found splendid rooms at the Hôtel Nuova York, the landlord of which, Gregorio Faini, had in 1842 been the waiter specially shut up with us in our apartment at the Hôtel de York when Adelaide and I had scarlet fever. He gave us a most kind and friendly welcome, and said we should be content with his prices. We had a fine sitting-room, about thirty feet square, on the second floor, facing the Arno, and opening into a large bedroom ; this in turn opened into a room for me, which led into one for Mary and Reggie, while, round the corner facing the back street, was a room for Tilley and his wife (Fichet). Faini gave us all this for twenty francs a day. At the present day these rooms would fetch sixty francs *at the very least!* We very soon had a visit from old Chevalier d'Arlens. He was always very nice to me, but in his natural demeanour was as stiff as a poker,

While he was paying us his first visit, the waiter brought me a card, "Giunio Carbone."¹ I showed it to D'Arlens, asking him if he knew the name. He said very contemptuously: "Oh yes, he is a literary man whom your father used to employ. Quite a middle-class person! I should just bow, but not shake hands." I told the waiter to show the gentleman in, when in bounced a little man, like an indiarubber ball, made us all a most courteous bow, kissed Agnes's hand, shook hands cordially with me, and then, perceiving D'Arlens standing perfectly erect, exclaimed: "O Signor Cavaliere!" and before the indignant D'Arlens could prevent him, he had kissed him on both cheeks with a ringing smack at each kiss. I thought D'Arlens would have had a fit, but he had to get over it. Carbone was a great bibliographical luminary, and when I went back to Florence, some years afterwards, I found him the head librarian of the great Magliabecchiana Library (now called the *Biblioteca Nazionale*). In early life he had been my father's private secretary. He was the most wonderful calligraphist I ever saw, and his pen-and-ink sketches and his infinitesimally minute writing required a magnifying glass to decipher. He had his Florence at his fingers' ends, and, while D'Arlens very kindly piloted us among my father and mother's friends in Florence society, Carbone, in the most indefatigable way, conducted us every day to see everything that we ought to see at Florence, giving us the most lucid and learned explanations, to the great indignation of the *cicerone* of the hotel, who wished to do all this himself, after his own fashion.

Acting upon advice, we decided upon travelling to Rome by what was known as a *convenzione di posta*; that is, the central posting establishment at Florence agreed to furnish us with two carriages with four horses for 1,556 francs, and convey us to Rome in so many days, with due allowance for stoppages, for a given sum, they paying post-horses and post-boys all along the road, and supplying us with a conductor, who would make all the arrangements and payments. This saved us a great deal of worry, but it was eminently unsatisfactory to the post-boys, who were thus prevented from exercising their usual practices of extortion.

¹ I had, no doubt, seen him in my childhood, among the many Dantists who frequented my father's house in 1841, but his name had lapsed from my memory.

"*Convenzione!*" one of the post-boys would growl to the ostler, as he threw himself out of his saddle on arriving at the post-house where we changed horses. Our conductor, whose name was Pietro Loi, was a handsome young man of about thirty, quick, thoroughly up to his work, and very civil and obliging. Agnes and I were in an open britchka with Giuseppe in the rumble, and Pietro Loi travelled on the close carriage in which were Reggie with Fichet and Mary. Our first day (November 29th) was from Florence to Arezzo, where we slept. During the first two hours out of Florence, we were invited to alight at a certain church, the name of which I forget. To the right of the entrance we were shown the dried-up, mummified remains of some unfortunate victim of mediæval cruelty, who had been walled up in here alive! The brickwork opposite the head had been replaced by a small wooden door, which, being unlocked, exhibited to us the ghastly spectacle of a fellow-creature who had died in intense suffering, as the convulsed features showed.

We left Arezzo the next morning (November 30th). Agnes and I visited the Cathedral before daylight, and saw a very large congregation devoutly kneeling at Low Mass. We had been in some doubt about which route to Rome to take from Florence. Many people went by Siena, Radicofani, and Viterbo; but there were a good many brigands about, most actively employed, and, after weighing the *pros* and *cons* as carefully as we could, we decided upon the route by Perugia and Terni. This was perhaps fortunate for us, as some acquaintances of ours *were* stopped on the Radicofani route, and were considerably robbed, but the lady saved her jewel-case by the same expedient as that adopted by Rachel when she had stolen her father's images and sat on them while he was searching Jacob's tents. Furthermore, she seems to have poured upon the brigands such a torrent of obloquy that they were glad to retire, and beat a retreat from the asperity of her tongue.

As we journeyed towards the Lake of Thrasymene, we passed Cortona perched on a lofty hill to our left. The road then took us close along the shores of the lake, over the very battlefield where Hannibal had inflicted upon the Romans such a crushing defeat at the celebrated battle of Thrasymene.

Early in the afternoon (December 1st), we entered the

Papal States at the frontier custom house at Magione. There was, of course, the usual long and wearisome examination of passports and luggage, but we eventually got clear of it all, and reached the posting house at the foot of the very steep hill (985 feet above the valley of the Tiber) on which Perugia is situated. Here a yoke of two bullocks was harnessed in front of the horses of each carriage, and we commenced our exasperatingly slow progress along the steep road which winds in gradual curves up the hill. I have no record of the name of our hotel, but, for those days, it was a very nice one, and the landlord most obliging. Poor man, his end was tragic, as he was one of the victims of the massacre by the Papal Swiss troops in the following year (June 20th, 1859). When the infuriated soldiery rushed into the town, the poor landlord opened the door to inform the commanding officer that he had foreign families staying in his hotel, and to request protection for them. A volley was instantly fired at him, and he fell dead on his own doorstep!

On our third day we went from Perugia to Terni, leaving Assisi on our left. Had we been a little older, we should certainly have passed at least one day there. We got to Spoleto rather late in the afternoon, and the landlord of the hotel, like all of his kidney, made the most serious attempts to induce us to remain in his hotel for the night, by trying to alarm us with stories of brigands, etc. But this would have altered our organised programme, and, although we were not altogether without misgivings, we settled to persevere on our journey. I must say it was rather nervous work on the mountain roads in the dark, but fortune favoured us, and we got to our hotel at Terni late at night, but without mishap.

From Terni the next day (December 4th) we decided to go through to Rome at all hazards. We heard alarming rumours of the Tiber being in flood and having overflowed the road in more than one place, but, allowing for misstatements by interested hotel-keepers, and the probability of inaccuracies, we felt that no good would come from waiting; on the contrary, the floods would be far more likely to get worse. We therefore pushed on as fast as we could. At Civita Castellana the landlord of the hotel told me of an English gentleman of the name of Vernon who was in his hotel, and who had been stopped by the floods

that day. I went upstairs and made acquaintance with an American Mr. Vernon, a very agreeable man, whom I often met afterwards. The circumstances that applied to him, however, did not apply to us, as he had attempted to reach Rome by the Via Flaminia, from which there is no outlet either to the right or left. We were going by the ordinary post road. It was dark by the time we reached the Ponte Molle. The floods were out between the bridge and the Porta del Popolo, and we had to brave them with torch-bearers on the carriages. It was very nervous work, but we won through it and reached our apartment on the Trinità dei Monti about 8 p.m. The house, because it was four-square, was called Casa dei Quattro Venti. It was situated on the very top edge of the great stairway (*Gradinata di Spagna*).

We had to do what many other people did, and have all our meals sent to us from Spillmann's in the Via Condotti, close at hand, at the bottom of the steps. On the whole we were well served, but it is a very unappetising way of being fed. The views from our apartment were splendid. One side of the house looked south all over Rome, to the west we looked towards the Pincio, the Obelisk, and the Church of the SS. Trinità dei Monti, to the east towards the Quirinal and the Palazzo Barberini, to the north we looked down on the end of the Via Sistina. We hired two very nice-looking carriages, open and close, with a highly intelligent coachman, and two fine black Roman horses.

Our doctor was the celebrated Pantaleoni, one of the foremost in promoting Italian unity, and who, the following year, was banished by the Papal Government. His wife was an Englishwoman. Under the Kingdom of Italy he became a Deputy in the Chamber at Turin.

A very prominent person this winter in English society was Mr. (afterwards Lord Odo) Russell, who later in life became Lord Ampthill. He was in the Diplomatic Service, and, while nominally a secretary of the British Legation at Florence, was actually an informal envoy to the Papal Court. A couple who attracted much attention that season were John Astley (afterwards Sir John) and his wife, who were newly married. He was either a captain or a major at this time, and had been a brother officer of my brother Augustus in the Scots Fusilier Guards. He was wounded at the battle of the Alma, and, from his always addressing

men with "I say, mate," he came to be generally known as "the Mate." Mrs. Astley was a daughter of Mr. Corbett of Elsham Hall, Lincolnshire. Astley used to make himself conspicuous from his unconventional ways. In those days no one ever dreamed of being seen on the Pincio in the afternoon except with a tall hat and black coat. Astley affected the most rowdy style of clothes, not even cut as a gentleman's tailor would have turned them out, and he used to drive Mrs. Astley about the Pincio and the Villa Borghese in a most plebeian-looking shandrydan, in rough grey clothes and a flat hat like Jack Spraggon's in *Soapey Sponge*. He was well described in my hearing by a contemporary Guardsman, Colonel (afterwards General) Lord Henry Percy, V.C., while walking about at Veii with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The latter, speaking of Astley, remarked to Percy: "Most extraordinary-looking young man that! Is he a gentleman?" "Oh, yes," replied Henry Percy, "he is that. He is of a very good family, and a most gallant officer, but he has taken the strange fancy both in dress, language, and demeanour, to assume the manners of a bargee!"

Before leaving the subject of "Mate Astley," I would mention that not long before his death, in 1894, he published his *Memoirs*, but most of his acquaintances and friends profoundly regretted the sentiments therein expressed, as being painfully wanting in good taste. Out of old friendship for him I bought the book, but hastily disposed of it as soon as I had read it, and I fancy many other purchasers did the same. It jarred painfully against our sense of what was "good form."

John Gibson, the great sculptor, was at Rome at this time, and I met him at dinner at the Stratford de Redcliffes. He inveighed a good deal against the hideousness of men's dress, and gave it as his opinion that they ought to be dressed in black velvet. He had recently revived the use of colour in statuary, and notably so in a beautiful production well known as "Gibson's Venus."

After Christmas my old Italian master, Tommaso Gordini, came to Rome, and, through the recommendation of Bob Lindsay, was appointed to give lessons to the Prince of Wales. He used to come and teach Agnes during our breakfast; and I may remark, by the way, that little Gordini was well known among his oldest pupils (among others

Lady Crawford, Mrs. Holford, Bob Lindsay, and myself) for his readiness to fix a lesson in close proximity to the hour of a meal.

I now began to work most actively at my photography, and took views all over Rome. They were mostly done by the wet collodion process, and developed and washed at once in a photographic carriage, which was of immense utility, but I did a few with dry plates that I had bought, though the results of these latter were hard. It was only in 1861 that I began to prepare my own dry plates, and attained a good deal of success with them, particularly with those prepared by the tannin process. One of the troubles of the wet collodion process was that one used to get one's hands so black with nitrate of silver. One afternoon I was working in the Forum, and, at the end of a long day, was tidying up before going home, when, as I opened the carriage door and emerged in my shirtsleeves, my arms bare and much blackened, and was emptying a bucket of refuse liquid on the ground, I found myself face to face with a group who seemed somewhat amused by my appearance. As I looked at them, I became aware of Henry Percy's single eye-glass focused pitilessly upon me. Then I realised my position! I was in the presence of the Prince of Wales and his suite, who were being piloted about Rome by Henry Percy. They laughed heartily. I tried to do the same, but the effort was feeble!

Another day I was shut up in my photographic carriage, with the yellow blinds closed, and, in equal state of photographic uncleanness and *déshabillé*, I was washing up my developing cups and china dishes as I drove home. We had got into the Via Sistina, not two hundred yards from my door, when the carriage pulled up with a jerk, the door was thrown open by two *gens-d'armes*, who said to me: "*Bisogna scendere, ecco il Papa!*" (you must get out, here is the Pope!) I had to tumble out in all my disarray, and, as I bowed (only Roman Catholics knelt), I saw the benevolent face of Pius IX, signing a blessing over me. Tableau!

One morning while I was about to photograph the Arch of Constantine, with my head under my velvet cloth, I discovered that I had got into my picture another photographer, occupied like myself. I waited until he had done, when I discovered that it was George Salting, who had been with me at Eton, and who, during the next fifty years of his

life, formed those marvellous art collections which, with princely generosity, he has bequeathed to his native land.

While Salting was at Eton, he was, from his youth having been passed in Australia, rather a butt among the other boys in his tutor's (Coleridge) house. They gammoned him into believing that no game in England could be shot without leave from the Duke of Wellington, and, knowing the Duke's invariable custom to answer all letters himself, they induced poor Salting to write to the great Duke and ask him if yellow-hammers might be shot within certain dates. The answer came back by return of post as follows :

“ F.M. the Duke of Wellington does not know G. Salting, he is an impostor.”

We made one day an expedition to Veii. I forget who all the party were, but among the number were Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Louisa and Katty Canning, and Henry Percy. On coming to a small rapid stream which crossed the road, Lord Stratford sent for the miller, and commanded him in his imperious way to divert the stream before we returned in the afternoon. It was in vain that the miller protested that he had no means of so diverting it. Lord Stratford was adamant. It *must* be done! On our return I need hardly say that the stream was still flowing in its usual course. “ *Dove è il molinaro?* ” said Lord Stratford in a very stern voice. The miller came humbly with deprecating hands. “ *Voi siete un impertinente—Vi ho detto di voltare il fiume!* ” “ *Ma Eccellenza,* ” protested the poor miller, “ *questo ruscelletto non si può svoltare, come ebbi l'onore di dire a Vossignoria.* ” But Lord Stratford would not be pacified, and walked away, muttering: “ *Voi siete un impertinente!* ”¹

And now Christmas had come with all its usual accompaniments at Rome, so different from those in northern countries. I quote here from that charming romance by (Commendatore) Richard Bagot, *The House of Serravalle* :

“ Above the indistinct hum of the city, rose the booming of great bells ringing out the first hour of the night and ushering in the eve of the Nativity.”

¹ Lord Stratford spoke Italian correctly, but without the faintest approach to good pronunciation.

At the time I speak of, before the days of Mr. Bagot, the *zampognari* were still there every Christmas-tide, who, as he says :

“ used to come down from their native mountains on that holy night and play their pastoral refrains on their bagpipes about the streets of Rome, in imitation of the Syrian shepherds watching over their flocks.”

Our Christmas Eve was a very busy one. After an unusually early dinner we drove to the Vatican, Agnes in black with a lace mantilla over her head, and I in uniform. I was much impressed by the sentry of the Pope's Swiss Guard presenting arms to me. We got excellent places in the chapel, and, while we were waiting before the function began, I renewed acquaintance with young Prince Roman Zangouskow, whom I had known at Nice when we were children ; his mother, Princess Zangouskow, of a Polish family, being a great friend of my mother. I saw Prince Roman during this winter, and again during the spring at Palermo, but I never met him again after that. It was a long ceremony. After the chanting of the Matins and Lauds, the Pope embraced all the cardinals, and preached a sermon, I think in Latin, from his throne, but I do not quite remember. Dick Charteris and Lady Margaret came home with us and had supper. We then dressed in plain clothes and lay down on our beds until, at 3 a.m., the carriage came again for us, when we went to St. Peter's to hear the Song of the Shepherds, a most imposing ceremony with beautiful music. After this, we went home to bed ; but at ten o'clock we were again in St. Peter's to see the Pope celebrate the Christmas High Mass, assisted by his powerful minister, Cardinal Antonelli.

I met several times Mr. Robert Hay, a great friend of my family a few years before. He had been in 1826-1832 the leading member of an archæological expedition to Egypt, and Edward Lear¹ says that forty-nine volumes of his drawings were afterwards purchased by the British Museum. He was very nearly blind now, but I used to meet him frequently taking walks on the Pincio in the early morning with blue glasses over his eyes.

On night we dined with Mr. Lyon, who was noted for his

¹ *Letters of Edward Lear.*

bachelor dinners. Here we met Monsieur Desloges, Mr. Odo Russell, Mr. Hay, and then for the first time I met the celebrated Michelangelo Caetani, Duke of Sermoneta, whom I was afterwards to know so well at Florence in the late seventies. His first wife, born a Miss Knight, was still alive, but I heard that she was slowly dying. The Duke, like Mr. Hay, wore blue glasses. His sight was failing, and in a short time he became totally blind. He was a most distinguished man, one of the wisest of contemporary statesmen, whose counsels were always at the service of the United Italy which he loved so well, and whose unity he did so much to promote. I knew him principally at Florence, where he lived at Palazzo Mozzi with his second wife, a daughter of Lord Howard de Walden, and a most devoted companion to him in his blindness. He was one of the greatest Dante scholars of his day—his Atlas of the Topography of the *Divina Commedia*, entitled *Tavole Dantesche*, is among the most useful aids the student of Dante can have for the understanding of the Poet's Itinerary in the Regions of the Life after Death.

The Duke, who was a lineal descendant of the great family of Caetani (or Guatani) of which Pope Boniface VIII was a scion, and consequently of most illustrious birth, always recognised to the full that nobility has its responsibilities as well as its privileges. He once told me this, and also that a very favourite passage of his in the *Divina Commedia* was that (*Paradiso XVI*) in which Dante, whose standard was so high, warns his contemporaries that, if they do not keep their escutcheons undefiled, their distinctions of lineage will soon perish. The passage,¹ of which I give the translation, says :

“ Alas ! our petty nobility of blood ! If thou dost make people to boast of thee down here [in the world]. . . . In good sooth, art thou a mantle which is quick to shrink, so that, if from day to day cloth be not added [to what is already worn out], time goeth round about thee with his shears.”

¹“ O poca nostra nobiltà di sangue !
Se gloriar di te la gente fai
Quaggiù . . .

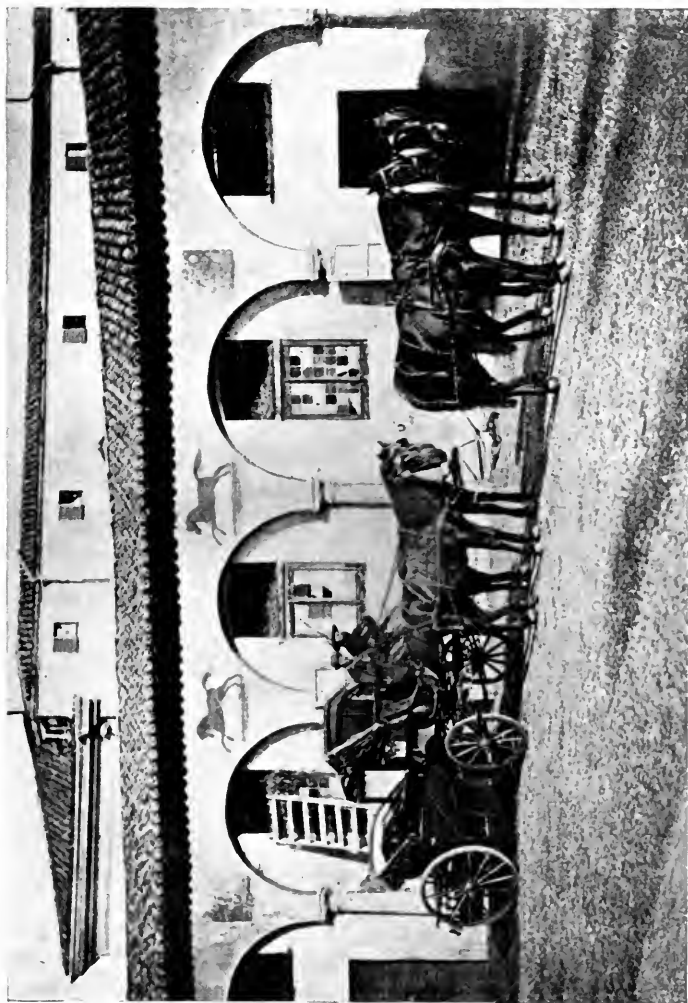
Ben sei tu manto che tosto raccorce,
Sì che, se non s'appon di die in die,
Lo tempo va dintorno con le force.”

The last time I saw the venerable Duke, he recited to me these lines, and told me how much he felt the truth of the passage. He himself was a splendid example of how ancient lineage should be maintained. He was perhaps the only personage among those of the ancient Roman *noblesse* who, while being supporters of United Italy, also retained the respect of the Pope. I was told that in 1878, at the end of which he died, the Duke had a private interview with Pius IX, in which he gave him the most earnest advice as to his dealings with the Italian Kingdom. The Pope himself died in 1878. I enjoyed the privilege of sincere friendship with the widowed Duchess for many years after the Duke's death.

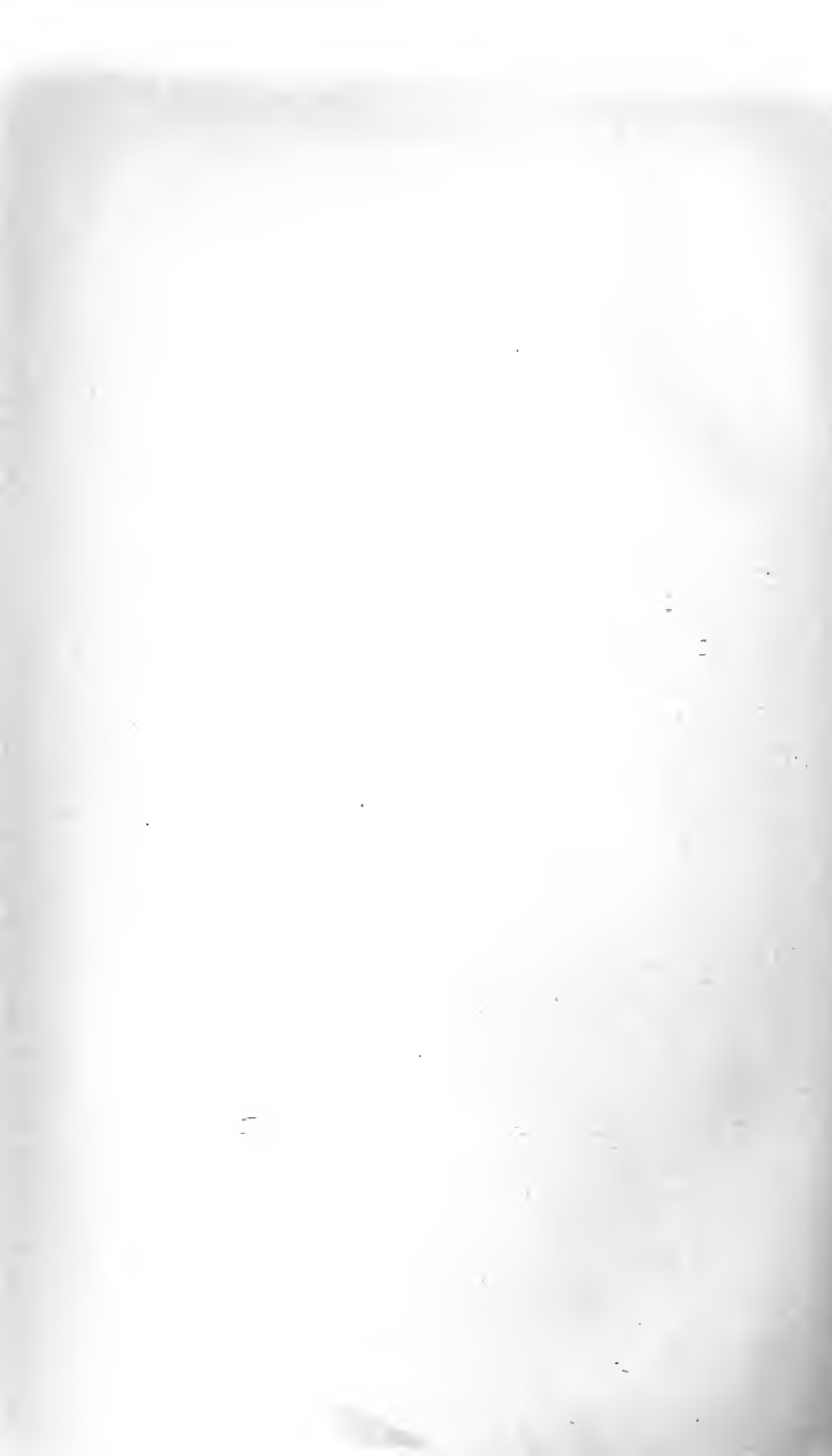
During Lent Cardinal Manning, formerly an Archdeacon of the Church of England, was preaching a course of sermons in English on Sunday afternoons at the Church of San Carlo in the Corso. These sermons were specially designed to catch English Church people. We attended one of them, but were not at all struck with Manning as a preacher, and were wholly unconvinced by his doctrine.

It was now the middle of February, and Agnes and I, with Johnnie Boileau, decided that we would leave Rome for Naples. We rather shrank from the great expense of posting, and we were advised to make an agreement with a *vetturino*. As the *vetturino* is an institution which has now entirely passed away, I will try and give some idea of what it was. There were various kinds of *vetturini*. Those of the more popular order took in any passenger who paid for his seat from one place to another, his fare including board and lodging at the inn at which the *vetturino* stopped. But the higher-class *vetturino* was a very different sort of man. He always had a most comfortable carriage, that held four persons quite easily inside, as well as two in the cabriolet, while, in front of the latter, he himself drove his four horses from a little seat which sometimes was large enough to take a man-servant beside him.

Our *vetturino* was one Luigi Montesanto. It seemed to me absolutely impossible that his one carriage should be capable of carrying our great mass of luggage. But it was. We put the three servants and Reggie inside the carriage, while Agnes, Johnnie, and I occupied the cabriolet, one of us men taking turns to sit beside the driver. The road we travelled was by Albano, Velletri, Appii Forum, Terracina,



VETTURINO CARRIAGE OF LUIGI MONTESANTO



Mola di Gaeta, Sant'Agata, Capua, and Naples. I remember that we were all much engrossed at the time with Bulwer-Lytton's *My Novel*, which had just come out.

I ought to have mentioned that, since January 1st, relations between France and Austria had become exceedingly strained in reference to the affairs of Italy. This state of affairs got rapidly worse, until April 23rd, when, Austria having declared her intention of invading the Kingdom of Sardinia, the French Army of Italy at once proceeded to Genoa to assist the Sardinians. The whole of Italy was already in a ferment when we arrived at Naples. The tyrannical government of King Ferdinand II (known all over Europe as King Bomba) had become more cruel and despotic than ever, and, as the yearning to join the Italians in the north was universal throughout the Neapolitan kingdom, the rigours of the police were redoubled, spies swarmed, and in the terrible State prisons many of the best men in the country were languishing in hopeless captivity. Sedition was rife, and the revolutionary feeling prevailed everywhere which, some eighteen months later, was to culminate in the overthrow of the Bourbon Dynasty. One of the publications most strictly prohibited, and consequently most eagerly read, was Alexandre Dumas' *Il Corricolo*, relating to Naples; as also a second series of the same relating to Sicily, entitled *Lo Speronare*. We devoured them in secret.

We saw some society while we were at Naples. We went to a sumptuous ball at Baron Adolphe de Rothschild's; and we much enjoyed two evenings in the house of Lord and Lady Holland, who knew my father so well. They gave us a very kind welcome. We met in their house Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Craven.¹ She was by birth a daughter of Le Comte de la Ferronays, and the authoress, among other works, of *Le Récit d'une Sœur*, a book that was much appreciated at the time, and was an *ouvrage couronné* by the French Academy. It was said to reveal a family life among the Ferronays, an ancient Breton stock, that was especially tender and intimate. Mr. Craven, who had been a diplomat, translated the correspondence of Lord Palmerston and of the Prince Consort into French.

¹ Pauline Marie Armande Aglaé Craven (1808-1891). See an account of her birth, career, literary works, and married life in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1910-1911).

On March 3rd we left Naples for Castellamare. On the 4th we drove to Sorrento. On the 5th we lunched at La Cava, and then drove by that most lovely of all roads from Vietri to Amalfi, where the Hôtel de' Cappuccini gave us its usual delightful welcome. The old landlord was still alive, and the entire service of the hotel was performed by his three sons and his daughter, all charming young people then, and whom I have in subsequent years seen as charming *gente attempata* (people getting on in years), universally liked and respected as landlords.

March 6th was a Sunday morning, and Agnes, Johnnie, and I rode up on mules to Ravello. It was a delightful expedition which I shall never forget. We had luncheon at the priest's house in the village: oranges, dried figs, bread, cheese, and country wine. We sat in a narrow *loggia* with the enchanting Amalfitan coast spread out below us. The sea of so deep a blue as almost to look purple, and the white line of light surf breaking upon the coast, formed a picture from which we could hardly tear ourselves away, and that day is one which I never can efface from my memory. We visited the Cathedral of San Pantaleone with its fine bronze doors, and its magnificent pulpit in marble decorated with mosaics, resting on columns supported by lions, and reminding one of the unrivalled one in the baptistery at Pisa. We also visited the churches of San Giovanni del Toro with another fine pulpit, and of Santa Chiara, close to which is a garden, in which the *belvedere* affords another glorious view.

We left Amalfi, and returned by the beautiful coast road to Vietri and Salerno. How little did we know what an interesting episode in the history of United Italy was taking place on this very day, when sixty-six victims of King Ferdinand's inhuman cruelty, statesmen and men of education, escaped from their persecutor's power and landed at Cork! That cruel tyrant, frightened by the rumour of the coming Franco-Austrian war in Italy, decided to make a grudging concession, which he called an act of grace, and accordingly a batch of sixty-six State prisoners, including Baron Carlo Poërio, Settembrini, Spaventa, and the Duke of Castromediano, were put on board an unseaworthy old sailing-vessel to be taken to New York, and there set free as exiles for life. But Settembrini's son, Raffaele, who had come on board in disguise, raised a mutiny, turned

the vessel's head towards England, and ran her into the port of Cork on March 7th. The arrival of these exiles, just at the moment when the war in favour of Italy was breaking out, undoubtedly was of great influence on public opinion in England. But we knew nothing of this till some weeks afterwards.

On March 8th we drove to Paestum, and I took a number of successful views of the Temples. On the 9th we returned from Salerno to Naples, but Johnnie and I drove in a *corricolo* from Salerno to La Cava. I was much astonished when I was last at Naples, in 1890, to find that the *corricolo* had vanished, and that what had been the most picturesque object on a Neapolitan high road was a thing of the past.

On March 12th we arrived at Palermo by the *Mongibello*, the same steamer in which I had travelled from Marseilles to Naples in 1854.

We were called upon by old Mr. Goodwin, the genial British Consul, whom I had known in 1854, and he made himself most agreeable to us. He had had some bad accident early in life, by which he had been so much damaged that he had to wear an iron apparatus upon each leg. When he entered the room, he always retired into a corner and removed these irons, which clanked like a convict's chains, and were a grim reminder of the suffering victims in every prison in that land. He played a great part during his consulate in showing sympathy with those who were trying to give freedom to Sicily. It was only two months after the time of which I am speaking that Signor Maniscalco, the Minister of Police—

“asked Mr. Goodwin if he did not think a population deserved to be annihilated, should they rise up in insurrection against the constituted authorities. Mr. Goodwin indignantly replied that he could not have supposed such a question would have been put to him; but that, as Signor Maniscalco had chosen to do so, he had no hesitation in saying that when a people were tyrannised over they had an inherent right to take up arms, and to fight against their oppressors.”¹

During this month that we were in Sicily, Mr. Goodwin lent me a number of papers to copy, abundantly attesting

¹ G. M. Trevelyan, *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 290-291.

the cruelties and tortures practised in Sicilian prisons; and in the middle of May, after our return to England, I was allowed to take the book containing the copies down to Pembroke Lodge and show them to Lord John Russell.

I had met Maniscalco at the Viceroy's Palace when I dined there in 1854, and, soon after our arrival, he called upon us, and was very polite. He said that General Filangieri had begged him to afford us every facility for visiting any objects of interest, and he suggested our making an expedition by Valledunga and Caltanissetta to Girgenti.

The city of Palermo is girded by the fertile plain of the Conca d'Oro (*i.e.* the golden basin or cavity, *not* shell, as some misinterpret *conca*).¹ This plain surrounds Palermo in a crescent-like shape. Behind the Conca rises an amphitheatre of imposing mountains. One district in the Conca d'Oro is called "I Colli," and is covered with the villas of the magnates of Palermo. Chief among these is the Royal Lodge of La Favorita built in the Chinese Pagoda style. There is nothing especial in the interior, but I remember being shown a private dining-room for the royal family, octagon in shape, in which they could take meals without any servants in the room. The table had a number of little trap-doors up which the dishes were sent from the kitchen below, and, as they came up, they automatically filled their places as if the servants had arranged them. The gardens and grounds are very beautiful, and of immense extent. I believe at the present day visitors are allowed

¹ In my *Readings on the Inferno of Dante*, second edition, vol. i. pp. 295-297, I have explained that *conca* means a hollow place, a cavity, a basin, and is derived from that vessel of universal use in Italian households, a *conca*, in which clothes are washed, oil is stored, and which is also used as a flower-pot of gigantic size in which orange trees are planted; and I cite the *Conca d'Oro* as meaning a basin in the hills round Palermo, which, from the immense quantities of oranges on the trees, wears a golden hue. *Conchiglia* is the proper Italian word for shell. On the very rare occasions when *conca* is used for shell, it means a bivalve shell, and not what we should call a conch. See Dante, *Inferno*, ix. 16-17:

" In questo fondo della trista conca
Discende mai alcun del primo grado ? "

Virgil was in *Limbo*, the *primo grado* of Hell. Dante wants to know whether he has ever visited the City of Dis, and with circumlocution asks him:

" Does anyone belonging to the first grade [Circle of Hell] ever descend into *this* depth [that is, the Sixth Circle] of the cavity of woe ? "

See the great *Vocabolario degli Accademici della Crusca* on the many meanings of *conca*.

to drive round the grounds in carriages and cabs. There is a very clever water-trick in the central *piazza* in the gardens. This is circular and is surrounded by close-grown lofty boxwood hedges. The fountain in the centre is circular also, and, as visitors stand round it, the water pours down from a circular basin above them, so that it all falls within the basin. Quite unsuspectingly they watch the cool plash of the fountain, when all of a sudden it gradually widens the circumference within which it falls, and they find themselves in a copious shower bath all round this vast fountain. The close hedges hem them in—they dart into various small outlets in the hedges, and race down the paths, but again from every bush pitiless little streams search them out and even pursue them to a considerable distance.

We were particularly interested in the historical associations of the Cathedral of Palermo. The west façade with its great portal and two towers, erected between 1300 and 1359, is very striking. Inside, the tombs of the Kings, which are sarcophagi of porphyry under lofty canopies, command one's attention and interest. In them repose the Emperor Frederick II; his father, Henry VI; King Roger; Constance, wife of Henry VI; and also Constance of Aragon, wife of Frederick II. These memorials of the illustrious line of Hohenstauffen fill one with regret that that race was conquered and destroyed by the unworthy House of Anjou.

In the twenty-ninth Canto of the *Paradiso*, Dante, by the mouth of Beatrice, upbraids the levity and irreverence with which the preachers of his time delivered their sermons; the main object of which was to make their own supposed wit to shine forth, and excite the misplaced hilarity of their auditors, in sacred precincts, where reverence and devotion should alone be seen. In my own work, *Readings on the Paradiso*, second edition, Vol. ii, p. 421, I attest this by my own observation on April 3rd, 1859. I wrote as follows in a footnote on *Par. XXIX*, 115-117:

“Those among my readers who have not been in the south of Italy can hardly appreciate how literally true are these denunciations of Dante against misplaced hilarity in places of worship. In the spring of 1859 I was one afternoon in Lent visiting the beautiful Cathedral of Palermo, and, as our party were moving about the aisles, we were

startled by the incongruous sounds of the loud laughter of many people proceeding from the north transept. Much surprised, we turned our steps thither, and witnessed a scene that to us was wholly unexpected in a church. Upon a sort of dais was placed a deal table, at which sat a monk. His countenance was indescribably comical, and he was preaching upon the temptations of St. Anthony with a broad vein of humour that was irresistible to his auditory, who entered into the fun of the thing with as much zest as they would, had they been listening to the narrative songs of an *improvvisatore* in one of the public squares. There did not seem to be the slightest pretence of reverence or devotion on the part either of the preacher or of his congregation. Contrast such behaviour with that of the very devout priests in Roman Catholic countries elsewhere. I was particularly struck with this contrast on another occasion by observing the reverential piety of the priests in the Cathedral of Trent."

We started, on the morning of April 4th, on our journey through Sicily to Girgenti. There were no hotels in those days worth the name, so Signor Maniscalco had arranged for us to receive hospitality from the Baron Audino at Vallelunga, from the Avvocato Luigi Lanzirotti at Caltanissetta, and from the captain of the *gendarmerie* at Girgenti. The vehicle in which we travelled was what was called a *char-à-banc*, a carriage that was brought into vogue in France by King Louis Philippe, and in the Royal Stables at Windsor there is a very large one which he presented to Queen Victoria. Ours was something like a wagonette with three seats running across it, on which Agnes and I with Johnnie and the two Tilleys sat in three rows, all facing the three horses driven abreast by the post-boys at the successive changes. We left Reggie and Mary under the care of Signor Ragusa at Palermo. The stages were Misilmeri, Villafrati, Fondaco Vicari, Manganaro, Fondaco Gulfa, and Vallelunga. Two *gens d'armes* with lances and a head-dress like a Turkish fez trotted after the carriage the whole way from Palermo to Girgenti, each pair being relieved by a fresh relay at each stage. I suppose they exercised a moral effect in keeping off any possible brigands, but they did nothing whatever in giving us help where we most wanted it, in protecting us from the hundreds of beggars

that swarmed round the carriage at every hill and every village. The scenery of Sicily has a peculiarity which I noticed during my former visit to the island. All round the coast there runs a zone of extraordinary fertility—verdure, foliage, trees, and fruit. This seems to penetrate inland for about ten miles, but beyond this zone the landscape is dreary in the extreme. Either it is an endless sea of cornfields of nearly boundless extent, or else a region of sulphur, or else nothing but sterile rocks. We found that the heat of the sun obliged us to spread a light plaid over our knees, or our legs would have been scorched. From the dread of piratical raids, since early times, the inhabitants have avoided residing in isolated hamlets, but have instead congregated in immense villages, where their numbers afforded them greater protection.

We arrived at Vallelunga early in the evening, and were received by the Barone and Baronessa Audino. They were charming simple-minded people—he a man of about forty with a large beard, and his pretty wife much younger. They gave us the most kindly reception, and made us enjoy the comfort of being in the house of a real lady and gentleman, whose one thought was to make their guests feel at their ease, and without any attempt at display. The next day before we started, Agnes, Johnnie, and I had a consultation as to the proper valedictory forms to be observed. After deciding to give three piastres (16 francs, 80 centimes) to the Audinos' servants, we next discussed what salutations would be interchanged between our hosts and ourselves. I remarked that the Barone would certainly kiss Agnes's hand, and that Johnnie and I must as certainly kiss the hand of the Baronessa, and I added to Johnnie: "You will see, the Barone will, beyond a doubt, kiss each of us on both cheeks." Johnnie fired up: "I should like to see the man who will succeed in kissing me!" "Well," said I, "*nous verrons!*" The hour of parting arrived; Agnes's hand was duly kissed, also that of the Baronessa; when I suddenly heard a resonant "smack . . . smack," and saw Johnnie's face, hot, angry, and dishevelled, emerging from the beard of the Barone. I had to follow suit, but, having lived much in Italy, I took it more stoically.

The second day's journey was a short one. We changed at Fondaco di Landro and Santa Caterina, and got to Caltanissetta about 4 p.m. The hosts who had kindly

consented to receive us were the Avvocato Lanzirotti and his wife; the husband, a fresh and rather stout man of about forty-five, the wife about thirty, and in an interesting condition. This couple and all their surroundings were a complete contrast to the Audinos at Vallelunga. They were *nouveaux-riches* and took no pains to conceal the fact. The house was full of brand-new furniture. The lady wore diamond ear-rings all day, and expectorated freely over the rich Brussels carpets, and that by no means silently. Her mother was apparently a resident in the house. After being shown to our rooms, in which everything possible for our comfort had been provided, even to brushes, combs, tooth-brushes (!), soap, and eau de Cologne, we were invited to walk out to see the Maccaluba di Terrapilata, a mud volcano (which is not to be confounded with the Maccaluba near Aragona Caldare to the west of Girgenti). We were accompanied by our host, Don Luigi Lanzirotti, and several other males, but more especially by a most lively little old man, who attached himself particularly to Agnes, making to her little *sotto-voce* comments upon everything that was said, so much so, that Johnnie nicknamed him the chorus in a Greek play. We found a large dinner-party in the evening, and it was fortunate that Johnnie and I had brought evening-dress with us. Not so poor Agnes, who had to dine in her dusty travelling-things. She was, however, so pretty, that it was far better than any evening *toilette*. The host took her into dinner, and the little old man sat on her right. The dinner was sumptuous. At the end of the first course, tumblers of delicious iced orange-ade (which they called *ponch*) were handed round, and were most acceptable. But, when the hostess took up a tumbler, there was a general outcry of "Eh! Eh! Eh! Eh!" from nearly a dozen men seated at table, and the lady had to send away her tumbler, the lively little old man confiding to Agnes, who was particularly shy on such subjects, and speaking quite loud: "*Si capisce che una donna gravida non deve bere roba ghiacciata.*" I thought Agnes's face would never lose the scarlet blush with which it was suffused!

During dinner it happened to transpire that Lord Minto was uncle to Agnes and Johnnie. It will be remembered that, in February 1848, the proffered mediation of Lord Minto between the Sicilians and King Ferdinand II was accepted,

but that soon afterwards a royalist reaction set in, and Sicily fell more than ever under the heel of her tyrannical sovereign. The following I quote from *The Liberation of Italy*, by Countess E. Martinengo-Cesaresco, third edition, 1910, p. 87 :

“ Lord Minto was sent to Italy to encourage in the ways of political virtue those Italian princes who were not entirely incorrigible. His mission excited exaggerated hopes on the part of the Liberals, and exaggerated wrath in the retrograde party—both failing to understand its limitations. The hopes died a natural death, but, long afterwards, reactionary writers attributed all the ‘ troubles ’ in Italy to this estimable British diplomatist.”

When—as I said—the Lanzirottis heard that Lord Minto was uncle to Agnes and Johnnie, a cold spell seemed to have fallen over the party, and they all became exceedingly embarrassed in their subsequent conversations with us. Later in the evening Agnes and Johnnie heard them discussing it among themselves, and seriously debating as to whether it would not be their wisest course to ask us to go on our way at once. But then someone suggested : “ But as he [meaning Maniscalco] sent them to us, it must be all right.”

When we assembled for breakfast next morning, the hostess appeared as usual with the diamond ear-rings and a satin gown, but with the corners of her mouth decidedly turned down, while copious expectorations over the Brussels carpet testified to the emotions of her soul. On our asking her, “ *Come state¹ stamattina, Signora ?* ” she answered, “ *Male, male !* ” On which the little old man explained to Agnes : “ *Si capisce che una donna gravida sente sempre la nausea presto la mattina !* ” Poor Agnes ! She was so perfectly unused to such remarks, which were indeed far more unusual in those days than they would be now !

We left Caltanissetta after breakfast, and passing by Serradifalco, and Canicattì, arrived at Girgenti at about five or six in the evening. But here an awful catastrophe was awaiting us. The person whom Signor Maniscalco

¹ In South Italy the “ *voi* ” is used more habitually than the “ *lei*,” and one drops into it. To a Tuscan lady I should have said : “ *Come sta, Signora, questa mattina ?* ”

had asked to receive us was the head officer of the *gendarmerie*. He met us and told us that he feared Maniscalco had made a mistake as to his *status*, for he was a bachelor living in lodgings, and had no house in which to receive us. There was nothing for it but to go to the inn! It was the most horrible experience of its kind I ever went through in my life. The rooms were bare of *all furniture*, and two inches deep in dust. There was one room for Agnes and me, with a little *cabinet* in which was put a bed for Fichet, while Johnnie and Tilley slept in another room. The walls and ceiling were filthy, and simply alive with insect life. Presently some iron trestles and boards were brought in, and turned into bedsteads. A horrible straw mattress was placed upon each, a few tables, chairs, and utensils added, and the furnishing was complete! Here we were for two nights, and had to endure it as best we could. The feeding department of the inn belonged to the cook, and he did everything he could to serve us well—according to his lights. We sat down to a splendid dish of macaroni, saying to ourselves, “Come, this *does* look something like!” But alas! when we tasted it the cheese was rancid, and nearly made us sick. The wine was fairly good, and we regaled ourselves on the evident wish to please on the part of everyone. But those two nights! “*Più è tacer che ragionare onesto.*”¹ “They” climbed the walls, ran along the ceilings, and dropped upon the beds! And the squelch when one trod on them!! And the ablutions, and the hygiene!!!

Girgenti was the ancient Agrigentum of the Romans, Acragas of the Greeks, and in the time of its greatest prosperity (about 450 B.C.) was a city of over 200,000 inhabitants. Its importance ceased after the second Punic War, when it was betrayed to the Romans by the Numidians. It is now one of the trade-centres from which a very great part of the Sicilian sulphur is exported. Its seaport is called Porto Empedocle. Its population now consists of some 24,000 inhabitants. The temples of Girgenti are in an admirable state of preservation, and are situated on the ground sloping from the city to the sea. There are seven of commanding superiority, viz. (1) Ceres; (2) Juno Lacinia; (3) Concord; (4) Hercules; (5) Zeus; (6) Castor and Pollux; (7) Æsculapius. While we were visiting, and,

¹ “It is more honourable to be silent than to discourse” (DANTE, *Paradiso*, XVI, 45).

as we fondly hoped, photographing, the temples, our post-boy, who was to drive us back to Caltanissetta the next day, walked about near us, and gathered a large quantity of wild asparagus, with which the cook made us a delicious salad for our dinner. The wild asparagus is very slender, and rather bitter in taste, but we all liked it very much. We visited the Cathedral in the upper town, and then back to board . . . and bed!!—uh-uh!

On Friday, April 8th, we drove back to the Lanzirottis at Caltanissetta, and on the next day to our interesting friends the Audinos at Vallelunga. On Sunday the 10th we got back to Palermo.

We now heard that a small but fast steamer called the *Archimede*, which had been running between Liverpool and Belfast, had been bought for passenger service on the Sicilian coast, and had arrived at Palermo. As, however, her bottom was covered with barnacles, and there was no dock nearer than Malta, her owners had obtained special permission, very rarely granted by the Bourbons, to take her to Valetta, touching at Messina, Catania, and Syracuse, and she was to sail from Palermo on the 15th. I accordingly engaged a four-berth ladies' cabin for Agnes, Reggie, and the two maids, and single berths for myself and Tilley.

At Caltanissetta Johnnie, notwithstanding our earnest remonstrances, left us to make a mule journey to Catania and Messina. He was not in a condition of health to travel alone, as at times he suffered most fearfully from asthma, and needed some one to take care of him . . . but . . . there were more mules than one on that mule expedition! He got through it all right, however, and, taking the French Messageries boat at Messina, joined us at Malta; though he stayed on there after we left, with the Gilbert Elliots.

On the evening of the 12th, poor Agnes developed a mild attack of cholera. She was very ill. There was fortunately an English doctor staying in the hotel, and by his advice I went to the steamboat office and gave up our places. I have forgotten the doctor's name, but he treated Agnes very well, and, by the morning of the 15th, he not only pronounced her fit to travel, but said the change of air would work wonders for her. I accordingly went back to the steamboat office, but only to find that Agnes's cabin was no longer to be had; but the authorities very kindly gave us instead a second-class cabin of nine berths all to

themselves for my female party. The engineer was an Englishman, but his underlings were all Sicilians. After I had settled Agnes in her berth, I went to the saloon, where my *couchette* was on a shelf up above the sofas. There was a fat Sicilian with two showily dressed women. He was evidently thought a great wit, for they all went into paroxysms of laughter every time he opened his mouth. When we were out of Palermo harbour, I went to bed, and was soon asleep, when suddenly I was aroused by piercing screams, and the two Sicilian women, very showily *undressed*, rushed into the saloon, shook up the fat man who was lying just below me, and yelled into his ear: "*Caro mio, siamo perduti, siamo perduti, il vascello non muove* (My dear, we are lost, the ship is not moving)." The poor fat man sat up in bed with ashen cheeks and chattering teeth, and stammered out: "*Co-o-osa c'èè, co-o-osa c'èè?* (what is the matter, what is the matter?)" All his Joe Millerism had vanished, and he was a pitiable object of terror. I at once vaulted over him, and hurried on deck. I saw a small knot of men, among whom was Tilley, with lanterns, standing by the engine skylight, and the English engineer trying to make himself understood by the Sicilian second engineer, who could talk a little English. The first words I heard were: "Hantonio, did you Hile these Hengines, as I told you to?"

Antonio answered: "No, me no hile no hengines." After a few expressive monosyllables on the part of the head engineer, I ventured to ask him what was the matter. "Why, sir," said he, "this damned fool never oiled the engines when I told him, so that the bearings have got heated, and we must lie to for an hour." I hurried down to the second-class cabin to set Agnes's mind at rest; but, as I was passing a cabin opposite hers, I was hailed by a Sicilian matron, who was leaning forward with both elbows in what I might term the "*vomitorium*," and said to me: "*O galantuomo* (Oh, worthy sir), will you tell me if we are in any danger?" I quickly reassured the poor lady, and acquainted her with the delinquencies of the peccant Hantonio. And so to bed and peaceful slumber.

On the 16th we passed the day at Messina and landed. That was the last time I ever saw that ill-fated city, so exterminated by the fearful earthquake of 1909. I have by me, as I write this, a coloured postcard of Messina in

ruins, from my old friend General Sir Alexander Montgomery-Moore, who writes on April 24th, 1911 :

“ Such a scene of wreck and devastation as hardly in the history of mankind has befallen a city. They say 30,000 at least perished.”

On the morning of the 17th we passed by Aci Reale, which looks beautiful from the sea, and about 8 a.m. we landed at Catania and had breakfast at the hotel. We did not stay there long, and, about the middle of the day, ran into the magnificent harbour of Syracuse, of which it has been written that all the navies of the world could manœuvre in it together. We had an excellent lunch at the hotel, and then visited the Museum, the Greek Theatre, the great Amphitheatre, the (so-called) Ear of Dionysius, and the *Latomia dei Cappuccini*, one of the wildest and grandest of these ancient quarries, which were used in the time of the Peloponnesian war, and in which the captive Athenians (some say 7,000 in number) were confined for eight months, exposed to all the vicissitudes of heat, cold, hunger and thirst, and subject moreover to the cruel derision of the citizens of Syracuse, male and female, who used to come daily to the edges of the precipice and glut their eyes with the sufferings of the unhappy victims of war ; and it has even been said that amateur archers used to amuse themselves by shooting at them.

Thus ended our expedition to Sicily, which I have never seen since. On the night of April 17th the *Archimede* sailed for Malta.

We woke up to find ourselves at anchor in the Grand Harbour at Valetta. It was brilliant sunshine, and in our immediate vicinity were lying half a dozen line-of-battle-ships, one of which was the *Conqueror*, which carried 100 guns on two decks, and was at that time reckoned one of the most beautiful vessels in our navy. Another was the *Centurion*, 91 guns. The others I do not now remember.

We landed and installed ourselves at Dunsford's Hotel,¹ where we were joined by Johnnie Boileau. Both he and Agnes were anxious to visit the ward in the Bighi Naval

¹ Dunsford's Hotel was exactly opposite the Governor's Palace. I had stayed there in 1844, and again in 1854, but the name no longer exists among the hotels mentioned in Murray's *Guide Book to the Mediterranean* for 1890.

Hospital in which their brother Charles Boileau had, in August 1855, died of the fatal wound he received in the first assault on the Redan (June 18th, 1855). We also went to see his grave in the cemetery. They found at Malta their cousin, Gilbert Elliot, who was Major of the newly formed fourth battalion of the Rifle Brigade. Gilbert Elliot and my dear old friend Robert Sutton, Archdeacon of Lewes, had married the two daughters of Bishop Gilbert of Chichester, by whom I was confirmed at Worthing in 1850. Gilbert Elliot died in 1865, and, fourteen years afterwards, his widow was married to the Right Honourable Hugh Childers. We heard the band of the new battalion play, and Gibby Elliot told us that the band-master had preferred to take men who had no musical knowledge whatever, and teach them *ab initio*. They played remarkably well.

And now the time was come for us to be going home. The Derby Ministry had been defeated on the Reform Bill, and Parliament was to be dissolved on April 23rd. My brother Augustus was standing as a Whig for South Derbyshire, and I was anxious to be in England so as to record my vote for him.¹

¹ I had always been a Whig, but had no sympathy with advanced Radicals. After Mr. Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule in 1886, I became a Conservative Unionist.

CHAPTER VI

SIR JAMES LACAITA—THE MAKING OF ITALY—IN TUSCANY

(APRIL 1859—MAY 1862)

THE Indian Mutiny had at this time been completely suppressed, and large numbers of officers were returning home. The P. & O. had chartered some extra steamers, one of which, the *Panther*, a fast paddle-wheel vessel, was to sail from Malta on Good Friday, April 22nd, and Agnes and I decided to go by her to Marseilles, Johnnie preferring to remain a little longer with the Gilbert Elliots. We found on board a crowd of distinguished men, men who in that year and a half of crisis and fearful danger had abundantly stood the test of what a man is made of. Foremost among them I will mention William Howard Russell, the celebrated *Times* correspondent, who, although not of the fighting men, had been everywhere among them and appeared to be a general favourite on board the ship.

As the *Panther* approached Marseilles, we encountered numerous French transports hurrying with troops from Algeria to take part in the war against Austria. On our arrival at Marseilles, we were much disgusted to find ourselves in quarantine, because the ship had "communicated" with the shore at Valetta, which was in quarantine for the alleged reason that there was cholera in Tunis or Tripoli or Algeria. So, as soon as the Indian mail had been sent ashore, we steamed off to the island of the Château d'If, where was the Lazaretto. We passed the afternoon dismally poking about the rocks. But it so happened that Colonel Sir William Russell (14th Hussars), having known the Emperor when he was Prince Louis Napoleon, had been able to show him kindness in England; and the Emperor had told him, if ever he was in any difficulty in France, to apply direct to him. Sir William resolved to telegraph to the Emperor, as he was the candidate for Dover at the

approaching General Election, and it was vital to him to be present at the nomination. It was not, however, easy to get the telegram sent. The sanitary officer in charge of the ship flatly refused to send it. Thereupon Sir William enclosed the telegram addressed to Monsieur le Préfet, and insisted so strongly that he prevailed. The next morning I woke and found the Colonel in my cabin with a telegram in his hand. He said: "It is all right! The Emperor has telegraphed giving *pratique* to the ship, and we are getting up steam to run into harbour!" I need not say how much we rejoiced, and how grateful we felt to Sir William, though I am bound to remark that the general consensus of the more authoritative of the passengers had been rather adverse to the line he had taken.

While at Paris, on May 2nd, we went to Val Richer to pay a visit to M. Guizot. We met there François Lenormant, the great Assyriologist, and his mother. One morning, after family prayers, Monsieur Guizot announced: "*Monsieur Goldwin Smith viendra déjeuner avec nous ce matin.*" One of the Mesdames de Witt exclaimed: "*Mais, papa, est-ce que vous le connaissez?*" "Non," said M. Guizot, "*mais Monsieur Goldwin Smith désire me connaître, et il déjeunera avec nous.*" Professor Goldwin Smith duly arrived and was hospitably received. M. Guizot never lost his time with any public man who happened to be a guest of his, but at once laid his finger upon the electric button which would most quickly draw out his hobby or idiosyncrasy. Before we were through the first course, he rested his elbows on the table, and went straight *in medias res* with this sentence: "Mr. Goldwin Smith, what is the feeling of the lower classes in England towards the upper?" I am not, of course, able (fifty-three years afterwards) to recollect the whole of Goldwin Smith's reply, but it began something like this: "Well, sir, I will not go so far as to say that it is as yet revolutionary, but there is a sullenness which finds vent in a continued low growl of discontent." After the great man (of later years) was gone, we all told Monsieur Guizot how much we had been amused at his wonderful faculty of always touching the exact spot.

One day we were talking of links with the past, and some very interesting ones were cited. Monsieur Guizot then told us that his mother-in-law, Madame de Meulan, had been told by her mother, Madame de St. Chamand, that in her

extreme youth she had seen the Duchesse d'Angoulême, a daughter-in-law of Charles IX, who was at that time in her extreme old age. The Duchesse in her extreme youth had married the Duc d'Angoulême, illegitimate son of Charles IX by Marie Touchet, and the Duc was extremely old when he married her. The memorandum that I had made in 1859 of the above statement of Monsieur Guizot I showed to his daughter, Madame Guizot de Witt, on December 17th, 1885, and she has signed her name at the bottom of the page as authenticating the accuracy of my memorandum. *The Times* published a letter from me on the subject on August 17th, 1910, and further mentioned it in a leading article on the same day.

We arrived in London on May 5th, and on the following day I started for Derby to vote for Augustus, who was standing as a Whig, in conjunction with the late Sir William Evans, for South Derbyshire, the Tory candidate being our old family friend Mr. Mundy of Markeaton. By some fatality Augustus was never told to vote for himself, as old Mundy had done. The contest resulted in an easy victory for Evans at the head of the poll, while Augustus and Mundy, after a neck-and-neck race for the second place, would have run a dead heat, had only Augustus not forgotten to vote for himself. As it was, Mundy beat him by one vote, the figures being Mundy 3,185, Vernon 3,184!'

It was very disappointing for Augustus, and he never stood for Parliament again.

¹ I wrote the above paragraph on May 14th, 1911, and, having done so, proceeded to read it aloud to my present wife, who was reading a book that had arrived from the library the day before. She smiled when I read the paragraph to her, and passed over to me the book that she was reading, which was *Palermo and Naples*, by Admiral Mundy. What she was reading ran as follows :

" Overtures were made to me at this time, to ascertain if I was willing, at the forthcoming elections, to stand for the Southern Division of the county of Derby, as it was determined by the Conservative committee to endeavour to regain the seat which had been lost at the two last elections, and which had been held for more than fifty years by a member of my family ; but, being anxious for active service afloat, I refused to allow myself to be put in nomination. Mr. Mundy, of Markeaton Hall, however, with true public spirit, consented to come forward, and, after the hardest contest ever known in the county, defeated his opponent by a majority of *one*, the numbers respectively being, for Mr. Mundy 3,185, and for the Hon. A. Vernon 3,184."

So that my wife was reading quite accidentally about the same subject as that about which I was writing !

I think I must have been at Wolseley during the first fortnight in June. On the 18th of that month I went with Patella to the Royal Institution at three in the afternoon, to hear Sir James Lacaita deliver the last lecture of a course which he had been giving since June 1st on the Italian poets; and this, his last lecture, was devoted to the Italian women poets, such as Gaspara Stampa, Vittoria Colonna, Maria Franceschi Ferucci and others. Patella introduced me to Sir James Lacaita as he was entering the building, and this was the beginning of an intimate friendship that lasted as long as Lacaita lived, and which was to exercise an extraordinary influence on my after life. My father had, from my childhood, implanted in me a respect and veneration for Dante; but it was Lacaita who galvanised those feelings into an enthusiastic love, which caused me to devote my studies to the attempt to perfect myself in the cult of that sublime master of poetry; and to wish for nothing better than to deserve to be called a Dantist.

I heard Lacaita lecture for the first time, and, like all his other hearers, was entranced by the charm of his persuasive voice and manner, as, of course, also by his profound knowledge of his subject.

It will not be out of place, I think, here to give a short account of Lacaita's wonderful career. He was born at Manduria in the province of Lecce on October 4th, 1813. He took a law degree at the University of Naples, was admitted an advocate in 1836, and practised his profession. An acquaintance with Enos Throop, U.S. *chargé d'affaires* at Naples, begun in December 1838, helped him in the study of English, and this knowledge gained him the post of legal adviser to the British Legation at Naples, and the friendship of the minister, Sir William Temple,¹ at whose table he met many English travellers of distinction. Among those who thus became his friends were Lord and Lady Holland, and also Lord and Lady Leven with their two daughters, the Ladies Melville. In Lord Leven's house he made the acquaintance of Mr. Gladstone in 1850, an acquaintance which soon ripened into an intimacy which lasted all their lives. Those were days when any Italian of Liberal sympathies carried, so to speak, his life in his hand. The prisons were crammed with suspects, spies swarmed everywhere, and any householder was promptly

¹ Brother of Lord Palmerston

denounced to the police by the porter or servants in his house if the slightest cause of suspicion could be found against him. One police trap was for a seeming friend to warn a suspected person of danger, and urge him to escape. If the unhappy victim fell into the trap and took flight, it was immediately thrown into his teeth that his flight was in itself an acknowledgment of guilt.

It was while this condition of things prevailed that Lacaita received an invitation, one day in December 1850, from Lady Leven (Countess of Leven and Melville), asking him to come with them all on an expedition for a week, beginning with Pompeii. At the close of the first day, an amicable dispute arose between Lord and Lady Leven on the one part, and their daughters on the other. The former wanted to turn to the left and go to Nocera, the latter wished to go to Castellamare, Sorrento, and Amalfi. Lacaita was asked to decide the question, on which he made use of these imprudent words: "Oh, if you ask me, I am against all properly constituted authorities; I shall vote for a republic!" So the young ladies got their way, and for ten days the party travelled about in the greatest jollity and friendship. On the day after their return from the tour, Lacaita, on coming home to his apartment in the afternoon, found a letter from Lady Anne Melville conceived (approximately) in these words: "Dear Signor Lacaita, mamma hopes you will come in to tea to-morrow, when we can talk over our glorious republic." Lacaita threw the open letter on the table and went out. As he was walking up the Via di Toledo, a man who passed him whispered in his ear, "*Fuggite* (escape)." Lacaita hesitated, fearing it might be a police trap, but, a few seconds later, another man reiterated the warning. Lacaita's apprehensions being now thoroughly aroused, he was about to slip down one of the numerous alleys which debouch from the Toledo, when two police agents ran up to him, and informed him that the head of the police, on the opposite side of the street, wished to speak to him. It was too late for flight, and that evening saw poor Lacaita lodged in the prison of the Vicaria.

His case was immediately taken up by Sir William Temple,¹ who instructed Mr. Fagan, who was then an *attaché*

¹ Mr. Charles Lacaita tells me that Sir William Temple's influence availed to prevent Lacaita being put into the dungeon, but not to effect his release from prison for some time.

at the Legation, to claim as many of Lacaita's papers as possible in the name of Her Britannic Majesty's Government.

It was not without extreme difficulty, in view of the very compromising letter from Lady Anne Melville, which is still among the archives of the Criminal Court of Naples, that Sir William at the end of a fortnight succeeded in inducing the Neapolitan authorities to disgorge their prey. I am, I think, right in saying that, when released, Lacaita was received on board one of the ships of the British Fleet, and remained there for some weeks. When at last he was allowed to land, he found himself under the closest police surveillance, and he was refused a passport which would have enabled him to travel. I am not sure how long this state of things lasted, but one day he was sent for by the chief of the police, who told him that the King had been considering his case, and felt convinced that, although Lacaita was affected with Liberal opinions, yet he could be trusted as an honest man, and that the King would grant him a passport with permission to travel, and would give him an audience before his departure, provided that Lacaita would give him his word of honour that, when abroad, he would neither conspire against his crown during his reign, nor associate with those who were doing so. This pledge Lacaita gave. The King received him at an audience, and, after speaking to him about his wish to travel, said as he wished him good-bye: "*Ricordatevi della promessa!*" To which Lacaita answered: "*Sire, ogni promessa è sempre un dovere per ogni uomo d'onore, e soprattutto quando si fa al suo sovrano.*" The King pressed his hand, and, as long as King Ferdinand lived, Lacaita avoided the society of all who were known to be conspirators in England, and he would not frequent the house of Mr. John Crawford, M.P. for the City of London, where the more advanced Italian republicans used to congregate.

Lacaita arrived in London on January 8th, 1852. On June 15th he married Maria, daughter of Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, Bart. The marriage, however, was short-lived, for Mrs. Lacaita died the following year, in giving birth to a son, the present Mr. Charles Carmichael Lacaita.

Lacaita was naturalised in July 1855. In the winter of 1856-7 he accompanied Lord Minto to Florence and Turin. From 1857 to 1863 he acted as private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, and, towards the close of 1858, went with Glad-



SIR JAMES P. LACAITA, SENATOR OF ITALY

stone to the Ionian Islands as secretary to the Mission, being made K.C.M.G. for his services in March 1859.

I quote the following paragraph from Mr. Fagan's *Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi*, vol. ii., p. 207 :

" In the summer of 1860, Cavour, well aware of the negotiations that were being carried on between England, France, and Naples, and desirous of obtaining some trustworthy person to watch his interests, and supply him with information—and being, moreover, unable, for reasons which may be easily understood, to charge his own Minister, the Marchese d'Azeglio,¹ with the mission—applied to Sir James Hudson, then British Minister at Turin. Hudson, knowing how intimate Lacaita was with Lord and Lady Russell, advised Cavour to invite his intermediation. Cavour accordingly sent the Marchese d'Azeglio to Lacaita, who, on receiving the message, though laid up with severe illness, immediately arose from his bed and went straight to Lord Russell's house. His lordship, having an engagement with the Neapolitan Minister, had given direction that no person whatever should be admitted."

I go on from Lady Agatha Russell's *Memoir* of her mother, Lady John Russell, p. 187 :

" Lacaita was told that Lord John was closeted with the French and Neapolitan ambassadors, and could not see him. (They were Count Persigny and the Marchese della Greca.) Lacaita guessed that Lord John was at that very moment talking over the means of preventing Garibaldi's expedition, and he immediately decided to ask for Lady John. When informed that she was seriously ill, he insisted upon being taken up into her bedroom, and adjured her for the love of Italy to get Lord John away from the ambassadors at once. A scribbled note begging her husband to come to her at once brought him upstairs in some alarm. And there he learnt from Lacaita that . . . United Italy must be made now or never, and that he would never be forgiven if England stopped Garibaldi."

Lady Agatha in a footnote remarks that, her mother's

¹ I have rectified this sentence at the request of Mr. Charles Lacaita, as Mr. Fagan does not mention the intervention of Sir James Hudson.

diaries of 1860 being lost, this incident is given on the sole authority of the late Sir James Lacaita.

On April 23rd, 1911, I wrote and told Lady Agatha that I could give her even better authority, for in a diary of my own I relate how on February 22nd, 1870, Lacaita and I, when travelling together to Tuscany, passed a night at San Remo, and dined with Lord and Lady Russell. After dinner the above-mentioned incident was recounted and discussed in all its details, and with the following additional ones :

“ Lord John on coming upstairs was ‘ mightily surprised ’ to find Lacaita there. Lacaita immediately attacked him on the treaty he was supposed to be arranging with Persigny to have an Anglo-French fleet in the Straits of Messina to prevent Garibaldi from crossing to Italy. After a long discussion which nearly exhausted Lacaita, who was very ill, Lord John said to him : ‘ Now go to bed, and don’t be so sure that I am going to sign the treaty yet.’ Lacaita went home to bed ; and, two hours after, Doddy,¹ then Lord John’s secretary, came to him in Duke Street to tell him from Lord John to be of good cheer. Lacaita took the hint, sent for D’Azeglio, and dictated a telegram to Cavour implying that the intended treaty was at an end. Garibaldi accordingly was undisturbed.”

I have added :

“ How few people know that this was owing to Lacaita ! *I myself* heard Lord John Russell confirm this story.”

Lady Agatha wrote back to me :

“ The passage from your diary is deeply interesting. It is the first account I have had from anybody of a confirmation by my father of the Lacaita story.”

Lady Agatha sent my letter to Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, author of that admirable work *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, and he wrote to me (May 6th, 1911) :

“ I have put the extract from your diary into an Appendix of my new book, *The Liberation of Naples*. It was the

¹ “ Doddy ” was the Honourable George Francis Stewart Elliot, brother of Lady Russell, and first cousin to my first wife. From 1882 to 1898 he was my guest and companion in Norway at my fishing box there. He was the author of *The Border Elliots*, a very notable work.

missing link in the chain of evidence for that story—equally important and romantic—of Lacaita's mission, which occupies a large place in my new book ; for it proves that the Russells acknowledged the truth of Lacaita's narrative, which previously rested on his evidence alone, at least for the more picturesque details."

It was after the above-mentioned episode, which really played an important part in the history of United Italy, that the partisans of the Government of Francis II felt that they might possibly win Lacaita over to their side by offering him the post of Minister at the Court of St. James's, in the room of Count Ludolf.¹ To the first overtures made to him by La Greca, Lacaita replied with the double excuse that he had no fortune with which to hold receptions, and that in London a foreign Minister without a title would not be sufficiently equipped. It was then that Balak sent messengers more honourable to Balaam. The new personage sent from Francis II to Lacaita was Signor Giovanni Manna, the Neapolitan Minister of Finance, who was then in Paris to negotiate a loan. His offer to Lacaita from the King was the title of Marquis, a salary of £2,000 a year, besides a considerable bonus. Lacaita himself told me what happened next. He said to Signor Manna : " I had already signified my inability to accept the post graciously offered to me. You now come to offer me the post again upon terms so generous that, were I to accept them, I should lay myself open to the charge of being bribed to do what I had previously declined doing. But I have an offer to make to you. Will you come with me and let me lay the matter before Mr. Gladstone ? If he thinks that I can, consistently with my opinions and principles, accept this post, I will do so."

Manna having consented to this, he and Lacaita repaired to Mr. Gladstone's house, and asked for an interview, which was at once accorded to them. Lacaita, having introduced Manna to Gladstone, then said :

" Mr. Gladstone, during the time that I have resided in England, you have honoured me with your intimacy and friendship. You know the opinions and feelings that I

¹ I met Count Ludolf at Florence in 1867 while travelling with Lacaita.

have continued to entertain as to the Government of the Kingdom of Naples. You have heard from Signor Manna the honourable and highly lucrative post which he is empowered to offer me. Will you oblige me by telling him if I should be acting as an honourable man, and consistently with my opinions, were I to yield to his persuasions ?”

Upon this, Mr. Gladstone told Signor Manna that he felt bound to acknowledge that to accept the post of envoy to England from King Francis would not be in accordance with the principles which Sir James Lacaita had professed during recent years. Lacaita then thanked Mr. Gladstone, and said :

“ Signor Manna, you have now heard my answer from Mr. Gladstone’s lips. I must, if you please, renounce all idea of accepting such a post.”

After the expulsion of the Bourbon dynasty in 1860, Lacaita revisited Naples, and caused his name to be reinstated on the municipal registry. From 1861 to 1865 he sat in the Chamber of Deputies at Turin. In 1876 he was made a senator. He exercised a considerable influence upon public affairs (as my friend Mr. H. R. Tedder says, in an article contributed to the *Supplement of the Dictionary of National Biography*) between 1861 and 1876, through his intimacy with Ricasoli, La Marmora, Minghetti, Visconti-Venosta, and other leading men. He was a director of the Italian company for the Southern Railway system from its formation, and also took a share in the management of several Anglo-Italian public companies. He wrote nearly all the Italian articles for the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In 1865-6 he edited the third or album volume of my father, George John Lord Vernon’s great edition of the *Inferno di Dante*, having helped in the production of the former volumes (London, 1858-65; 3 vols. folio). He compiled the *Catalogue of the Library at Chatsworth* (London, 1879, 4 vols. 1a. 8vo) for the seventh Duke of Devonshire (my godfather); and edited the first complete publication of the famous Latin lectures on Dante of Benvenuto da Imola, delivered at Bologna in 1375, and published at my own cost (*Comentum super Dantis Aldigherii Comoediam nunc primum integre in lucem editum*,

sumptibus Guilielmi Warren Vernon curante Jacobo Philippo Lacaita). He died at Posilipo, near Naples, on January 4th, 1895, in his eighty-third year, leaving an only son, Charles Carmichael Lacaita (b. 1853); M.P. for Dundee, 1885-7.

Such was the dear friend who, on June 18th of this year, entered into my life. At the time of my making his acquaintance, I was under the delusion prevalent among most foreigners and many Italians, that the *Inferno* was by far the finest and the most interesting of Dante's works. Lacaita had, five years previously, dissipated this delusion in a lecture delivered by him at the Royal Institution, on May 18th, 1855, when he drew attention to the very many passages of surpassing beauty in the *Purgatorio* exceeding in number the beautiful passages in the *Inferno*. On a later occasion Lacaita showed me the syllabus of his lecture with the enumeration of all the most beautiful passages in the *Purgatorio*. From that day I made that *cantica* my special study—and the first series of my *Readings in Dante* were on the *Purgatorio*.

During the month of July, 1859, Lacaita came to stay with my father at Sudbury, and I took the opportunity of improving my acquaintance with him.

I see by a letter dated June 10th from Agnes to my father that he had come home to Sudbury, but at that time he was not much reconciled to life in England. He used to say that it always brought upon him the four "T"s; (1) Turnips, (2) Trustees, (3) Turnpike-gates, (4) Top-boots! All the same I think he made himself very happy. He came with Patella to stay with us at Wolseley, my sister Louisa being with us at the time. We had a great deal of photography. I took a good many groups of the five of us; nearly all roaring with laughter. We played a great deal of cricket, both at Wolseley and Shugborough, and many elevens came to Wolseley to play against us. My poultry cages were a veritable menagerie. Besides my prize Dorkings, I had nine foxes, of different breeds, opossums which bred freely, tortoises, many kinds of water fowl, peacocks, but our greatest pet of all was a little kinkajou, that was called Jenny, who was devoted to Agnes. She used to cling to Agnes's arm by her tail, and eat lumps of sugar as she hung upside down.

There were a great many interesting cases going on at the Assizes at this time. The principal leaders of the Oxford

Circuit were Mr. Keating, Q.C. (afterwards Mr. Justice Keating); Mr. Sergeant Pigott (afterwards Lord Justice Pigott); Mr. Huddleston, Q.C. (afterwards Mr. Baron Huddleston); and Mr. Scotland (afterwards Chief Justice at Madras). The three leading juniors were men who attained in later life the highest distinction. Henry Matthews (afterwards Home Secretary, and Lord Llandaff); Henry James (afterwards Attorney-General, and later Lord James of Hereford); and Staveley Hill (afterwards Right Honourable Alexander Staveley-Hill, Judge-Advocate). One very clever man on the Oxford Circuit was Mr. Kenealy; but, owing to his extremely rude demeanour to the judges, and his cantankerous ways with other counsel and with witnesses, he was without doubt the most unpopular man in the courts.

During the last week in July 1859 the Summer Assizes were held at Stafford, the judges being Mr. Justice Byles in the Crown Court, and Mr. Justice Keating in the *Nisi Prius* Court. I was foreman of the Grand Jury, and we had an extremely heavy calendar, showing a fearful prevalence of crime, violence, and depravity. A man of the name of William Worsley was tried on July 25th, and convicted for the murder of his wife at West Bromwich. He was most ably defended by Mr. Scotland, and, though condemned to death, was recommended to mercy, and was not hanged. Two days after this I met Mr. Scotland at Shugborough at dinner, and he made no secret that he thought Worsley was really guilty of murder.

Six men were tried on July 26th for savage and brutal violence against a woman at Tipton, and, her dead body having been found in the canal the next morning, they were indicted for murder, as well as on several other counts. Justice Byles had specially recommended the Grand Jury not to find a true bill for murder, but only for manslaughter, as there was as yet no direct evidence of murder. Many of us, including myself, tried to follow the judge's direction, but we were overruled and outvoted by a foolish majority who allowed a stern *pater-familias* sort of indignation to get the better of their common sense. The judge was much annoyed, but at the judges' dinner I explained to him that we had been outvoted. Three of the miscreants got penal servitude for life, one for five years, and two were acquitted.

Frank Boileau had recently returned from an expedition

to visit Solferino and the other battlefields in Lombardy. He had been a great collector of butterflies, and, happening one day to catch one which was yellow and black, he pinned it on to his hat. It was an unfortunate combination, for yellow and black were the Austrian colours, detested in Italy. The captain of a lake steamer, with whom Frank was conversing, explained to him the reason of the hostile looks with which he was being regarded. "*Nous n'aimons pas du tout votre cocarde, Monsieur l'Avocat ; ce sont les couleurs autrichiennes.*" Frank immediately tore the butterfly off his hat, and trod it underfoot, lifting his hat to the Italian flag ; whereupon peace and cordiality ensued.

During the autumn of 1859 Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Romagna formed a military league and declared for annexation to Piedmont. On November 11th the Treaty of Zurich, between France and Austria, was signed. Although Pope Pius IX refused to give up the Legations (*i.e.* Bologna, Ravenna, Ferrara, and Forlì, as well as the other States of the Church south of these), they all annexed themselves to the Kingdom of Sardinia in March 1860. The new Parliament opened at Turin in April.

The newly established volunteer movement was in the greatest state of activity now in many parts of the kingdom, and rifle-corps were being formed everywhere. My father was one of the first to throw himself into it heart and soul. A rifle-corps was formed at Sudbury, and an admirable drill-shed, made of wood, was erected in the park. From this the rifle-corps could shoot at a very perfect system of Swiss targets erected at some butts that were made exactly six hundred yards off, and from smaller ranges running back at the side the distance could be increased to one thousand one hundred yards. I much regretted that, after my father's death, in 1866 my brother allowed the range to fall into ruin, and later on pulled down the shooting-house, but at that time very little sympathy was shown to the volunteers by the officers of the regular army, in which Augustus had served for three years, and they looked contemptuously at them as amateurs who liked to play at soldiers. Those who lived thirty years onwards were greatly astonished to see what admirable fighting soldiers these volunteers became, when led by skilful generals such as Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Sir George White, Sir John French, and others.

Whenever I was at Sudbury, between January and September this year, I drilled regularly with the Sudbury Corps, and became efficient. Under the supposition that I was going to live at Ranton Abbey, I was offered and accepted the command of a corps to be formed at Eccleshall in Staffordshire, but, as Reggie's serious illness obliged us to go abroad for twenty-two months, my command was necessarily given up.

In February I had been to London to consult Dr. Armitage, a great specialist, and he, after hearing a *résumé* of Reggie's health from January 27th, 1856, to January 27th, 1860, came to the conclusion that three winters in Italy would be the best plan for fortifying his constitution for his future life.

On August 2nd, 1860, an event took place in the Boileau family which gave me a new relation, whom I have cherished and loved during the whole of my subsequent life. On that day Frank Boileau was married (at St. George's, Hanover Square) to Lucy, eldest daughter of Sir George and Lady Nugent. I am writing these words on June 4th, 1911, on which day my dear sister-in-law has attained her seventieth birthday. I take this opportunity for thanking her for all her invariable goodness and love to me. She has always treated me like a real brother, and I have always loved her as a real sister.

We reached Paris on September 15th, and, from the 20th to the 22nd, paid a visit to the Guizots at Val Richer. On Friday the 21st I was coming downstairs in the afternoon, when Cornélis de Witt, in the front hall, said to me: "*Ah! William, je suis sûr que vous allez être joliment content des nouvelles de ce matin—le pauvre Général Lamoricière vient d'être flambé le 18 par le Général Cialdini à un endroit appelé Castelfidardo, et les troupes piémontaises ont assiégé Ancone.*" I need not describe my heartfelt delight. The family of Monsieur Guizot were not favourable to the aspirations of the Italians to form themselves into a united nation; besides which, General Lamoricière, the commander of the Papal troops, was a French Legitimist, and every Frenchman at this time, no matter what were his politics, was dead against Italy becoming a great Power on the south-eastern frontier of France.

We were just going in to lunch, and my curiosity was very much on the *qui vive* to hear how Monsieur Guizot

would comment on the event, as he would be sure to do, and make the best of a bad case. He began, as soon as we were seated at table, in words something like this: "*D'après les nouvelles de ce matin, il paraît que le Général Lamoricière a éprouvé un revers très considérable. Son but annoncé était de couper un chemin à travers l'armée piémontaise, et de se jeter dans la forteresse d'Ancone. Quant à cela, il peut se vanter d'avoir accompli son dessein, car il est arrivé à Ancone, seulement . . . il a laissé deux tiers de son armée sur le terrain.*" I was much amused to hear this version of the event, which I should have described thus: "On September 18th a battle was fought at Castelfidardo in the Marca d'Ancona between the Sardinian Army under General Cialdini and the Papal Army under Général Lamoricière. The Papal Army was almost annihilated, and a small remnant of it under Lamoricière managed to take refuge in the fortress of Ancona, which is now being besieged by the Sardinian forces."

We arrived at Marseilles at 6.30 in the morning of Wednesday (26th). We went to the Hôtel d'Orient, but were not at all pleased with the look of it—nor with the mosquitoes—nor with the smells! The Hôtel du Louvre and the Hôtel de Noailles were not built until six or seven years afterwards, and all the then existing hotels in the town were horrible. The horses with our courier Patriarchi, Ellen, and the groom travelled by a slower train, and we were expecting them in the afternoon, but they did not arrive until 11 p.m. We heard afterwards that the Lyons and Marseilles railway officials had, notwithstanding our servants' protestations, taken our carriages and the horse-box off the train, and run them into a cold siding in the middle of the night, and kept them there for six hours. The officials on this line are in the twentieth century as polite as those on any other railway, but in those days they were proverbially and purposely the rudest and unkindest staff in the world, and any *employé*¹ noticed as being too polite to travellers was at once marked with a black mark. I recollect when I was at Cannes a poor young English officer, dying of consumption, was rudely disturbed by the waiting-room attendant

¹ What a strange thing it is to see a blunder so prevalent among English writers, of which anyone professing to know French ought to be ashamed. I mean the habitual use of "*employée*" when meaning a man. "*Employé*" is a male official, "*employée*" is a female official.

for putting his feet up during a two hours' wait at Lyons. He explained that he was very ill, when the brutal attendant growled out to him: "*Eh bien, tant pis, je ne tiens pas un hôpital, moi. On ne se couche pas ici, va!*" Cornélis de Witt, M. Guizot's son-in-law, was a director of the Lyons and Marseilles Railway Company, and he told me that it was part of the fixed policy of the Board to show no indulgence to travellers, but to wring all they could out of them. The lower officials were for ever on the look-out to fill up every vacant place in a compartment, or to make secret reports against their superiors if they failed to do so. Cornélis told me that a station-master at Cannes lost his place, because it was reported against him that he was too polite and obliging to the very distinguished people who made Cannes their winter home. But that happened some years later.

No words can describe the discomfort of the hotel. The rooms were against the kitchen wall, and with the southern sun on them the whole day. We never closed our eyes, what with the heat, the abominable smells, and the mosquitoes, and on Wednesday 26th we got up with our eyes swollen from the mosquito stings. Then we heard very bad news. My fine carriage horse "Cockatoo" was reported ill, and was found to have a bad attack of pneumonia. I went at once to see him, and found him very ill indeed, with his coat all ruffled up, and every sign of pneumonia about him. I could do nothing but put myself in the hands of a veterinary surgeon, whose first remark was: "*Ah! il a une jolie fluxion de poitrine, allez!*" He bled the horse copiously. It was trembling all over and hanging its head, and the case, *in such hands*, was hopeless from the very first. We could not stay at Marseilles, for the hotel was too insanitary, so we had to leave poor "Cockatoo" to his fate in the care of the veterinary surgeon. We left Marseilles at night for Nice by sea on Saturday, September 29th. We had great difficulty in getting the carriages and the remaining horse "Leporello" on board, for the arrangements for embarking them were most clumsy; but we did manage it at last. The sea was very rough, and we did not reach Nice until 2 p.m. on Sunday, September 30th. We put up at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where we were made most comfortable. We stayed at Nice till Wednesday, and Agnes and I drove round the town, passing by the Croix de Marbre and the

Boileaus' old house, the Maison Saiçy, where I first saw Agnes in 1839, and the Petite Maison Avigdor—which was all the same a large house—where we Vernons passed that same winter.

On Wednesday, October 3rd, we started on our journey along the Cornice to Genoa: Agnes and I in a four-wheeled dog-cart with a pair of *vetturino* horses, the driver riding postilion; and the landau-sociable with Reggie, Ward, and Ellen inside; Patriarchi beside the *vetturino*, who drove four horses, on the box. We had had an awning on an iron framework fitted to the dog-cart, but soon had to abandon it, for the wind on the second day threatened to blow us over the cliffs, while the iron frame was also most dangerous in a thunderstorm that came upon us one day between Genoa and Spezia. My groom William Jeans rode "Leporello" behind the carriages. Feeling was running very high at this time in the province of Nice, Garibaldi's native country, that, just when he had conquered half Italy, his old home should be ceded to France, and himself thereby turned into a French subject. I myself was boiling with rage about it, and we conversed freely with our postilion, whose remarks were extremely forcible as we made our way up the mountain-side from Nice to Turbía. Has anyone who has once seen the enchanting view from Turbía ever forgotten it? Behind one, Nice has been left deep down below, and, as one descends the other side to Mentone, one sees at one's feet the little principality of Monaco beautifully placed on a rock overhanging the sea. It is beautiful beyond words!

On the following morning we left Mentone at 5 a.m. to drive to Oneglia. We had a good deal of trouble in getting the *vetturino* horses over the frontier into Italy, for it was necessary for the *vetturino* to get from the French officials a certificate that the horses had issued from France, or else they would have had untold trouble when they came back again. The officials were all in bed at 5 a.m., and we had a wearisome long wait before they could be induced to come.

We slept at Oneglia. At Oneglia there is a large convict prison. I was interested to hear of the method they adopted with refractory prisoners. When a convict refused to work, he was put into a cell into which there poured a jet of water. There was a pump-handle with which the convict could easily keep the cell empty, but, the moment he stopped

pumping, the cell kept filling, and he was only liberated from it on the promise of performing his allotted task.

On October 6th (Saturday) we reached Genoa (Croce di Malta) at 4 p.m.

We all went to the English church on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon drove with Reggie to Quarto, and looked over the wall at the place where Garibaldi got into the boats with his followers on May 5th, just four months before, to embark on his victorious expedition to free Sicily. When we got back to the hotel, I went off in a boat in the harbour, to look at a large steamer, the *Conte di Cavour*, that had just come in bringing a deckful of Pontifical prisoners captured at Ancona after the battle of Castelfidardo, and among them Général Lamoricière himself. The officers were allowed to land on parole, and Général Lamoricière was lodged in the Royal Palace.

There was a general feeling of excitement and interest about the career of Garibaldi in Genoa, where he had his best friends, and where he was much beloved both privately and publicly. On Monday, October 8th, we had a visit after breakfast from Signor Tubino, the head of the *Accademia* there. He came to return my call. Agnes and I went with him to the Teatro Andrea Doria to take a box to hear the opera buffa *Don Bucefalo*. We found at the theatre the rehearsal of Rossini's *Cenerentola* going on, and enjoyed the great treat of standing at the door and listening to it, which was well worth our while, as the voices were beautiful and the singing exceedingly good. In the afternoon Tubino and I were allowed to go on board the *Conte di Cavour*. The prisoners had all left the ship before we visited her, but she was in a filthy state, and the stewards complained bitterly of the behaviour to them of the officers and more especially of the Irish, who were both dirty and insolent. They did everything they could to give annoyance. Every time they had done with a glass or coffee cup, they deliberately threw it overboard, and were guilty of other mean little pin-pricks of a like nature. I asked the head steward how long they had been coming round from Ancona. "*Sinque* (cinque) *giorni!*" he answered with his Piedmontese accent, "*divrei piuttosto sinque martiri!*" In the evening we went to hear *Don Bucefalo* and were immensely amused, especially by the *buffo* actor Bottero, who was a wonderful violinist with a splendid bass voice.

I was surprised, about six years afterwards, to see how little Bottero's fun appealed to an English audience at Covent Garden. They seemed totally indifferent to his great comic powers, and to his fine singing.

At dinner the next evening Tubino, who was an intimate friend of Garibaldi, told us a curious story in proof of the General's antipathy to the Emperor of the French. The day before he embarked on his expedition to Sicily, he sent for a little boy, the son of a friend of his, and his own god-son; and, after giving him good advice, he said to him: "When you were christened, you were named Napoleone, and have been so called ever since, but I now baptize you over again, and from henceforth you shall be called Orsini!"¹ This story is a fact, but scarcely worthy of the praise which is bestowed upon Garibaldi for his honourable and benevolent character; but, Garibaldi's one antipathy being Napoleon III, it is understandable that he could not resist this opportunity of betraying it in so private a manner. Tubino was with Garibaldi the evening before he embarked, and saw the young men of the town, who had volunteered, come and present themselves before him at the little villa by the roadside. Many of them belonged to affluent families of the upper and middle classes, and all came provided with purses, which they laid before the General saying: "We offer you all we have, having sold our substance, so as to keep back nothing from so good a cause."

We posted to Pisa in two days by road (October 11th and 12th) and, after some preliminary difficulties, were told of a very nice house which we immediately went to see. It was called the Casa Inglese, and was situated near the walls at the apex of two converging streets, so that it had a look out into each, like the *tempietto* at Rome with Via Sistina on the one side and Via Gregoriana on the other. It was very pretty, with an inside stableyard all covered with convolvulus blossoms.

We therefore engaged the house on October 16th for a year. In the afternoon Agnes, Reggie, and I drove through the Cascine Vecchie di San Rossore, which is a royal sporting domain of many miles in extent, with fine plantations of ilex and Scotch firs, in which the King has excellent pheasant and wild-boar shooting. We drove on to the Gombo,

¹ Felice Orsini was the chief of the would-be regicides who tried to assassinate the Emperor and Empress in 1858, and was guillotined in Paris.

where there is a royal *château*, and a fine view along the coast. It was here that the poet Shelley was drowned in 1822. In the woods of San Rossore, where the soil is sandy, there are large herds of camels and dromedaries, which breed freely. We drove home by the ancient basilica of San Piero in Grado, *i.e.* "St. Peter's on the Sea-shore." Tradition asserts that it was here that St. Peter first landed in Italy. The sea has, however, so much receded since those days, that the church is now eight miles inland. An interesting map in the third volume of the *Vernon Dante* (3 vols. folio, 1858-65) shows the gradual recessions of the coast line since the time of Dante.

On Saturday, November 3rd, we saw flags flying in all directions, and, on going to the Hôtel Victoria to ask why, were informed that Capua had been bombarded and taken by Garibaldi. The Tuscans at this time seem to have had a panic, lest Tuscany might be invaded by an Austrian army, and the fact that Russia had the previous week withdrawn her embassy from Turin seemed to have given credence to this belief.

Again, on Thursday, November 8th, flags were flying all over the town for the news of the entry of King Victor Emmanuel into Naples.

The National Guards of the different Italian States were now being interchanged as garrisons. The corps from Naples arrived at Leghorn, and another (I forget from where) at Pisa.

We were much dissatisfied with the laundress's enormous prices, and also with the cook, Eugenio, a very big fat man, and, as it turned out, a great rascal. We determined to get rid of him. Every cook at Pisa has his kitchen man (*facchino*), usually not inferior in culinary skill to himself, and it is tacitly understood between them that A is perfectly at liberty to upset B, but that, if he succeeds, he is to do him a good turn afterwards.

One afternoon I heard a knock at the door of the room where I was reading, and the weasel figure of Filippo, the *facchino*, glided into the room. He said: "Might I be allowed to speak to your Excellency?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Oh, Signor Padrone, I know that your Excellency is a personage of great merit and dignity, and needs to be served by people of honesty, fidelity, and intelligence.

Eccellenza, it makes me weep hot tears to see that there are persons about you who are not worthy of your confidence, and who are betraying you."

"What *do* you mean?" I asked.

"Ah, Eccellenza, that Eugenio is a great villain (*è un gran birbone!*)."

I thought so too, but I kept my thoughts to myself, and that evening gave him notice, as I had already decided to do, quite independent of what Filippo had told me. Eugenio threw himself on his knees, clasped his hands, shed copious tears, and bellowed for mercy. Finding that I treated his tears with contempt, he tried to bully, whereupon I turned him out of the room.

The next afternoon I again heard a knock at my door, and again did the weasel figure of Filippo glide into the room. "Ah," said he, "your Excellency has done perfectly right in ridding your house of such a rascal as Eugenio. The Signor Padrone needs a cook of probity, capacity, and experience. Now I have brought these certificates from persons, your Excellency will see, of the highest distinction, and I beg to offer myself for the post which the infamous Eugenio was not worthy to hold."

Well, I knew there was not a pin to choose between any score of these cooks, and therefore, tying him down to a weekly contract (*cottimo*), I told him I would give him a trial. He shed tears of joy, thanked me profusely, and asked me if he might get a kitchen-man; "for," said he, "Signor Padrone, the work in your Excellency's household is very heavy, and I ought to have a good strong lad."

"Very well," said I, "look out for the lad you want, and I will see him."

He retired, and I went on with my reading. Another knock, and in again glided Filippo like an eel. "Ah, Signor Padrone," said he, "*io sono un ragazzo di cuore*, and I grieve over the misfortunes of my fellow-creatures. I have been thinking, your Excellency, there is that poor Eugenio, turned out into the street, with a wife and children depending upon him" (he burst into tears). "Would your Excellency allow me to take the poor lad [Eugenio was forty, six feet high, and enormously fat] to be my *facchino*?"

"No!" I thundered, "ten thousand times no! Be off, and never let me hear such a thing mentioned again!"

The first public event that I remember of the year 1861

was that Prince Carignano of Savoy was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Naples. The citadel of Gaeta was captured after a severe bombardment, and the insignificant Francis II, whose Queen, sister of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, had acted in the most heroic manner in inspiring the defending garrison, retired to Rome.

At some period during January or February, we (Agnes and I) went to Lucca, and stayed in the *Albergo dell' Universo* there, while we had a hunt for villas.

After visiting several villas, we at last engaged the beautiful villa of the Counts Sardi, a little over two miles from Lucca, standing on very high ground. Its address was Villa Sardi, San Martino in Vignale, Lucca. It was handsomely, though somewhat sparsely, furnished. We took it, if I remember rightly, from March 25th for one year. It had a magnificent view over the plain of Pistoja, a view, however, which grew monotonous during the long summer heats, but right in front of us was the beautiful Monte San Giuliano, which separates Lucca from Pisa; Dante calls it "*il monte per che i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno*" (*Inf. XXXIII, 30*).

On February 18th took place at Turin the first assembly of the United Italian Parliament, and Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed King of Italy.

In the middle of March, Lacaita arrived at Pisa with his nephew Alberigo Lopiccoli, whom in later years I knew well when he was one of the twelve syndics of Naples.

They had come for the special purpose of taking Patella and me with them to witness the first celebration of what is now generally known as *La Festa dello Statuto*. We all four left Pisa by an afternoon train for Florence, but we had little realised what a wonderful sight was in store for us as soon as it got dark. For the first hour after leaving Pisa, Lacaita excitedly pointed out to us the masses of broom (*Genista*) growing in full bloom on the banks along the railway, saying: "In England they tell you that you can never see broom in flower south of the Alps! Look! look!"

Soon after we had passed Lucca, the night fell, and, almost as it were at the touch of a magician's wand, the whole country-side burst out into a blaze of illuminations. Every church had its steeple in relief with lights; every farm-house its bonfire; every little cottage its rushlights. I never saw such a completely unanimous display of loyalty.

Pescia, Pistoja, and Prato were a blaze of illumination, as well as all the surrounding mountains and hills; but, as we approached Florence, we saw it, still afar off in the darkness, outlined in fire, every well-known building showing its distinctive features as clearly as though we had seen it in daylight. We walked from the station to the Hôtel de l'Europe in Piazza Sta. Trínita¹—not a very good hotel, but quite good enough for four men (*en garçon*) who wanted to be more out of doors than in. As we walked along, you might have seen a pin on the pavement, so brilliantly were the streets illuminated. Bands were playing in all directions. The crowds were so quiet, well-behaved, and civil that I thought they might serve as an example to the lower classes in our country; more especially as we did not see a single person intoxicated. I can hear Lacaita now, saying to his nephew, when we got into the Piazza della Signoria: "*Questa è la famosa Loggia dei Lanzi!*" Inside Florence every bridge, every palace, every church was outlined in light. Never did I see lovely Florence look so indescribably lovely!

At the *table-d'hôte* dinner I was greatly amused. My three companions were all Neapolitans bred and born. I must mention that these latter had no great love in those days for Sicilians, whose heavy talk and demeanour contrast very forcibly with the mercurial liveliness of the Neapolitans. There was a ponderous slow-speaking Sicilian sitting opposite to Lacaita, and he began to relate to him at great length how on one occasion he was waylaid and nearly robbed in a back street, and how, after knocking his assailant down, he took to his heels and never stopped till he got to a *café*, where he could get some kind of pick-me-up. Lacaita listened to the narration so blandly that you might have thought that butter would not melt in his mouth, but at the same time he made a quick little sign with his thumb against his waistcoat, invisible to all except to his two quick-eyed and quick-witted countrymen, Patella and Lopiccoli; but they understood in a moment Lacaita's sign, which implied that excess of fear in the poor Sicilian had brought on a bowel-complaint! These two

¹ I must explain that, when one is speaking of the Holy Trinity (*Santissima Trinità*), the accent is on the last syllable. When, however, the name is applied to a street or (as here) to a square, the accent is on the first syllable (*Piazza Santa Trínita*).

went into such paroxysms of laughter that I too caught the infection, without in the least being able to understand the joke, and laughed till I cried.

A few days after my return to Pisa, an event occurred which tended to accelerate our migration to Lucca. Agnes, who, from her Huguenot Boileau descent, was greatly in sympathy with the Italian Vaudois (*Valdese*) churches in Italy, occasionally asked me to take her to their services at Pisa. The freedom enjoyed by these Italian Protestants under the new *régime* of the Kingdom of all Italy had enraged the Roman Catholic Hierarchy to the highest pitch of resentment, and they had brought over to Pisa a fiery preacher, a sort of Torquemada, who in all his sermons excited the populace to put down these heretical services by violence.

On Sunday, March 24th, we heard that a sermon was to be preached in the Protestant church by the ex-prior of a rich monastery, who had become a Protestant minister. We were very anxious to hear him, and accordingly went thither; but the crowds in all the neighbouring streets and fields (the little church was on the outskirts of the town) looked so menacing, that I determined to take Agnes home again, and very foolishly returned to the church myself. I then heard that a serious riot had taken place an hour before. A Protestant father and mother were taking their baby to be baptized at the Protestant church, when they were suddenly attacked by a furious mob, one of the ring-leaders of which was the very cook, Eugenio, whom I had discharged. They seized the carriage and forcibly conveyed both parents and child to the Baptistery, where it (the baby) was baptized a Roman Catholic. When I reached the Protestant church, it was ominously surrounded by an angry crowd, among whom I saw Eugenio again and again exercising his malevolent influence on them. However, the ex-prior made his appearance and, after due preliminaries, commenced his sermon. He had not got very far with it, when all of a sudden a shower of great stones was discharged at the windows, demolishing every pane of glass in the building. We ran to the windows, and closed the outer shutters, upon which stones continued to thunder with but little intermission. Besides myself, there were three English ladies in a congregation of about fifty persons.

Among the congregation was Count Guicciardini, who was

one of the principal members of the Italian Protestant church. One or two of the leading men in the congregation now came to me, and asked me if I would mind speaking from one of the windows and telling the *gendarmerie* that there were four British subjects in the building, and that we demanded protection. I instantly did what they asked me, but, the moment I had opened the shutter, the captain of the *carabinieri* called out to me to put in my head and shut up. At that moment I saw two priests beckon the mob forward, and a shower of stones rattled against the shutter at the exact spot where my head had been. Meanwhile Agnes, seriously alarmed about me, had sent our coachman and footman to the Syndic of Pisa, and they spoke so persistently and vigorously that at last they got him to take action, and he somewhat hesitatingly telegraphed to Cavour. The answer came back promptly and decisively, ordering him at once to call out the National Guard and put down the riot by main force. We could hear the drums beating the *générale*, and at last, after an imprisonment of three hours, we were gratified and relieved to see 500 National Guards marching to deliver us. The captain of the *carabinieri* had guaranteed to get us four English out safely, but we saw such despair in the faces of the Italian congregation that we, one and all, refused to leave until all could do so together. This was effected by the National Guards. It was the first time, since the proclamation of the Kingdom of Italy, that they had been called out, and the unanimity with which they obeyed the summons was most satisfactory. On the following day the commandant of the National Guards at Pisa, F. Michelozzi, issued an Order of the Day, communicating a letter to him from the Prefect of Pisa, giving high commendation to the troops for the way they had restored order, which had been gravely perturbed by persons, foes to real liberty, who, under the colour of an insensate and hypocritical simulated religious zeal, had been bought with the money of "Judas traitors."

The effects of this riot were so great, and religious animosities in Pisa were so powerfully aroused, that we were advised not to delay too long in moving to the villa we had taken near Lucca. Not long after our arrival at Villa Sardi, I was summoned before the magistrates at Lucca, to give evidence upon any details of the recent riot that I had witnessed. I soon found that they were examining me as

to what I had seen of Eugenio as one of the ringleaders of the riot. I tried not to lean too hardly against him ; but unfortunately the general evidence was too strong, and he was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude. At the end of a year, King Victor Emmanuel happening to pass through Pisa, Eugenio's wife got leave to present herself before him. She threw herself at the King's feet with many lamentations, and she obtained a free pardon for her husband. Nine years afterwards, in February 1870, I had joined Agnes and my sister Louisa at the Hôtel Victoria at Pisa, where they had preceded me by some weeks. The next day I noticed that Eugenio was continually in front of the hotel. Then I found that both Agnes and Louisa professed to be much bored with Pisa, and begged me to take them to Florence. I was nothing loath, for I hated Pisa and adored Florence ; but, when we had established ourselves at the Hôtel dell' Arno, Agnes informed me that old Piegaja had been to her, begging her on behalf of the Pisa police to get me away, as Eugenio was determined to put a knife into me. I do not know why he did not follow me to Florence for this praiseworthy object, but, somehow or other, he never did, nor did I ever hear anything more about him.

Villa Sardi was a very large house, and admirably fitted for passing the summer. A double outside staircase led up to a *loggia*, which again led into a very lofty spacious hall with sofas round it, half entrance-hall and half saloon. All the principal bedrooms, a small drawing-room, and a dining-room opened out of this saloon. I had four large empty rooms on the floor above, which I fitted up as my photographic laboratory. I used to prepare my own dry plates by several different processes, but the one with which I succeeded best was the tannin process. I had bought an old fly at Leghorn, and got it fitted up inside like the photographic carriage Mr. Anderson lent me at Rome in 1859. I got a photographic assistant, named Angiolino, who was very willing and useful. He had been a bugler in the *bersaglieri*, but his lungs would not stand their double-quick marching. We photographed all over the country ; churches, villas, ravines, and landscapes.

Early in May we went into lodgings on the beautiful sea-front outside Leghorn, which stretches to the Ardenza and as far as Antignano, and which in the late summer is

a most fashionable bathing-place. They were beginning to erect the bathing-cabins which are permanent buildings, for there is so small a tide there that the cabins remain as fixtures on a sort of stone pier running into the sea. Tent canvas is stretched over a skeleton framing of wood. They completed one cabin specially for me to bathe from, but the Italians themselves do not bathe before July. While we were at Leghorn, a strong southerly gale called *Libeccio* (derived from *Libya*, *Libiticus*—*Libeccio*) blew without intermission for several days. So perfectly steady did it blow, that in a photograph of mine exposed for three minutes the Savoy cross in the flag hoisted over the bathing-place was distinctly visible, and hardly blurred at all. While we were at Leghorn, we were joined by Patella, who was in great spirits because the new Italian Foreign Office had restored to him his diplomatic rank, of which King Bomba had deprived him after 1848.

He returned with us to Villa Sardi to pack up, and left us on Trinity Sunday, May 26th. He recommenced his career—he was sent out to far-distant missions—and we lost sight of him for some years. When Prince Amedeo was created King of Spain, Patella went with him. We saw him for the last time at our house in Grosvenor Place in 1870, and, not very long after that, he died.

While we were at Leghorn, a detachment of the National Guards of Naples was sent into barracks there, and it was singular to hear the unfamiliar Neapolitan dialect in the streets of a Tuscan town. We went to Leghorn on May 20th, and returned to Villa Sardi on June 8th.

The summer was now upon us, and a fearfully hot one it proved to be. The wells dried up all over the country, and I was forced to spend three lire (francs) a day to have the common river water brought up from the Serchio to answer for every purpose. The heat was intense. Ice was not to be had for love or money. I used to ride out very early, and to long distances. I would get home to breakfast at eight, after which we used to shut up all windows, shutters, and outside doors, and open every inside door throughout the house. We used to water the scagliola floors with a watering-pot, and in that way attained to a semblance of coolness. We could not sit on arm-chairs and sofas, but sat on the cold floors with our backs against the walls. We dined at four in the afternoon, a very convenient hour

during the summer heats, as it leaves one a long evening to drive out. We used to have the carriage at six and go long distances.

To those who do not know the town of Lucca, I would remark that it is well worth a visit. It is enclosed within rectangular ramparts with a lovely shaded drive upon them going round the town. It has four gateways, at the four points of the compass. The beautiful Lombard Cathedral is an object of great interest. From the ramparts one could see down one of the streets three distinct *enceintes* of the town, as its increasing importance caused it to enlarge its boundaries.¹ Silk weaving is the principal trade of Lucca, and it is said to have been the first city of Italy to devote itself to this industry. The manufacture of the celebrated Lucca oil, by far the best in Italy, gives the name of Lucca a world-wide recognition. The province is small, but the inhabitants are the most hard-working and industrious in Europe. All the land is tilled by spade husbandry. The plough is not used at all. Every field is dug up by eleven men working abreast with long spades. The Lucca peasants go to all the great towns for miles round and collect the contents of the cesspools, which are worked into the land, and the result is the most abundant crops of wheat, with a second crop of Indian corn or maize. The system of the *mezzeria* prevails all through the district. The proprietor of the land stocks it, and bears all that expense. The peasant farmers (*contadini*) till it, and after the harvest the landlord and the tenant divide the profits.

The drive along the winding Serchio from Lucca to the Bagni di Lucca (twenty miles) is very beautiful. At twelve miles from Lucca, and about four from the Bagni, is Borgo a Mozzano, where the river is crossed by the picturesque Ponte alla Maddalena, or del Diavolo, of five unequal arches, the centre one of immense span. This is said to have been built by Castruccio in 1322.² Ponte a Serraglio is the central point of the several villages which are called collectively Bagni di Lucca. A little above it is the junction of the Lima and the Serchio.

¹ Compare Dante, *Paradiso*, Canto XVI, *passim*.

² 1322 would, of course, be a year after Dante's death, but I cannot help thinking that he must have had some such bridge in his mind when he described the *ponticelli* (narrow bridges) which spanned the successive Pits of *Malebolge* in Nether Hell (*Inf.* XVIII, 15).

One day I took a photograph of the interior of the Cathedral at an hour when the afternoon sun was shining upon the western doorways. Modern photographers would be astounded to learn what long exposures were necessary with the dry plates of those days. A friendly *custode* had put together for me a movable scaffold on wheels, with which the monuments were reached for dusting. It was about twenty feet high, and it enabled me to place my camera upon it without my having to tilt it up as much as would have been necessary from the marble floor. I gave the plate an exposure of three and a half hours, as the church is a particularly dark one. The result was not bad, but experts at Florence assured me that, with an exposure of five hours, a perfect photograph would have been got. In the nave of the cathedral there is an octagonal marble chapel called the *Tempietto*, in which is treasured an ancient wooden sculpture of Our Lord, said to be of the eleventh century, and known as the *Vólto Santo*. Dante, in *Inferno*, XXI, 48, 49, alludes to it when a Demon, before immersing one of the Ancients of Lucca in the boiling pitch, sneeringly observes that the *Vólto Santo* will not save this sinner :

“ *Qui non ha loco il santo volto,
Qui si nuota altrimenti che nel Serchio.*”

Tradition says that, after the Crucifixion, Nicodemus was ordered by an angel to make an image of Our Lord, but, as he left it unfinished, it was miraculously completed.

Oh, the heat of that summer! Villa Sardi stands very high, with a view extending for some thirty miles over the great plain towards Pistoja. As we looked down upon it from our high ground, the masses of tall trees appeared like short grass. There was a hot haze continually hanging over it, and we got very tired of the sameness of that usually beautiful bird's-eye view.

The year 1861 will ever be remembered as that of Italy's unification under one sovereign. Cavour's great dream, save for Rome and Venice, was now realised, and Italy was free and united. But the terrible wear and tear of these last years, and especially his negotiations with Garibaldi, had told upon the great statesman—the greatest of the century—more than his friends had imagined. A scene in the Chamber between Cavour and Garibaldi—although they were reconciled a few days later—was the

last straw that broke the camel's back. Cavour had been feeling very unwell and depressed, a fever set in, the doctors at Turin were anything but up to date, and by repeated bleedings so reduced his vital powers that he could not recover; he died on June 6th. The scene with Garibaldi had undoubtedly hastened his end. Cavour had wished to deal generously with Garibaldi and his volunteers—far more so than seemed wise to the regular army in Italy; but he did not wish the Italian cause to be endangered by their lack of prudence, and could not permit all the Garibaldian officers to be received into the regular army with the same grades they held in the volunteer forces.

In the Life of Count Cavour by Domenico Zanichelli the following occurs, which I translate :

“ Never was a death so mourned by an entire people as was that of Cavour. From the palace to the humblest cottage of the poor, all were struck down with sorrow. It seemed as if the fortune of Italy had been obscured. . . . He had marked out the straight path, the true way to follow, he had educated all Italians to liberty, and had so imposed the new Italy upon Europe that adverse forces never succeeded in overthrowing it.”

He was succeeded in the premiership by that great and good man Baron Bettino Ricasoli, who, as Tuscan Minister of the Interior in 1859, had done so much to promote the union of Tuscany to Italy. He was a man of unswerving integrity, but his rigid austerity earned him the sobriquet of “ the Iron Baron.”

Towards the latter end of August I was attacked by an enormous abscess on my upper lip. I was hardly risen from my bed, as weak as a rat, when we had a great alarm that eight convicts had escaped from penal servitude and were hiding in the woods surrounding the villa. I had four English men-servants and Leblanc, my French cook. I had plenty of guns and rifles with me, so I summoned my men and distributed the arms among them, and we prepared a warm reception for the convicts if they should come. As it turned out, however, the *carabinieri* or *gens d'armes* recaptured them the next day. Hardly had we settled down after this alarm, when a new source of anxiety came upon us, in the shape of a telegram from Dieppe from Frank

Boileau to tell us that poor Johnnie's condition left no hope of his living more than a few weeks longer.

We were in a great dilemma. I was supposed to be too ill to travel, we had Reggie to think of, although his nurse, little Holford, was everything Agnes could wish both in experience and in goodness. I knew that Johnnie was the one member of Agnes's family whom she loved best, and I saw that she was yearning to go to her brother, whereupon we decided the matter, and went in seventy-two hours from Villa Sardi to Dieppe.

He died on October 8th, and was buried at Dieppe in the cemetery. I had a most touching letter from Sir John Boileau, written to me five days after we reached Dieppe, in which he thanked me for bringing Agnes to see her brother while I was ill in bed and had to leave Reggie at such an immense distance.

After a few weeks in England, we returned to Italy. We went by sea from Genoa to Leghorn. Hiram Powers, the great American sculptor at Florence (whom I knew), was on board—and there were also a considerable number of rich Americans, all Northerners, among the passengers. The civil war between the North and the South was in full swing, and feelings ran very high. All the Americans except Hiram Powers wore frock coats and top hats. They were unacquainted with the great sculptor, but were all gathered round him by the companion stairs as we were running straight for the harbour of Leghorn, about ten miles distant, and I heard Hiram Powers perorating a stirring harangue something like this: "Well, gentlemen, we shall see whether a great country like the United States, which in so short a time has raised and trained a million of fighting men, will not prevail against rebellion, prejudice, etc., etc." A murmur of applause ran through the group, and one of them stepped forward and asked: "What's your name, sir?"

"My name, sir, is Hiram Powers."

"I thought so, sir," was the enthusiastic reply; "shake hands, sir," and every man in the group came forward in turn to salute their distinguished countryman.

We spent four days at Florence to see the first great Exhibition of the products of United Italy, which the King had opened in September. A large disused railway station outside the Porta a Prato and near the Cascine was turned into an exhibition building.

In a letter to my father I said :

“ You will have heard that I got a medal for my landscape photographs, of which I sent twenty, namely, three of Sudbury, four of Shugborough, one of Betteshanger, two of Lucca, five of the Bagni di Lucca, and five of Pisa. They were very kindly mentioned in the *Cenno Sommario sui Giudizj emessi dei Giurati della Classe X. Chimica. 101* : ‘ Warren-Vernon, William, di Firenze. Per le sue riproduzioni fotografiche di paesaggi, nelle quali si ammirano la buona scelta del soggetto ed il gusto artistico, non che la esattezza, e la difficoltà superata della impressionabilità dei verdi.’ (Warren-Vernon, William, of Florence. For his photographic reproductions of landscapes, in which are to be admired the good choice of the subjects and the artistic taste, added to the precision, and the great difficulties that had to be overcome in the impressionability of the greens in the foliage.) So after that I could not help going to Florence. The Exhibition generally was very well worth seeing, but by far the most interesting part of it was the collection of paintings, which, as a collection, was very beautiful. . . . The things sent by Ginori, mostly imitations of Majolica and Luca della Robbia ware, were of surpassing excellence. . . . I also saw there the machine for boring the Mont Cenis tunnel.”

We were also profoundly interested in witnessing the restoration of the Bargello, the ancient Palazzo del Podestà, and its conversion into a museum for historical antiquities. It had, for three centuries, been turned into prisons. It was in the Chapel of the Bargello that a fresco by Giotto of many figures, including Dante, was known to exist. The Chapel had been altered into two tiers, the upper tier being prison-cells, and the lower one store-houses. In 1840 our friend Baron Seymour Kirkup succeeded in getting the whitewash removed, when a beautiful portrait of Dante in profile was brought to light. It was garbed in the three colours most hateful to Italian despots: red, white, and green, the three colours of the flag of United Italy. Kirkup, knowing that these colours would inevitably be altered by order of the Grand-Ducal Government, contrived to make a coloured sketch in a parchment-bound copy of the *Convivio* of Dante, as also a tracing, while the workmen were at their dinner. From these he made for my father

a beautiful chalk drawing of the portrait, which is now at Sudbury Hall, Derbyshire, and which my father allowed to be copied by the Arundel Society. As I shall relate later, the copy of the *Convivio* ultimately came to form one of the mediæval treasures in the museum at the Bargello.

We left Villa Sardi for Florence about February (1862). We had got thoroughly bored with the house, and its utter loneliness, and we pined for the life of Florence. We accordingly went there, and found that the landlady of the Gran Bretagna Hotel, Signora de Angelis, had a beautiful villa to let at San Domenico near Fiesole, called Villa Caprini.

The house could either be let as a whole, or the larger portion could be divided off for a tenant, while Signora de Angelis retained the smaller half for her own residence. We adopted the latter plan, and paid the very moderate rent of £12 (300 lire) a month. The villa was charming. It had a beautiful garden and excellent stables. Besides the regular dining-room, there was a delightful summer dining-room built nearly underground in the thickness of the exceedingly thick walls, and quite cool in the hottest weather. At one end of the villa there was a cluster of cypress trees with stone tables and benches, which afforded an impenetrable shade. There were all sorts of *dépendances* below the house, which I turned into most efficient photographic laboratories.

Our time at Villa Caprini was one of the pleasantest of our life. The house and gardens were so delightful. The great loggia, with two arches at the entrance, opening into a large inner hall that went right through the house to the garden beyond, with dining-room and drawing-room opening out of it, had an immense charm. There was a billiard table in the inner hall. In the summer we sat out in the delightful grounds. We drove all over the country both inside Florence and outside. One difficulty in driving oneself was the rule of the road. Outside Florence, the continental custom of crossing on the right and passing on the left was the rule; inside the town, the English rule of the road was universal. But in the early morning, when one entered Florence through one of the gateways, one encountered a mass of market carts going in or coming out. Few of the carters knew or cared for the nice distinction I have described, and sometimes there was great confusion.

One evening we had a serious accident by which Reggie nearly lost his life. Agnes was sitting by the fire in our bedroom, when I came in at the door. The floors of the bedrooms, were all of stone, covered with carpets that were anything but thick. As I came in, I saw Reggie climbing up the back of Agnes's chair. Foreseeing what might happen, I called out to her: "Don't move—keep your seat!" Unfortunately, she did not understand me and jumped up. The chair tipped over backwards. Reggie fell on the back of his head with a blow that resounded as though he had cracked his skull. He gave two or three convulsive kicks, and then lay perfectly motionless. We thought he was dead! We were much relieved to hear from Dr. Trotman that, though he had sustained a very severe shock, there was no danger of concussion of the brain.

Soon after my return from a short visit to England in the spring of this year, I went off on a day's photographic expedition to the Apennine Monastery of Vallombrosa. I took with me Semplicini, the photographer, and we each of us made experiments with the dry plates that we had made for ourselves. We first drove eighteen miles by road to the village of Pelago, and, after having luncheon there, had a walk of six miles uphill, but in the shade of the thick pine trees, to the Monastery.

At one village some children came out and sang to us a kind of stereotyped chant of welcome:

*"A tanti giorni d'Aprile
Questi signori veniamo a riverire!"*

We each took a number of views, and, after dining at the Monastery, drove back to Florence. The next day we developed our plates, but were both of us thoroughly disappointed to find that our negatives were disastrous failures. The green of the pine trees is so dense that we ought to have given to our plates an exposure six or seven times as long as we had thought sufficient. Not a single plate was worth keeping. Semplicini had prepared his plates by the Taupenot albumen process, while I had prepared mine by the tannin process.

Early in May I made up my mind to repeat my visit to Vallombrosa, and came back with better results than I had obtained in April. Arthur Lambton (who was passing a month with us) was glad to come with me, and Semplicini

accompanied us, but he did not bring his photographic things with him. Arthur and I started early in my four-wheeled dog-cart, and at Porta alla Croce picked up Semplicini, who was most inappropriately attired in a tall hat and a black frock coat, considering that we were already in full summer weather. I took with me my complete wet-collodion apparatus, and sent Angiolino (my assistant) on with it to meet us at Pelago. To carry it up the mountain we made use of what is called a *treggia*, namely, a large square basket on front wheels, and with sledge runners behind, drawn by two bullocks. The basket was about five feet long by four wide, with four perpendicular sides. With my photographic things in this, we commenced our ascent after a hearty lunch at the inn at Pelago. I took several views at Pelago, two of the mill at Tosi; and thence we pursued our way up to the Monastery. I have already remarked how inappropriately poor Semplicini was garbed for a mountain walk on a hot May day in Tuscany. When we had accomplished about four miles out of the six, he completely broke down, and lay down to drink of a mountain rill, exclaiming with a sigh: "*Io son proprio avvilito!* (I am just humbled and reduced to nothing at all!)" Now Arthur Lambton, ever since his earliest boyhood, had always been liable to fits of the giggles at the most inconvenient moments, and this happened to him now; but what was worse was that it infected me, and we stood over poor Semplicini, lying on his face with his mouth in the stream, laughing till the tears ran down our cheeks. He took it very good-naturedly, and in due course of time we forgot our troubles before a fire of blazing brushwood and an excellent meal in the *foresteria* or Strangers' Hostel, where we passed the night. The next morning I was early at work with Angiolino. I pitched my photographic tent at the foot of the great waterfall, which I had so totally failed to reproduce before, on account of the intensely deep green of the pine trees surrounding it. By Semplicini's advice, I gave the plate an exposure of eight minutes, which is the longest that I ever did give to a wet-collodion plate. The result was highly successful. I then took as a separate view a portion of the waterfall, about half-way up, which looked like a single cascade. For this view, two or three years afterwards, I got a diploma of high commendation from the Amateur Photographic Association in Baker Street, of

which Mr. Glaisher, the astronomer, was the president. It was bracketed for the prize with another view of a temple at Memphis, but, after some discussion, the prize was given to the latter, *because Egypt was farther away than Italy!* The reason of the judges' decision did not altogether satisfy me, but then they had not realised my difficulties of transport. Possibly had they seen the *treggia* and bullocks, they might have assigned the prize to me!

CHAPTER VII

THE SOCIETY FOR RELIEF OF DISTRESS—THE MENDICITY SOCIETY—FLORENCE—THE VERNON DANTE—RAVENNA (JUNE 1862—JUNE 1870)

WE had now decided on returning to England, and began our preparations. When we reached Ketteringham, in the middle of June (1862), dear Lady Catherine's sands were nearly run out, and she only continued to survive through her strong vitality. The end came on June 25th. We were all with her except Ama Gurney, who was not able to leave Runcton, and Edmund, who was in Australia. My dear mother-in-law was certainly one of the dearest and best women whom I encountered during my long life, and I had a very deep and real affection for her. She was attended by Dr. (afterwards Sir Frederick) Bateman of Norwich, and was buried in the repulsive mausoleum at Ketteringham—a form of sepulture most repugnant to my feelings, and, I am thankful to say, now quite obsolete.

All this time the American Civil War was raging, and the complete blockade of the Southern ports by the fleets of the Northern States had entirely stopped the importation of cotton into Lancashire. The cotton-mills were at a standstill, and, as the principal trade of his collieries at Poynton was at Manchester, my father found he was losing £12,000 a year, besides having a thousand starving colliers and their families on his hands. He might have taken advantage of a public fund to help to support them, but he nobly refused to do so. He broke up his establishment at Sudbury, shut up the house, and with Fanny (his second wife) retired to "The Cottage" in the village which had been her old home. Here they lived in great economy, until the close of the American War enabled them once more to go back to Sudbury Hall, and meanwhile the Poynton colliers were entirely supported at my father's expense.

I had for several years been most favourably inclined to homœopathy as a mode of healing, but had never been able to make continuous use of it, from the fact that I had never been living where there were any homœopathic physicians. Now, however, that we were settling down in London, I determined to adopt it permanently. My father, my brother Augustus, and my sister Adelaide had at times played with it, but I did not wish to begin its practice unless I was prepared to trust to it in serious illness, as well as for light ailments. I had already, occasionally when in town, consulted Mr. Hugh Cameron, who then lived in Half Moon Street, and he inspired me with every confidence. Cameron had lived for twenty years, as his private physician, with the old Field-Marshal, the Marquess of Anglesey, who had commanded the cavalry at Waterloo, and had had his leg carried away by pretty nearly the last shot that was fired by the French on the field of battle. He was sitting on his horse, in the dusk of gathering night, by the side of the Duke of Wellington, when he suddenly exclaimed: "By God, sir, I've lost my leg!" The Duke looked down till he could see, when he calmly remarked: "Have you, by God, sir?" and then resumed his observation of the flight and pursuit of the defeated French army. It was while Lord Anglesey was in Paris, about 1834, that he became aware of the success, as a doctor, of Dr. Hahnemann, the physician who by his then new work, the *Novum Organon*, worked such a revolution in medicine. Lord Anglesey, being very anxious that Cameron should study homœopathy, got him to attach himself to Hahnemann, who at that time had a large practice in Paris, and Cameron became one of his most trusted pupils, while he acquired great homœopathic experience as his assistant among the poor in that city. In 1854, after Lord Anglesey's death, he became house surgeon in the London Homœopathic Hospital in Great Ormond Street at the time of the terrible outbreak of virulent cholera in the autumn of that year. Dr. Hamilton and Cameron turned all the other patients out into lodgings, and filled the hospital with cholera patients. The results were very gratifying, and cordially recognised as such by the Government Inspector of Cholera, Dr. Macloughlin.

Cameron was an admirable *raconteur*, and used to tell many amusing anecdotes of the twenty years he lived with the old Field-Marshal. The following was certainly the

best. When Lord Anglesey, who was not yet created a Marquess, but was only Earl of Uxbridge, and reputed to be the handsomest man in London, returned there maimed from Waterloo, he was provided with a remarkably well-fitting cork leg. Artificial limbs were quite a recent invention, and were not generally known. One day Lord Uxbridge, wearing his artificial leg, accompanied by his brother, Colonel the Honourable Sir Edward Paget, with an artificial arm, a second brother, Admiral Honourable Sir Charles Paget, with a glass eye, and a third brother, Honourable Berkeley Paget, sound in wind and limb, was posting down to Portsmouth and stopped at some inn about half-way, where they had written to order luncheon. As soon as the obsequious waiter had shown them into a sitting-room, Lord Uxbridge lay down and stretched himself on a sofa, and said: "Here, waiter, pull off my boot. Pull!" The waiter, nothing doubting, obeyed, when, to his terror, he found the whole leg had come away in his hands. He was fleeing from the room, when Sir Edward Paget stopped him, with the peremptory command: "Waiter, pull off my glove." The waiter, trembling from head to foot, did as he was told, when he found himself holding an entire arm. With a cry of dismay he rushed out of the room, when the bell summoned him back to his weird tormentors. "Waiter," said Admiral Sir Charles Paget, "bring me a finger-glass of water and a silver spoon. Hold the glass and give me the spoon—there!" and, as he spoke, he scooped out his glass eye into the bowl.

When the waiter had vanished in a state of collapse, the three maimed heroes of the scene began to chaff Berkeley Paget because, having no infirmity, he was unable to contribute any addition to the previous jokes. Berkeley promptly rang the bell, and, getting no answer, rang impatiently a second time. The waiter barely put in his head, and whined out: "What is it you want, sir?"

"I want you to come here."

"No, sir, if you please, sir, I'd rather not—I'm not used to this sort of thing," and his teeth chattered with fear.

"Come here directly, waiter," said the relentless Berkeley Paget.

"Well, sir," gasped the poor waiter, "what *do* you want now?" as he advanced with tottering footsteps.

“ Pull off my head ! ” said Berkeley, in a voice of thunder.

“ No, I am damned if I do ! ” screamed the poor dupe, and ran yelling right out of the house.¹

When we had settled down in London, my brother Augustus invited me to join the Society for Relief of Distress, which had been formed by William Davenport Bromley, known out hunting as “ the Maniac,” whose exploits as a pupil of Rarey at Shugborough I have already narrated. He was the head of the Bromleys of Wootton in Staffordshire, but in later years he inherited the property of his cousin, Davenport of Capesthorne, and became William Davenport Bromley-Davenport. It was a great desire of his that the many men of intelligence, wealth, and leisure in the London clubs should be induced to go and visit the poor in the slums of London, not only to administer relief to them from the Society’s funds, but also that the poor might get to feel that the well-to-do classes did not keep aloof from them ; and, by thus bringing the upper classes into personal contact with the lowest, mutual benefit and mutual understanding might be brought about. I once heard a Radical wag who was hostile to the Society, but an awful toady on occasions, call it “ the Society for the Utilisation of Patent Leather ! ” William Bromley, under the signature of W. D. B., had written several very powerful letters in *The Times* on the object proposed. The Society was formed, offices were taken in a small *entresol* at 28, King Street, St. James’s. The first two honorary secretaries were W. D. B. himself and, with him, Dr. Gilbert, whose son was the famous dramatist and poet, the author of *The Bab Ballads*. Shortly afterwards they added to themselves Colonel Francis Haygarth, Scots Fusilier Guards, a brother officer of Augustus’s. Money flowed in freely, and work began. Men were invited to volunteer to take a district, and there were also a few ladies. To each of these a district was assigned, and they became almoners of the Society for Relief of Distress (shortened into S.R.D.). My brother was so very particular in explaining to me the moral obligation on the upper classes of seeking out and visiting the poor in their homes, that a spirit of mischief prompted me to say : “ And in what district are *you* an

¹ I am indebted to my friend, the late Lord Berkeley Paget, for some correction of details in this story.

almoner?" Augustus put his glass into his eye and gave a sort of consequential cough, hummed and hawed, and said: "Ah, well, you see I attend more to the business part of the concern, working on the Committee."

"Oh, I see," said I, "your part is to sit at a table for an hour or two a week in King Street, St. James's, and our part is to go off to the slums in the East End! I see!"

Two or three years afterwards, I had the chance of paying out my brother, who, as I thought, deserved a lesson. It was *not* a case of *qui facit per alium, facit per se*. I had changed my district to St. Giles's, which was much more get-at-able than St. George's in the East, and was going there one afternoon, when I met my brother.

"William," he said, "are you inclined for a walk?"

"Yes," said I, "I'm on, only I want just to go into St. Giles's for ten minutes, to leave some tickets for a poor woman whose child is very ill. Do you mind?"

"Oh, well," said Augustus (very reluctantly), "but shall you be long?"

"Oh no," I replied, "only a few minutes," and I thereupon took him into Stacey Street, that runs now from Shaftesbury Avenue to St. Giles's Church, and we went down into one of the dreadful cellars in which human beings lived and died in those days, but which the sanitary inspectors now no longer sanction as dwellings. I sat down at the table and began writing my ticket for the poor woman, when a sort of gasp made me turn round, and I saw Augustus with his handkerchief up to his nose, retching violently, with the tears running down his cheeks! I chuckled inwardly.

When we got outside, he exclaimed: "What a horrible atmosphere!"

"Yes," I said, "it is pretty bad, but you know it is so good for us of the upper classes to visit the poor ourselves in their wretched homes. I am sure you would find it so, if you went oftener!"

He could not answer much, but he gave me a very wide berth indeed for ever afterwards, if he happened to know that I was going to my district.

The first district of which I was almoner consisted of a number of streets and courts that lay round Wellclose Square, in St. George's in the East, in the sub-vicarage of the late Father Lowder. He deputed a young curate of his, Mr. Lyne, to accompany me on my visits. I was

greatly startled to find myself in company with a small young man with earnest eyes, but dressed in a black cassock and tippet, with a biretta on his head, and a large silver chain and crucifix about his neck. Readers of these *Recollections* in 1917 must remember that such a costume in the streets was perfectly unheard of in 1862. We were very often passing through Radcliffe Highway, among all the motley groups of foreign sailors and others who frequented that crowded thoroughfare. As long as we were there, these people of all nations did not even look at us. To them a priest, in whatever garb, was no novelty, and not deserving of the slightest attention. It was very different, however, when we got into streets that were strictly English. There we were mobbed in a moment, chaffed, and sometimes pelted by street boys. "I say, Long Togs, what will you take for your black silk gown?" etc. This very devoted but semi-fanatical young curate was afterwards known all over England as Father Ignatius of the Monastery of Llantonny, in North Wales. As an instance of his fanaticism, I will relate the following story. One morning he and I had to visit a poor woman in a certain court, who was dangerously ill of typhus fever. I did not feel particularly comfortable about going there, though of course there was no question of shirking one's duty. As we walked, however, down to this court, I remarked to Mr. Lyne that I believed it was as well to avoid breathing the patient's breath. He answered me in an eager tone: "Oh, that is the chief danger, is it?" When we got into the sick-room, I sat down at a table in the window, as far as I could from the poor patient; but Mr. Lyne at once hurried up to the bed, fell on his knees, and talked to her in a low voice with his face close to hers. When we had left the house, he said to me with some elation: "I breathed her breath!" I answered: "I took uncommonly good care to avoid doing so."

The streets and courts in which I visited the poor were rather formidable haunts to enter by day, but they would have been totally impossible places by night. I had no experience as yet to guide me in distinguishing between the deserving and the undeserving poor; I believed every tale that I was told, the weight of so much distress lay very seriously upon me, and I could not sleep a wink at night when I thought of the misery I had witnessed. After a

year my doctor interfered, and insisted on my asking to be appointed almoner of a district which was not such an immense way off—for, be it remarked, there were no underground railways then, and ninety minutes in omnibuses each way took much out of one. On applying to the Committee of the S.R.D., they assigned to me one of the districts in St. Giles's.

It was early in the year 1863 that Reggie had a very bad attack of bronchitis, and, although Agnes consented to my sending for Cameron, and having him treated by homœopathy, she had not yet become a convert to the system, of which in later years she was so zealous and systematic an advocate and supporter. I told her that I did not want to force it upon her, but that I was a convinced homœopath myself, and that, if I believed in the system at all, I did so especially for grave complaints such as fevers, pneumonia, erysipelas, bronchitis, croup, cholera, etc. She felt anxious at first, but agreed to wait until a certain hour the next day. Then she came to me and said: "It is impossible to deny the effect of the homœopathic medicines. I am quite content to leave Reggie in Mr. Cameron's hands." From that day she was a staunch homœopath, and remained so all her life. She and I both joined the committees of the Homœopathic Hospital in Great Ormond Street; she on the Lady Visitors' Committee, and I both on the General Committee and on the House Committee. The Homœopathic Hospital was not very well managed at that time. The secretary was a Plymouth Brother, and used himself to conduct a service of that sect on Sunday. Before I had been long on the Committee, I moved that a regular chaplain be appointed, and this was carried. Agnes, on her very first visit as a Lady Visitor, realised that the only efficient colleague she would have was the Honourable Mrs. Wellesley, wife of the Dean of Windsor, and in former days the beautiful Lily Montagu, daughter of Lord Rokeby. All the other ladies were of the Plymouth Brethren type, and intent upon "conversions." The first time Agnes opened the Visiting Ladies' Report Book, this is what she found as the last report: "Everything very nice—it is very sweet to see so many people trusting in the Lord Jesus." Agnes remarked: "This is not a report at all. I do not conceive that my duty lies in reporting upon the spiritual condition of the patients, but upon their material

well-being, as to whether they are properly nursed, properly washed, and properly fed." Agnes became a most valuable Lady Visitor.

All this time my father was endeavouring, with the help of Lacaita, to carry to a conclusion his monumental work on the *Inferno* of Dante, with his own commentary, and the priceless illustrations and documents which he had been collecting for more than twenty years. He had written to me, asking me to photograph for him Kirkup's beautiful original drawing of Dante. My answer is dated January 21st, 1863 :

" MY DEAREST FATHER,

" I owe you many apologies for my dilatoriness in answering your letter, and now I must do so without being able to return you Kirkup's, as I have left it in London.

" I shall be only too delighted to try my hand at the *lucido* of Dante, but I fear that in London I shall have some difficulty, as I don't *think* my (photographic) room would be long enough, but I will see. It would certainly be to me a great pleasure to be the one to perpetuate a thing which you have had so great a hand in giving to the world. . . .

" Your affectionate son,

" WILLIAM WARREN VERNON."¹

In addition to being an almoner of the Society for Relief of Distress, I was now on the Committee of Managers of the Mendicity Society. At this latter I learned a good deal of the necessity for verifying the stories of applicants for charity, and was often surprised to find, in what seemed the most plausible and interesting cases, how entirely the glamour was dispelled by thorough investigation. The two richest benefactors of deserving applicants to the Mendicity Society were the second Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Buccleuch. They gave the Society a practically free hand in dealing with deserving cases, only the Duke of Buccleuch insisted that the money given in his name should

¹ Early in 1863 I photographed the original coloured drawing (on a 10 × 8 in. plate) which Seymour Kirkup made for Lord Vernon, partly from his tracing (*lucido*) and partly from the coloured drawing in his (Kirkup's) copy of the *Convivio*, afterwards bestowed by the late Colonel Gillum upon the Museum of Mediæval Art in the Bargello at Florence. Lord Vernon's original drawing was reproduced by the Arundel Society. My photographs of the same were inserted as the frontispiece of the third (Album) volume of the *Vernon Dante*.

not be expended in useless cases, which ought to go to the workhouse. I learned from the Mendicity Society how utterly untrustworthy were the tales told by begging-letter writers, most of whom were professional impostors.

My new district as an almoner of the S.R.D., to which I was appointed not long after January, was St. Giles's in the Fields; being much nearer home than St. George's in the East, it was easier for me to deal with. It was a very large district, which contained what is now Shaftesbury Avenue, then Dudley Street, the Seven Dials and streets adjoining, and all the streets round the church. The rector was the Rev. Anthony Thorold, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. He had wanted to marry my sister-in-law Cary Boileau, but, although she did not accept him, she was great friends with him, and, after he married Miss Labouchere, Cary was the godmother of their first child. With his first curate, Mr. Maude, and with several of the scripture readers in turns, I visited in this parish for years; and in 1870 was mainly instrumental in getting a branch of the then newly formed Charity Organisation Society established in St. Giles's, and was the first honorary secretary of that Committee. During the first three months of 1863, I was elected a member of the General Committee of the Society for Relief of Distress, and was a regular attendant at its meetings. I also became a member of the Council of the Newport Market Refuge and Industrial School. On this committee I made some very close friendships, first and foremost that with my dear and valued friend Colonel the Honourable William Edward Sackville-West. He had been adjutant of the Grenadier Guards, and was mainly instrumental in getting up the Guardsmen's Wives' Needlework Society, though I believe the credit nominally was given to his superior officer. We used nearly always to walk home together from this committee, and gradually became more and more friends.

On March 7th I witnessed from the windows of the Travellers' Club the entry of Princess Alexandra of Denmark into London, and, on the 10th, Agnes and I went to Windsor, where Frederick Anson, as one of the Canons of St. George's Chapel, got us good standing places under the temporary portico beneath which the State carriages drew up, and we were close both to the Prince of Wales and to Princess Alexandra. Later in the afternoon we saw them drive away

en route for Osborne. The getting back to town was a most trying experience. Organisation of crowded trains on festival occasions has improved enormously since those days.

In July we went to Trouville for the bathing season, and most enjoyable it was. It was, of course, crowded with the *beau monde* of Paris, and we saw many notable persons. Amongst others we constantly saw Octave Feuillet, the author of *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*. The personage who attracted most attention at Trouville that season was the Empress's great friend, Princesse Pauline de Metternich (*née* Sandor), wife of the Secretary of the Austrian Embassy at Paris. Although not a beauty, her sparkling wit and magnificent *toilettes* made her the leading woman at the Court of the Tuileries. She came to stay thirty days at Trouville, and brought thirty dresses. One day as Agnes and I were sitting on the sands, and Reggie, who was seven years old, a short distance from us, was constructing a sand castle, Princesse de Metternich passed, and stopped to speak with Reggie. They conversed freely together, but Reggie went on with his fortification without looking up. At last Princesse de Metternich said: "I don't suppose you know who I am!"

"Oh yes, I do," said Reggie, "I think it rather an honour to be spoken to by a Princess."

She laughed, shook her long walking cane, five feet long (the fashion that year), at him, and passed on.

It was in 1864 that Garibaldi paid his celebrated visit to England between April 3rd and 27th. His presence in the country was a tremendous embarrassment to the Government, as it was known that the Republicans, both English and foreign, wanted to make capital out of him. Under these circumstances the Duke of Sutherland was asked by the Government to receive Garibaldi at Stafford House. He entered fully into the spirit of the thing. His beautiful first wife was Anne Countess of Cromartie, and between them they entertained the old hero right royally. The Government arranged such a full programme of sight-seeing for him, that the Socialists were not able to get him to themselves for a moment, and, before they could do so, he had left the country. The eagerness to see him was enormous. It is said that the housemaids at Stafford House made small fortunes by selling little bottles of soap-suds *said to have come out of Garibaldi's basin!*

Agnes and I were spending a few weeks in the hotel at Salt Hill, and we were sitting at the window in our sitting-room looking over the high road, when Agnes said: "I hear a carriage and pair coming fast." I was not then deaf, and I said: "No, it is a carriage and four." Sure enough, it was. An open carriage, with four horses and two postilions, dashed by, and in it was seated the Duchess of Sutherland, with Garibaldi beside her in his red shirt, and the Duke sitting opposite to them. It was the only time in my life that I saw Garibaldi.

I used to play billiards regularly at the Travellers' at this time, in what was called a handicap. George Tierney, the son of the man who fought the duel with Pitt, was the best player in the club, and gave odds to every one else. Any number from three upwards might play, and all commenced with so many points up, *e.g.* Lord Bridport, 7; Honourable William Ashley, 9; Charles Fountaine, 9; Sir Home Campbell, 9; Honourable Henry Grey, 12; Charles Barrington, 12; Marquess of Drogheda, Charles Monk, M.P., and myself, 20 each; only, a year or two later I was promoted to 15. Every one put in a half-crown, and the stake was worth winning. These handicaps took place between 4 and 6 p.m. Old George Tierney (who shared with Lord Eglinton the reputation of being the best billiard amateur of that time), though a most good-natured man, used to get exceedingly angry if anyone came in just when he was about to play. One summer afternoon, in the height of the season, he had been interrupted several times, when, just as he was going to make a stroke, a step was heard at the door. Starting back, old Tierney rapped the butt of his cue violently on the floor, crying: "Why, damn it, there's another!" The new-comer was the Prince of Wales (Edward VII), who laughed heartily. I never heard exactly how Tierney got out of it, though he was not easily nonplussed. I also belonged to Pratt's and Egerton Pratt's billiard clubs, and passed a good deal of time at the latter, where I used to meet Arthur Lambton, Bill Edwardes, Henry Campbell, and other friends.

In the spring of 1865 Agnes and I took a house at Clifton, near Bristol, for three months, so as to be near my father, and we gradually, to our great sorrow, saw his intelligence fade away. The sixcentenary anniversary of Dante's birth in May passed by without his even being conscious of the

event, which, had he been in possession of his full faculties, would have aroused his keenest interest. It was indeed sad to watch the lamp of his intelligence, which once burnt so brightly, growing every day more dim. But, all through this last year of his life, my dear father never lost his perfect courtesy to every one around him. He was not one of those who could be all oil and plausibility to persons of his own class but arrogant and haughty to those below him. He was always a polished gentleman, and his natural kindness of heart made him beloved by all who really knew him. It was no effort to him to be courteous to *every* one. I loved this quality in him, and have always tried to keep it before me. There are few defects which I so cordially detest as haughtiness.

During our stay at Clifton I made the acquaintance of the Rev. Walter Whiting, the heroic chaplain who, at the battle of Chillianwalla in 1849, rallied a gallant regiment of cavalry who were showing a momentary weakness. He said to me: "The men were all fine gallant fellows. They fell for a moment into a panic, as will sometimes befall brave men. I galloped after them, and asked them to go back with me against the enemy. The men knew me, and came back with me to a man." Mr. Whiting and I did a lot of photography together.

On October 25th England sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister. He was one of the most patriotic of England's statesmen, as was also his great rival Disraeli.

Lord Palmerston is reported to have said: "As long as I am alive, I can keep Gladstone in check, but, when I am gone, you will see strange things."

The following lines which appeared in *Punch* on October 28th express what very large numbers of patriotic Englishmen felt with regard to Lord Palmerston:

"But his heart was his England's, his idol her honour,
But *her* friend was his friend, and his foe was her foe;
Were her mandate despised, or a scowl cast upon her,
How stern his rebuke, or how vengeful his blow!

"Her armies were sad, and her banners were tattered,
And lethargy wrought on her strength like a spell;
He came to the front, the enchantment was scattered—
The rest let a reconciled enemy tell.

"As true to our welfare, he did his own mission,
When Progress approached him with Wisdom for guide;
He cleared her a path, and with equal division
Bade quack and fanatic alike stand aside."



AUTHOR'S FATHER, FIFTH LORD VERNON, AT THE
AGE OF FIFTY-SIX
(From photograph taken by the Author)

On March 24th, 1866, the ex-Queen of the French, Marie Amélie, died. Hearing that Monsieur Guizot was coming over to her funeral, I went with my carriage to meet the train at Charing Cross, and it was sadly interesting to see the large number of Frenchmen of distinction who had arrived to pay their last respects to their deceased Queen. As I was looking for M. Guizot on the platform, I was directed where to find him by a fine-looking old man, who told me he was the Duc de Broglie. This was the father of the Duc Albert de Broglie, whom I subsequently knew so well when he was Ambassador in England in 1870-1871, and to whose house in Paris I used to go during the winter of 1880-1881. I drove Monsieur Guizot, and another gentleman, whose name I forget, whom Monsieur Guizot called "*mon ancien Garde des Sceaux*," to Grillion's Hotel in Albemarle Street, where he slept. He returned to Paris after the funeral on the following day.

During May I was continually running to and from Sudbury. My dear father was gradually failing, and he died on May 31st, 1866, aged sixty-two. I then thought him an old man, but I am seventy-seven as I write this. Poor Agnes! It was a great grief to her to be absent from among us at Sudbury, but everybody knew how perfectly impossible it was for her to travel. My father was buried in the same burial place as his father and mother, under the old yew trees in Sudbury Churchyard.

At the beginning of 1867 we saw a great deal of Lacaita, and he proposed to Agnes and me that he and I should go to Italy together for a month, and, as Agnes most generously endorsed the scheme, it was so arranged.

I was at this time engaged in attempting to follow up my father's work on Dante by writing an Italian paraphrase of the *Purgatorio* on the same lines as he had done with the *Inferno*. I completed eleven Cantos, but at the end of the following year I abandoned the idea, as, on the whole, Lacaita considered the method to be rather out of date, and not likely to draw many readers, though he called me "*buon figlio*" for wishing to continue what my father had begun. He explained to me, moreover, that to publish it on the same scale as my father's monumental work would cost at least a thousand pounds. This year I learned by heart many of the finest passages in the *Divina Commedia*, and many a weary hour have they helped me to wile away since then.

It was February 21st when Lacaita and I left Charing Cross at 9.55 and reached Paris at 9 p.m. We had rooms in the Grand Hôtel. On the 22nd I paid a visit to the Guillaume Guizots, and luckily not only found them, but also Monsieur Guizot himself. Lunched at Durand's and in the evening dined with the Guillaume Guizots. Monsieur Guizot talked his best during dinner, and told us that he was eighty-five. After dinner, I went to the Gymnase, and heard Sardou's play of *Nos bons Villageois*. Next day we resumed our journey, and stopped at the Hôtel du Louvre at Marseilles, one of the two new and excellent great hotels that had superseded the abominable and insanitary inns of bygone days. On the 25th Lacaita and I travelled in a *coupé* from Marseilles to Cannes. We had as our fellow-travellers two Cubans, bride and bridegroom. The latter was Don José Maria de Heredia, a friend of Guillaume Guizot, and afterwards known as a distinguished poet.

We travelled from Genoa by Alessandria, Piacenza, and Bologna by the new mountain railway over the Apennines to Pistoja and Florence. This magnificent piece of engineering was the work of Cavalier Cini, whose brother Bartolommeo and his charming family were friends of mine. It comprises some forty tunnels and the same number of bridges and viaducts, with a great tunnel of two miles long at Pracchia on the summit of the pass. I was deeply impressed by the grandeur of the descent into Tuscany.

It must be remembered that Florence was at this time the capital of Italy, and all the embassies had come there from Turin. The Honourable Sir Henry Elliot, G.C.B., Agnes's first cousin, was the British Ambassador, and the Embassy was in the Palazzo Buturlin in the picturesque Via de' Servi. The Henry Elliots received us most kindly.

Lacaita had arranged for us to have a most comfortable set of rooms *en suite* at the hotel (Locanda di Firenze). All faced the Via Cerretani. First was Lacaita's bedroom. This opened into a very long sitting-room, which we so arranged that my writing-table was near Lacaita's door, and his was near mine. Between the sitting-room and my bedroom was a very comfortable dining-room, in which we gave several dinners of eight persons, having among our guests some men of European reputation, including the heroic Baron Carlo Poerio, of whom more anon. All our doors stood open, and many a practical joke did we play

upon each other. Cold sponges and apple-pie beds were our regular stock-in-trade. It is difficult for sober-minded phlegmatic Englishmen to understand the boyish sprightliness of the great statesman which Lacaita undoubtedly was. I have seen him in that sitting-room, when in serious conference with some grave politician, who had come, as they all did, to ask his advice, rise stealthily from his chair, creep behind me as I was writing, tickle me violently under the ribs, and then resume his seat, put on his glasses, and say to his interviewer in the gravest possible tone: "*Dulce est aliquando mirabiliter repuerascere* (It is sweet at times to become wonderfully a boy again)." I took the opportunity during this month of having regular singing lessons from Romani (the younger), a celebrated singing-master, and I improved myself very much. I commenced sitting to Michele Gordigiani for my portrait (three-quarter length) to be a *pendant* to the one he painted of Agnes in 1862.¹

I learned a great deal of Dante by heart. Lacaita it was who pointed out to me the mistake that students of Dante make by thinking of him only as the poet of the *Inferno*, whereas the hundred cantos of the *Divina Commedia* are a great whole, purposely designed by their sublime author to show in full relief the horrors of Hell, the calm peace of Purgatory, and the ineffable bliss of Paradise. It was the same hand that wrote the ghastly horror of the starvation of Count Ugolino, the Compline Hymn with the noble words of Conrad Malaspina, and the saintly joyfulness of the sweet Piccarda de' Donati.

It was through Lacaita that I made a more complete study of the *Purgatorio*, and to him did I in deep gratitude dedicate my first book, *Readings on the Purgatorio of Dante*. One evening (March 13th) he took me to an informal *soirée* at the house of the Marchese Alfieri, whose wife was a niece of Cavour, and who was a sort of missionary to arouse young men of good families to devote themselves to the public affairs of their country. He introduced me to several people, amongst others to a cynical old man whose name I did not catch, who, on hearing that my father was the distinguished Dante scholar, grumbled out: "Oh, the English, they have never read further than '*Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante*'" (*Inf. V*, 138); meaning that few English

¹ These portraits, when my doctor made me move into a flat in 1912, I gave to my sister-in-law, Lady Boileau, and her son, Sir Maurice Boileau.

in those days ever read the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*. From that day I resolved with Lacaïta that that stigma should not attach to me.

One house to which I went frequently was the Palazzo Lajatico. The old Marchesa Eleonora Lajatico lost her husband while his father, the Prince Corsini, was alive, and did not therefore succeed to the title, but her eldest son was Prince Tommaso Corsini. She was a model hostess, and was extremely kind to me. I knew all her sons and their wives, one of whom is the present Prince. Another family that I knew was that of Ubaldino Peruzzi. He is the modern descendant of the great banking house of Bardi and Peruzzi, who are said to have been the only unpaid creditors of the Kingdom of England; having lent to Edward III £50,000, which, for some reason or other, had never been repaid, and which, if reckoned up at the present day with compound interest, would represent a stupendous sum of money. Bartolommeo Cini, whom I mentioned before, was a charming man. His wife, who was English, was nearly bed-ridden. His eldest son Gianni, and his daughter Elena, afterwards married to the banker Baron French, were friends of mine for years afterwards. Lacaïta and I much enjoyed going occasionally to their house in the evenings. They owned San Marcello on the top of the Apennines, whose inhabitants have the reputation of speaking the purest Tuscan in Tuscany. Their accent and idiom are perfectly beautiful.

On March 22nd at 10 a.m. King Victor Emmanuel opened Parliament. The Chamber of Deputies at that time used to meet in the Great Hall of the Cinquecento. Henry Elliot had very kindly procured me a seat in the Senators' Tribune. I met Sir Anthony Panizzi there, and he introduced me to Marco Minghetti the Minister of Finance, to his beautiful wife Madame Minghetti (*nata* Camporeale), and her daughter Signorina di Camporeale. The King was very well received, and the speech from the Throne seemed to please the Chamber. The substance of it was that Italy was now before the whole world, and, having attained her object in uniting herself, she had in future to show that she was able to consolidate herself in peace.

In the evening Lacaïta and I had at dinner Sir Henry Elliot, Cini, the Marchese di Bella (Caracciolo), Holman Hunt, Gibson Craig, and, most important of all, Baron

Carlo Poerio, the ex-Prime Minister of Ferdinand II, King of Naples, who was betrayed by that cruel monarch, condemned to nineteen years of the most barbarous captivity, hard labour, chains, association with the vilest malefactors, and kept in dungeons so insanitary and unclean that it is difficult to understand how any human beings could have survived a life in them. I had some conversation with the noble old man, and told him that, when I was at Eton, there was hardly a boy there who would not have joined in a crusade to deliver him.

Lacaita proposed the health of Poerio, who, to our great delight, spoke at some length, and alluded to men equally worthy of notice having suffered more than he, and yet without having excited the same public attention. He was probably thinking of the Duca di Castromediano, who, on his deathbed, ordered that his chains should be borne upon his coffin.

It was only thirty-six days after this dinner of ours that poor Poerio's troubled life ended. He died on April 28th, and a public funeral, on May 1st, testified to his countrymen's respect for his noble patriotic life, and sympathy for his undeserved sufferings.

Lacaita and I paid a visit to the studio in which Holman Hunt was painting his picture of "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," a story out of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. There was nothing whatever in the studio, except the one picture and the accessories for it. All his mind appeared to be concentrated on that one picture, and that alone.

On March 26th, to my great regret, I took leave of dear Lacaita and ended our delightful month together. After staying at Verona and Venice, I went on to Vienna, stopping on the way for some hours at Adelsberg in order to visit the famous stalactite caverns. I stayed two days at Vienna, travelled thence to Munich, Augsburg, and Strasbourg, and reached Paris on the evening of April 8th.

On April 10th I dined with Monsieur Guizot, and, while we were at dinner, one of his sons-in-law brought the news that war was imminent between France and Prussia on the Luxembourg question, and that the Bourse was much excited. Monsieur Guizot said: "I think that sooner or later war must come between us and the Prussians, because two cocks cannot live together in a poultry yard without

fighting (*parce que deux coqs ne peuvent pas habiter la même basse-cour sans combattre*), but I do not think war will take place this year." He proved to be right.

I had returned to London on April 12th, 1867. There was a great deal of rioting going on in connection with the Reform Act, and, as special constables were being sworn in, I went with Frank Boileau and we were enrolled on May 6th. The Earl of Wemyss¹ (then Lord Elcho, M.P.) had made himself rather unpopular with the mob from his uncompromising opposition to Disraeli's Reform Bill, and an attack on his house, the back of which faced the Green Park, was threatened. A number of policemen, eight warders from the Tower, and a few specials, including myself, guarded the house, and the mob probably thought better to leave it alone. The weak action of the Government met with a great deal of censure, and led to the retirement of the Home Secretary, Mr. Spencer Walpole.

We had been advised, for Agnes's health, to go to Ems for three weeks immediately, and then for another six weeks or two months to St. Moritz in the Engadine, a comparatively new place then. Starting on May 20th, we remained at Ems until June 18th, when we left for Heidelberg, having decided to take a trip to Naples by Bâle, Lucerne, St. Gothard, Como, Milan, Florence, and Leghorn. At Lucerne we met our old *vetturino* Luigi Montesanto (known as S. Elpidio), who had taken us from Rome to Naples eight years before. He arranged to take us over the St. Gothard to Milan, and, after our trip to Naples, to meet us at Varenna on the Lake of Como, whence we should cross the Maloia to St. Moritz. On our return journey, at Varenna, on July 17th, Agnes had a very serious fall down some dark cellar stairs, pitching upon her right shoulder, an accident of which she was to find out the consequences the following year. We drove over the beautiful Maloia Pass on the 19th, but were so disgusted with our rooms at St. Moritz, where we had been abominably cheated, that we re-engaged Luigi Montesanto to take us to Coire, where we parted with him (July 23rd) and returned to England on July 27th.

By the advice of my doctor, Mr. Cameron, who was himself going there with his family, we went in August to Killin, and passed several weeks in the Killin Hotel, at the foot

¹ He died in June 1914.

of Loch Tay. It was most enjoyable. Reggie and I had a great deal of fishing, and I had many kind invitations to shoot, from gentlemen holding moors in the neighbourhood. Killin was Cameron's birthplace. He graduated in medicine at Edinburgh, and acquired great experience in the treatment of cholera while there. Having, when a young man, gone home to Killin for a holiday, he was summoned one evening by the aged local doctor, who asked him if he would mind attending a cholera patient at the hotel, as he confessed that he himself was afraid. On Cameron going to the hotel, he was received by a distinguished medical man of European celebrity, Professor Solly, who told him that the patient was his brother, was not suffering from cholera at all, but from epilepsy, and he felt too unnerved, when his brother's seizures came on, to act as his doctor. For several weeks did Cameron give them his professional services, when one day Professor Solly proposed that Cameron should accompany his brother abroad for three years, and that a thousand a year would be at their disposal. The offer was gratefully accepted, only that Cameron persuaded young Mr. Solly to agree that they should make *one* thousand pounds (instead of three) last them the whole three years, and that they should only frequent inexpensive hotels, living among the natives instead of among the foreign tourists. They accomplished this very laudable intention, and lived for the three years inside one thousand pounds, journeys and all. Cameron told me one anecdote illustrating the superstitious dread of epilepsy that is so strongly felt in the East. On a moonlight night they were sailing in a Greek ship among the islands of the Archipelago; the deck was crowded with Oriental passengers, some women combing their long hair, others asleep. It was an enchanting picture, when suddenly, without any premonitory warning, poor young Solly fell down in an epileptic fit. The effect was instantaneous. In a moment every Oriental had disappeared from the deck. The Greek captain told Cameron that there was not an instant to lose, and between them they dragged young Solly down to the saloon. The captain locked the door, and loaded his pistols. Presently a number of the passengers battered at the door, and demanded that the epileptic should be instantly thrown overboard. The captain called out to them that he would blow out the brains of anyone

who touched the cabin door. The situation was critical in the extreme, but the resolute attitude of the captain overawed the assailants, and calm was restored.

Early in November I accompanied Lacaita to Edinburgh, where, on the 5th, he delivered the first of his two lectures on Dante in the Philosophical Hall to a crowded audience of 800 people. He glanced over the life of Dante, the factions of the times, and surveyed his minor works, leaving the *Divina Commedia* as the *pièce de résistance* for the next. He was lecturing very much against the grain, for the news had just come of Garibaldi's defeat at Mentana, on November 3rd, by the Pontifical and French troops, and his subsequent arrest by the Italian Government. On November 8th Lacaita delivered his second and principal lecture, which was entirely on the *Divina Commedia*. He spoke it with a fire and energy of eloquence, and a thorough knowledge of the subject, which riveted my attention and aroused general enthusiasm. He was very severe on the temporal power of the Popes.

During the following year (1868) poor Agnes found out the consequences of the serious accident she had sustained at Varena in the previous July. One night I came home from the Opera about midnight (in our Rutland Gate house) and found her suffering such agonies of pain in her right shoulder, that she had not been able to ring the bell for her maid. I at once sent off for Mr. Cameron, who came very quickly. He said it was inflammation of the muscles of the shoulder, and that in the morning the great surgeon, Sir William Ferguson, must be sent for. Sir William told us at once that it was a most serious and complicated case, requiring the gravest care and treatment. Fortunately and providentially, she recovered, but had to write with her left hand for several months.

In this year we moved from Rutland Gate into 43 (afterwards 34) Grosvenor Place.

During that winter, the Charles Boothbys having lent us New Lodge in Needwood Forest, of which he was Ranger, for six months, I resumed hunting with the Meynell Hunt, and bought from Frederick Chawner a beautiful Irish chestnut mare, whom I christened "Eleanor." She was a beloved pet of mine for many years. Ten years afterwards I gave her to an Italian friend of mine, Colonel (afterwards General) Tancredi Saletta, on the sole condition that he

would never sell her. She was a splendid fencer, and with that cat-like faculty for negotiating a "double" only possessed by Irish horses. She was of a sweet, gentle, and affectionate disposition, and the horse I was most fond of among many that I have possessed. Two years after I had given her to Colonel Saletta, I met him in the streets of Florence, and he invited me to come with him to see "Eleanor" in the great stables in the Fortezza da Basso. She had always been accustomed, when I went into her box, to hold up her fore-leg to petition for some little delicacy. The stables I entered contained about a hundred horses, all with rough coats ready for camping out, and totally un-separated the one from the other. "Eleanor," as belonging to the Colonel, had the best place against the wall. As soon as I approached her, she turned her head, gave a soft whinny, and held up her hoof. The tears came into my eyes. Am I ashamed? Not a bit! Real affection always arouses in me strong emotion. She was the most lovable horse I ever knew.

About this time I received the following charming letter from Monsieur Guizot asking me to let him send me his box of razors, when from time to time they wanted resetting. I felt honoured by the confidence, for M. Guizot had told me that at one time no less a person than Lord Aberdeen, the ex-Prime Minister, had been chosen for this responsible office!

" VAL RICHER, PAR LISIEUX (CALVADOS),
6 Janvier, 1869.

" MON CHER WILLIAM,

" J'ai une boîte de sept rasoirs anglais, ce que nous appelons en France *une semaine* de rasoirs. J'avais l'habitude de les faire repasser (aiguiser) en Angleterre; les couteliers français prennent quelquefois plaisir à abymer [*sic*—see Littré's *Dictionary*] les rasoirs anglais en les repassant. La personne qui se chargeait pour moi de ce soin n'y habite plus. Me permettez-vous de vous prendre pour son successeur? Vous avez certainement un bon coutelier; veuillez lui faire remettre mes rasoirs et me les renvoyer à Paris quand il les aura bien repassés. Je vous les fais expédier du Val Richer que je quitte demain pour aller prendre à Paris mes quartiers d'hiver. Je passerai trois mois avec mon ménage Cornélis. Ils vont tous bien.

J'espère que vous en faites autant. Mes paternelles amitiés à Agnes et croyez-moi bien affectueusement,

“ Tout à vous,

“ (Signed) GUIZOT.

“ Quand reviendrez-vous nous voir au Val Richer ? J'envoie mes rasoirs chez vous à Londres, Grosvenor Place.”

I am reminded of a story that Monsieur Guizot's daughter used to tell against him. In 1848, when all Paris was covered with grim inscriptions in blood of “ *Mort à Guizot*,” he was carefully hidden by his friends. When it was judged prudent for him to escape to England, every tell-tale mark was removed from his linen and clothes ; but, when at the last moment his daughters searched him all over, and ransacked his pockets, they found his beloved razors, which he could not bear to part with, in one of his pockets, each razor bearing his name in full, “ François Guizot.” The razors were ruthlessly taken from him ! I asked him once how he passed the nine days, when he was in hiding and in such imminent danger. “ I read the Waverley Novels (in French) through from beginning to end,” he answered me.

On April 21st I took Reggie to Eton. He was in the same house (Rev. F. Vidal's) with his cousins George and William Vernon. The next day I attended, at Lord Lichfield's invitation, a preliminary meeting at his house in Portman Square to discuss the plan for founding a Society for promoting Charitable Relief and repressing mendicity in the parish of Marylebone. The meeting was attended by the leading clergy and others interested in the subject. This was the first step in the formation of the great Charity Organisation Society, which now has branches all over London, besides a central council to which the branches send delegates.

I should mention here that the Society in question indirectly originated in the discontent of the almoners of the Society for Relief of Distress. We did not feel that we were doing real good. We were constantly relieving cases that professed to belong to one creed, while all the time they were being relieved by another. Several private meetings of almoners were held, and eventually from them was evolved the celebrated meeting at Lichfield's house, which was the *fons et origo* of the great Society.

On April 26th I received one of the first copies of my father's great work on the *Inferno* of Dante (3 vols. folio), generally known as the *Vernon Dante*. The title of the book is: "*L'Inferno di Dante Alighieri, disposto in ordine grammaticale e corredato di* [lit. dowered with] *brevi dichiarazioni, da G. G. Warren, Lord Vernon; Londra: Boones, New Bond Street. Privately printed at Florence, 1858, 1862, 1865.*"

I cannot do better than quote some words of the late Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., in an article written by him on my father's great work in *Fraser's Magazine* in May 1869. He begins:

"The dates on the title pages of the splendid volumes which we are about to notice are those at which they would have seen the light, if circumstances had not occurred to delay their appearance, and ultimately to postpone it until after the death of their magnificent designer, and, in fact, to the present year. In them the late Lord Vernon has left the most sumptuous of his many and important contributions to the study of Dante, and the work is unquestionably one of the very finest that has ever been privately printed."

In a monograph on the *Vernon Dante* by Dr. H. C. Barlow (London, Williams & Norgate, 1870, 1 vol. 8vo), the author observes:

"In the course of the past year was published in London, in the Italian language, a work on the *Divina Commedia* of Dante Alighieri, which for utility of purpose, comprehensiveness of design, and costly execution, has never been equalled in any country. . . . After long years of preparation, it may justly be regarded as the grandest and most magnificent literary monument ever raised to the memory of the Poet."

The late Professor Charles Eliot Norton wrote to me on May 8th, 1869, and, after mentioning that my brother had presented him with a copy of the work, added:

"The opportunity I have had during the past few days of looking it over carefully gives me a very high impression,

not only of its extraordinary and sumptuous beauty, but of the real value of its contents to the serious student of the *Divine Comedy*. Will you permit me to congratulate you on its appearance and character, as making it an appropriate and noble memorial of your late father's taste, and of his liberal devotion to Dantesque studies? The lover and student of Dante will always hold the name of Lord Vernon in grateful remembrance and honour."

Professor Norton was one of the most distinguished men at Harvard, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was one of a learned trio of American Dantists of world-wide fame, of which the other two were Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and James Russell Lowell. This letter was written to me a few days after I had made his acquaintance. He was for many years afterwards a valued and honoured friend of mine.

My father's work is in three ponderous folio volumes, and the labours of many of the most distinguished artists and men of letters had been engaged in collaborating with him in its preparation for upwards of twenty years. After his death, the final editorial labours were bestowed upon it by Sir James Lacaita, than whom no one could have been selected better qualified for the task, and the third volume contains from his graceful pen a short biographical account of my father. My father had been struck by the scant aids afforded to students of Dante, in mastering its difficulties, by the many learned commentaries and translations hitherto published, which all seemed to presuppose in the students a far higher knowledge than they really possessed. He determined therefore to write a literal paraphrase in Italian, as being the language that all students of Dante would necessarily be studying. He carefully disowned, however, any sort of idea of teaching Dante to Italians, but only to those foreigners who would be in possession of a certain elementary knowledge of that language. He put the words of the text in order, word for word, and by interpolated sentences in italics endeavoured to render clear the meaning of the poet. He freely and constantly consulted a galaxy of learned Dantists, all or nearly all of whom were well known to me in my early youth. The principal one of these was Mariano Armellini, my father's first teacher of Italian, whose son Tito was one

of the three Triumvirs of Rome in 1848. After him were Vincenzo Nannucci and Giunio Carbone, who were in turn my father's secretaries, and in later years became successively librarians of the great Biblioteca Magliabechiana (now Nazionale) at Florence. Then come the names of the distinguished Dantists, Pietro Fraticelli, Canonico Brunone Bianchi, Giuseppe Canestrini, Stefano Audin, Cavaliere Giuseppe Antinori, Avvocato Luigi Passerini, Cavaliere Francesco Bonaini, and Professor Aiazzi the astronomer. My father described his own paraphrase as somewhat similar to the Latin interpretations that are to be found in the classical editions *In Usum Delphini*.

The first volume of the work contains the text of the *Inferno*, accompanied by a paraphrastic interpretation or translation into Italian prose, in which, while every word of the text is preserved, the words introduced to make the meaning clearer are distinguished by being printed in italics. There are also the most helpful notes, explanatory as well as critical, on the preparation of which immense labour was bestowed. My father followed the text of the Minerva edition, printed at Padua in 1822. This was the best text available at that time; as that edited by Witte had not then appeared. In this first volume is included a cosmography of Dante, without which it would be impossible to understand the progress of the poet's wonderful journey made at Easter, in the year 1300, through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. The difference of Dante's astronomical system and that of modern science renders minute explanation necessary. A plate, prepared by Professor Mosotti, gives the position of the planets on April 10th, 1300, according to the Ptolemaic system, together with a section of the earth, exhibiting the positions of the concave of the *Inferno*, and the rising prominence round which the terraces of Purgatory wind. Sir Frederick Pollock remarks that "this gives the whole *carte du pays* of the poet's route at a glance, with an accuracy such as is found in the maps of Murray or Baedeker."

An itinerary follows, quoting the passages of the poem which mark the times and stages of the journey. At page xli there is a most ingenious movable diagram by which the place of Dante, with reference to the position of the heavens, can be quickly ascertained.

There is a tabular view of the divisions and subdivisions

of the *Inferno*, and a synoptical exhibition of the different allegorical interpretations of the various commentators, from the *Ottimo*, Piero and Jacopo Alighieri, Boccaccio, Benvenuto da Imola, Buti, and eighteen others.

The second volume, though perhaps of the three the one of the least interest to the general reader, is of vast importance to the real student of the *Divina Commedia*. It contains a most valuable collection of original documents, and of historical and biographical matter. There is a complete genealogical tree of the Alighieri family, and a life of Dante, in which all the personal anecdotes preserved of him by tradition are given.

Next comes the full text of the Sentences by which Florence banished and condemned to death her most distinguished citizen *per contumaciam*. Then we have a document constituting Dante a legate for the Malaspini, to negotiate a peace with the Bishop of Luni in 1306, and, following on to this, comes a genealogy of the Malaspina family, with whom Dante was on terms of the greatest intimacy.

The great point in reading Dante with a view to comprehending, as far as possible, the full historical meaning of all he says, is to keep one's attention constantly fixed upon the events and circumstances which must have been most prominently before his mind when he was writing. Therefore the literary chronology from the sixth to the thirteenth century, which occupies the next place in the second volume, is of great interest. It embraces the whole period of the so-called Dark Ages, from the extinction of the last light of Roman learning in the person of Boëthius to the rising of the first and brightest star of modern letters in that of Dante. No better assistance can be offered to students of his works than such an historical survey of his times as is here given.

The letter from the Archbishop Ruggieri, of January 23rd, 1286, to the Frati Predicanti of Santa Caterina at Pisa, confirming a grant of lands to them, is given in facsimile from the original, and is of profound interest. Here is to be seen one of the ordinary official acts of the episcopal statesman and territorial ecclesiastic—the act of the very man whom Dante saw plunged up to his neck in the ice of Cocytus, “his head only emergent, to be gnawed for ever in equal torture by his political rival upon earth,” Count Ugolino.

Lord Vernon's second volume proceeds to give a map of Italy, showing its political distribution in the time of Dante, followed by a disquisition on the condition of the country. Then comes a full account of the constitution of Florence, of its ancient topography and public buildings, of its commercial guilds with their armorial bearings.

The volume closes with historical notices of every family mentioned in the *Divina Commedia*, and each notice is further illustrated with their respective arms, to which Dante so often alludes in his Poem, and especially (with reference to Florentines) in *Paradiso XVI*.

The third volume is called the Album, and is devoted to pictorial illustrations, accompanied by short explanatory portions of letterpress. The object has been to present as many as possible of the places and buildings mentioned in the *Inferno*, and the engravings are for the most part founded on daguerreotype views taken expressly for the work. In all there are one hundred and twelve engravings. The first eleven especially illustrate the personal history of Dante. The remainder are views of towns or buildings, and landscapes, together with imaginative illustrations of passages in the poem after the designs of Mr. Kirkup. One very interesting feature in this Album is the setting to music by the great composer Rossini of the sad and touching lamentation of Francesca da Rimini, in plaintive and pathetic notes.

The Torre della Fame at Pisa is illustrated by plates in plan and elevation, and almost every passage capable of this kind of pictorial commentary is thus treated.

Among those who took part in the composition of the superb volume, I may mention that the Cavalier Iller and Signor Gaetano Grossi were sent about Italy to take views with the daguerreotype, as the processes of photography were not then known. The services of the celebrated Canina were enlisted in the work, as were those of the talented engraver Lasinio of Pisa, and Finden of London.

“Among these,” says Dr. Barlow, “or rather above them all, our countryman Mr. (afterwards Baron) Seymour Kirkup holds the place of honour, and was for several years the right hand of Lord Vernon in the production of this Album. The names of other artists mentioned by the Editor are Pietro Folo of Rome; Tito della Santa of Pisa;

and Girolamo Tubino, director of the Accademia delle Belle Arti at Genoa."

The production of these three fine volumes was the labour of my father's lifetime. They cost him in money, from first to last, about £20,000!

On April 27th there was a large house-party at Sudbury Hall to meet the Bishop of Lichfield and Mrs. Selwyn. The latter arrived first, and told us she had not seen the Bishop for ten days, and was getting terribly anxious as to the condition of his lawn sleeves! The Reverend Honourable Adelbert Anson (afterwards Bishop of Qu'Appelle in Canada), Dr. and Mrs. Balston, Sir John Anson, Susy Cavendish (Honourable Susan), Honourable Edward and Mrs. Coke, and the Rev. Anchital Anson (who had been a great wicket-keeper in his cricket days) were staying in the house. Balston was now Archdeacon of Bakewell. He had not seen his old friend Bishop Selwyn since the latter went out to be Bishop of New Zealand.

Bishop Selwyn was one of the finest swimmers that Eton ever turned out. In the early days of Queen Victoria's marriage, Prince Albert (as he was then called) expressed a great wish to witness Selwyn's swimming powers. Accordingly one afternoon he paid a visit to the Master's Weir, attended by the Rev. Harry Dupuis and William Evans, the drawing master, who superintended the Eton boys' swimming school. This weir is below Windsor Bridge, and the bathing place was on a beautifully turfed Eyot (*i.e.* islet) just below the weir. When all was ready, Selwyn took a fine header, and the masters told the Prince that he was a first-rate diver and would probably not come to the surface for a minute. However, when one minute, two minutes had elapsed, the masters were tearing off their clothes to dive for him, when at three minutes he reappeared, perfectly fresh and smiling. In reality he had hardly been under water at all, but, after diving upstream, he had come up and climbed on to the weir, and had sat there watching the whole scene, while the water of the weir poured down clear of his head!

I asked Balston as to the truth of a story that was current among us Eton boys, namely, that, when Selwyn reached New Zealand, the ship was immediately surrounded by a crowd of canoes, to greet the new Bishop. He, fully

attired, was standing right in the bows of the ship, when suddenly he took a header into the sea, and swam ashore holding a Bible in his right hand above his head. "I never heard the story," said Balston, "but it is exactly the sort of thing he would have been likely to do, and it is not at all impossible that he did it."

On May 3rd, 1869, I went by invitation to be introduced to some guests of Lacaita's breakfast club about 10 a.m. They were Sir John (afterwards Lord) Acton, Lord Richard Cavendish, Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower, Lord George Fitzmaurice, Professor Lecky, and Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Boston. With the latter I enjoyed a long friendship of nearly forty years; though principally by correspondence, as we did not meet very often.

I was at this time much occupied with Mr. Ribton-Turner, the Organising Secretary of the new society now known as the "Charity Organisation Society," in endeavouring to persuade Canon Nisbet, the Rector of St. Giles's, to aid and support us in founding a branch in St. Giles. Both Canon and Mrs. Nisbet were, as yet, only partially in favour of the scheme, and it took some time to get their entire adhesion; but, when once they were convinced, they supported us in the most whole-hearted way for several years. I saw a great deal also at this time of Captain (afterwards Admiral) Maxse, who was the first honorary secretary of the C.O.S.

On May 14th I attended a meeting convened by the Duke of Westminster at Lord Ebury's, at which it was resolved to form a branch of the new Society in St. George's, Hanover Square.

I had asked my brother if he would grant me two copies of the *Vernon Dante*, one copy for Monsieur Guizot, and the other for Frank (Sir Francis) Boileau. He readily consented, and on June 7th I started for Val Richer, by way of Southampton, Havre, and Trouville, to present Monsieur Guizot with his copy. I slept at Val Richer on the 8th. Monsieur Guizot said of the Dante: "*C'est une œuvre splendide.*" The after history of this particular copy is interesting. When Monsieur Guizot died in 1874, his property was all divided among his children, and the more costly books sold. I wrote and asked Guillaume Guizot to buy the work for me for within £25, which was done. In 1876, having resided for several months in Keble College, Oxford,

in the rooms of its Bursar, my dear old friend, Colonel Honourable William Edward Sackville-West, I thought it would be a graceful act to present the copy which had been Monsieur Guizot's to the newly formed library of Keble College ; so that I twice presented that copy to two highly distinguished recipients.

On June 12th I paid a visit to Lacaita at the Athenæum, and he showed me all over it. Little did I then dream of the many hours I should spend in those libraries in after years, writing my *Readings on the Divina Commedia*. I was elected a member of the Athenæum in March 1886, seventeen years afterwards.

On the 29th we started for Aix-les-Bains, and, after passing the day at Paris, arrived at Aix on July 1st, and took up our quarters at the Hôtel de l'Europe, the landlady of which, Madame Bernascon, was on the most friendly terms with her *clientèle* in general and with ourselves in particular. This hotel has long since been rebuilt on a large scale.

On July 26th we left Aix-les-Bains early, and got to Geneva at 10.30. The Hôtel Beau-Rivage, where we stayed, and the adjoining Quai de Mont Blanc, were new constructions on lands recently reclaimed from the lake. Eleven years before, when we were last here, the site of this was in the lake itself. It was in this hotel that on September 10th, 1898, the beautiful and ill-fated Empress Elizabeth of Austria had passed the night ; while walking from it to go on board a lake steamer, she was assassinated by an Anarchist miscreant named Luccheni, her body being brought back into the hotel immediately afterwards. We were sadly disappointed with Geneva, which had lost its old *cachet*, and become partly Americanised, partly a miniature Paris.

My doctor at Aix-les-Bains had ordered me what was called *une interruption de cure*, which meant that I was to pass three weeks in pure mountain air. We went up to Mornex on the Mount Salève to a small but most comfortable hotel, where we were joined by Reggie, who came back from Eton for his first holidays. I had engaged as his tutor for six weeks Mr. John Maude, who was in the Sixth Form and in the Eton eleven, and who consequently commanded some respect in the eyes of a Fourth-Form boy. We remained at Mornex, leading a very quiet life, taking

rides and mountain walks until August 14th, when we drove to Annecy and back to Aix-les-Bains.

After completing my cure, we all travelled by the Fell Railway over the Mont Cenis. The Fell Railway was a temporary arrangement, pending the completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel; its principle was to utilise Napoleon's great military road over the mountain, by means of a small-gauge railway running parallel to the coach road, with a centre rail on which two diagonal wheels worked. The diligences had become quite insufficient for the increasing traffic, and this light railway was of the greatest utility from June 15th, 1868, to October 16th, 1871, when the great tunnel was completed. The journey was most interesting, particularly as we ran rapidly, for the first time, down the Italian side through luxuriant chestnut woods, bathed in the evening sunshine. We travelled by Turin and Bologna to Florence, where we spent a delightful week, returning—by Verona through the Austrian Tyrol to Munich, and thence by Strasbourg and Paris—to London in September.

On September 28th we dined at Runcton Hall in Norfolk with Mr. Daniel Gurney. After dinner he read me some very interesting extracts from a book of notes on history which he had made, especially one from Monsieur Guizot in answer to a query of Mr. Gurney's as to his opinion of Louis XVIII. The letter spoke in high praise of his tact as contrasted with that of his brothers. The way it treated of Charles X led me to think that M. Guizot must have had in his mind the letter of congratulation that Charles X (then Comte d'Artois) wrote to Admiral Sir John Borlase-Warren on the defeat by him, in 1798, of the French Republican fleet off the coast of Ireland. When I mentioned this letter, which is in my possession,¹ Monsieur Guizot strongly disapproved of it, saying to me: "*Louis XVIII n'aurait jamais écrit une pareille lettre.*" The following is a copy of the letter:

" EDINBURGH,
ce 26 Octobre, 1798.

" MONSIEUR,

" Tous les liens qui m'attachent à votre Gouvernement, et la reconnaissance que je lui dois, me font jouir bien sincèrement des importants succès obtenus par les armes

¹ I have since then given it to my great-nephew, George Lord Vernon.

Anglaises ; mais la nouvelle qui vient de m'être confirmée du grand service que vous avez rendu à votre Souverain, et à la cause générale, par la brillante victoire que vous avez remportée sur les côtes de l'Irlande, me cause une satisfaction encore plus vive et plus personnelle.

“ La parfaite estime, et les tendres sentiments que vous m'avez si bien esquissés, resteront à jamais gravés dans mon âme, et me feront toujours prendre une part directe et particulière à tout ce qui pourra vous intéresser. Recevez donc, je vous en prie, tous mes compliments sur votre victoire, et soyez pleinement convaincu que mes vœux les plus ardents pour votre bonheur et votre gloire vous accompagneront dans toutes les entreprises, que votre courage, et votre noble ambition, vous porteront à exécuter.

“ Croyez, monsieur, que je saisirai toujours avec le plus vif empressement, les occasions de vos nouvelles—l'assurance de tous les sentiments d'affection, d'estime, et de considération qui m'attachent à vous pour la vie.

“ (*Signed*) CHARLES PHILIPPE.

“ P.S. Le désir que j'ai que cette lettre vous parvienne promptement et sûrement, me porte à prier Ld. Moira de vouloir bien se charger de vous l'adresser.”

On November 27th, 1869, Agnes and I went again to Sudbury, and found a party there consisting of my uncle Sir Walter James, and his daughter Sarina (now Lady Kilbracken), Mr. Edward Barry (the architect), Honourable Edward and Colonel the Honourable Wenman Coke, Lacaita and Mademoiselle d'Henyn. Mademoiselle d'Henyn was of French *émigré* birth, but from long residence in England was to all intents and purposes an Englishwoman. Lacaita told me a delightful story about her, illustrating the well-known overweening pomposity of Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton). These two and Lacaita were staying in a large house-party at Chatsworth. One morning after breakfast, some one suggested that Mr. Monckton Milnes should read to the party some of his poems. With a little mild deprecation, he allowed himself to be persuaded. A fearful *contretemps* then occurred. In the whole of the vast library at Chatsworth there was no copy of Mr. Monckton Milnes's poems ! The great man was very much affronted, saying : “ It is very wrong, very wrong, there ought to be

a copy here." The whole party were so dumbfounded that they could not speak, until at last Lacaita led the offended poet into one of the windows, and gradually smoothed down his ruffled plumes, suggesting that, perhaps, Mr. Monckton Milnes had a copy himself. He then admitted that he had in fact got a volume of extracts in his room, and condescended to go and fetch it. The party grouped themselves round him in the breakfast room, Mademoiselle d'Henyn sitting close to Monckton Milnes and exactly facing him. The reading began, Monckton Milnes intoning the lines in solemn rolling resonant periods, that had almost the effect of making his hearers nervous and hysterical. All of a sudden the Duke of Devonshire, wanting his daughter, Lady Louisa Egerton, and knowing nothing about the reading, suddenly hurried into the room, exclaiming: "Here, Louisa, Louisa, I want you!" The reaction upon the party was so great that they all began to titter. Poor Mademoiselle d'Henyn also caught the infection, but, sitting as she was, less than a yard from Monckton Milnes, and looking him straight in the face, put such a restraint upon herself that the tears began to run down her cheeks. The poet took no notice of his audience, and finished his reading, but, as the assembly broke up, he led Mademoiselle d'Henyn to the window, and, putting the volume into her hand, said in a low earnest voice: "There, take it, I give it you; you are the only one worthy of it—I saw your tears!" Lacaita was present at the whole scene, and related it to me more than once.

This winter I went on two successive evenings to the St. James's Hall, and heard Charles Dickens read Miss Squeers's Tea Party, the Trial in *Pickwick*, little Paul Dombey, and the Boots at the Holly Tree Inn. I was immensely struck with his fine reading, and never forgot it. He died six months afterwards, on June 9th, 1870.

I had arranged with Lacaita that he and I should travel together to join Agnes, who had taken Louisa to Pisa. We travelled by Marseilles and Nice, and thence by *vetturino* to Genoa. We slept at S. Remo (Hôtel Vittoria) on February 22nd. We dined with Lord and Lady Russell, who were in a villa close by. Lord Russell was looking very well. He, Lady Russell, and Lacaita recalled how in July 1860, when Persigny was trying to induce Lord John to stop Garibaldi's landing in Italy from Messina, Lacaita (who

was very ill at the time) intervened with the momentous results I have already described in my sixth chapter.

After leaving San Remo, we travelled by Genoa, Alessandria, and Bologna. At Pistoja we parted, Lacaita for Florence, and I for Pisa, where I arrived on February 25th at 8.40 p.m., and found Agnes and Louisa at Piegaja's Hôtel Victoria.

At the end of February we went to Florence, and stayed in beautiful rooms in the Hôtel dell' Arno. We paid a visit to old Seymour Kirkup, who did many of the beautiful illustrations in the *Vernon Dante*. He told me that I grew more like my father every day. He lived in an old house at the corner of the Ponte Vecchio overlooking the Arno, and showed us his splendid collection of Dante books, one of them a rare MS. He had curious hallucinations on the subject of spirits, which he supposed to haunt his apartment. He told us that he constantly saw Dante, and showed us a pencil sketch with "Dante Alighieri" written under it, and which he said had been written by Dante himself! It was a well-known fact that his maid, and her daughter Olimpia, continually worked upon his disordered imagination, and made him see visions just as they pleased.

On March 22nd we left Florence for Ravenna, where we passed one night at the Hôtel della Spada d'Oro. The following day was one of profound interest, visiting all the wonderful sights of Ravenna, beginning with the tomb of Dante outside the Church of San Francesco, where his bones were hidden, and rediscovered in 1865. We saw the tomb of Theodoric; the Basilica of S. Vitale with its glorious mosaics; the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia; the tomb of the Exarch Isaac, on whose funeral urn the Virgin and Child are represented, the former *without* a nimbus or glory over her head, though the child Jesus has one; S. Apollinare Nuovo; S. Spirito, and Sta. Maria in Cosmedin (which was the Arian Baptistery and Cathedral in the sixth century); the Cathedral and Baptistery of S. Giovanni Battista; and the Chapel of the Archbishop's Palace. We drove out to the beautiful, though now deserted, Basilica of St. Apollinare in Classe (anciently *Classis*), the largest and best preserved of the basilicas still existing at Ravenna. It was built in 535. It stands all alone in the midst of a now desolate marsh, and its only guardian was a fever-stricken lay brother, who told us that he was down with

fever about nine months in the year. There was a good deal of stagnant water lying on the pavement of the church, and Agnes caught a bad chill, from which she did not recover for several weeks. We gathered violets in the Pineta, the Pine Forest of Ravenna, which Dante knew so well in the concluding years of his life, when he was the guest of Guido da Polenta. In my own work, *Readings on the Purgatorio of Dante*, 3rd edition, vol. ii. p. 435, I thus speak of Classe, of the Basilica, and of the Pineta :

“ In the Middle Ages Classe was on the sea shore, though the sea has since receded, and left it far inland ; and it is now a dreary, pestilential, marshy plain, untenanted save by the magnificent early Christian Church of Sant’ Apollinare in Classe, which, according to Benvenuto da Imola, was built by Justinian, but much damaged by Luitprand, King of the Lombards. Classe was the port of Ravenna, and was so called because Cæsar Augustus used to keep his fleet there for the protection of the Adriatic. One can well imagine Dante, during his exile at Ravenna, often walking on the sea shore of Classe, roaming in deep thought through the lovely woods, and treading upon the soft carpet of verdure, amid the twittering of the birds in the far-famed Pineta of Ravenna.”

Dante, in describing the Divine Forest in the Terrestrial Paradise, has, in the following beautiful lines, evidently taken the Pineta as his model :

“ Un’ aura dolce, senza mutamento
Avere in sè, mi feria per la fronte
Non di più colpo che soave vento ;

“ Per cui le fronde, tremolando pronte,
Tutte e quante piegavano alla parte
U’ la prim’ ombra gitta il santo monte :

“ Non però dal lor esser dritto sparte
Tanto che gli augelletti per le cime
Lasciasser d’operare ogni lor arte ;

“ Ma con piena letizia l’òre prime,
Cantando, ricevièno intra le foglie,
Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime,

“ Tal qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi,
Quand’ Eölo Scirocco fuor discioglie.”

(Dante, *Purg.* XXVIII, 7-21).

We returned to Bologna, and visited Ferrara and Padua on our way to Venice. On April 1st, 1870, my birthday of thirty-six, we left Venice at ten, and travelled by Padua, Verona, Trento, and over the Brenner Railway to Innsbruck. We left Innsbruck at five, and, passing by Munich, got to Augsburg at 12.30. We put up at the Drei Möhren, the oldest inn in the world. From Augsburg, we passed on by Strasbourg, and travelled by the French express to Paris.

We went to see Monsieur Guizot, who was, after an interval of twenty years, again employed under Government as President of a Commission for the Improvement of the "*Facultés*," for which a code was being drawn up. I had some conversation with him in respect of a visit which he had had to pay to the Emperor Napoleon III, as *Membre de l'Académie*, and I asked him his impression of the Emperor. He answered: "*Je vous dirai d'abord que je l'ai trouvé parfaitement Prince—oh parfaitement Prince! il m'a accordé une réception très courtoise. Après cela il m'a frappé comme un homme léger et très borné.*" Those were his words as nearly as I can recollect them. We returned to London on April 6th.

On April 30th I was laid up with a bad congestion of the throat, *which was to cost me dear*. I was ill with it for several weeks, and it laid the foundation of the deafness which has since been the great infirmity of my life. My doctor, Mr. Cameron, told me my mucous membrane was all wrong, and he peremptorily ordered me to give up all work, both at St. Giles's and elsewhere, and would not even allow me to take my meals in the dining-room, so essential did he think it that I should not talk. All precautions, however, proved unavailing, for during the rest of my life my then incipient deafness gradually increased until, in the year of writing this (1911), I cannot even hear the organ in church, nor, excepting the drums, even a band in the street. My reclusion at this time was particularly annoying, for we had just started a branch in St. Giles's of the Charity Organisation Society, and I was the honorary secretary of it.

A very curious episode occurred at the very outset of the career of our committee. One of the first cases with which we had to deal was a man of the name of Turner, middle-aged and of superior education. With him was his wife, an unprepossessing woman of inferior education, three

young children, and a black maid-servant. Mr. Turner told us what seemed to be a very improbable story, that he had been Chairman of the House of Representatives in the Island of St. Kitt's. Pending investigation we made an arrangement with the House of Charity in Greek Street, Soho, to take in the whole family, and we managed to get the black maid-servant sent back to St. Kitt's. Meanwhile I wrote to Sir Edward Pyne, Governor of the Leeward Islands, requesting investigation. My astonishment was great, a few weeks afterwards, on receiving an answer from the Governor containing a cheque for fifty pounds. Mr. Turner had really been what he represented himself to be, and was greatly respected at St. Kitt's, but he had been dragged down by a second marriage with a woman who was inferior to himself in every way and a drunkard. On hearing of the distress of their former Chairman, the House of Representatives at St. Kitt's called a special meeting, and voted him the sum of fifty pounds. We were able, after some efforts, to get him elected an out-pensioner of Morden College, Blackheath, with a pension of £80 a year. Morden is a home for decayed merchants. The children were all provided for in permanent schools.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR—RELIEF OF FRENCH REFUGEES
—TOUR IN SCANDINAVIA—PARIS AFTER THE COMMUNE
(JULY 1870—OCTOBER 1871)

It was now that great excitement arose in France through the nomination of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen for the Spanish throne, and many warlike speeches were pronounced by the French Ministers. After various *pour-parlers*, war was resolved on by the French Government (owing to a telegram faked by Count Bismarck) during the last fortnight in July, and the first engagement took place at Saarbruck on August 1st.

Before there was any question of a Franco-German War, I had settled to take Reggie to Belgium to get some trout fishing in the inland streams, but my doctor, Mr. Cameron, strongly urged upon me to alter my plans, as otherwise I might find myself, with a young boy, squeezed up between the two hostile armies. It was eventually settled that I should go to Macgowan, the fishing-tackle maker in Bruton Street, and hire from him some fishing in Norway. It so happened that he had the letting of the fishing in the Hvinesdal river between the towns of Flekkefjord and Stavanger, and he offered to go with me as my interpreter by one of Wilson's steamers from Hull.

On August 5th Reggie and I, with Alfred Anson, joined Macgowan at Hull, and we left the docks on board the *Hero* in the middle of the night for Christiansand. We met on board Major Traherne, a famous fisherman, who rented the fishing of the Lyngdal, not very far from the Mandal river where I afterwards fished for thirty years. We landed at Christiansand on the afternoon of the 7th. At Major Traherne's kind invitation, we spent a night and a day with him at Lyngdal, which was a twenty-four-mile drive from Kleven, the deep-sea port of the town of Mandal,

which I was afterwards to know so well. From Lyngdal we drove to Hvinesdal,¹ where we found very comfortable quarters prepared for us at Madame Stang's, a pretty little wooden house on the side of the river Hvina, with mountains all round. Here we stayed from the 10th to the 16th, and, under Macgowan's able instruction, I began to learn how to fish for salmon. During the five days' fishing I killed seven fish, one of them a salmon of fourteen pounds with the "Colonel" fly in the early morning.

After travelling about for nine days through the beautiful Norwegian scenery, we arrived at Christiania on August 25th. Here we got the first news of the course of the Franco-German War, and were much distressed to see how completely France was being worsted from the very first battle.

On our return we reached Hull on Sunday evening (August 28th), but did not land till the next morning, when I left Hull at nine and got to Sudbury at two, where I found Agnes. She had been hard at work preparing lint, bandages, etc., for the French wounded, and had set numbers to work at Sudbury to help her. She had just received a letter from Mrs. Lloyd Lindsay (now Lady Wantage), saying that the case of surgical appliances sent from Sudbury was by far the best that had been sent to the Red Cross Society.

At the beginning of September we received the disastrous intelligence of the total defeat of the French at Sedan, and the surrender of Napoleon III and all his forces to Prussia. Then followed the proclamation of the Revolution at Paris, and the Republican Government of National Defence was established.

On October 4th Agnes and I received a letter from Henriette (Madame Guizot de Witt), asking us for pecuniary assistance. I at once made arrangements for taking over to them £200 in English gold. Their banker with all their able-bodied male relations was shut up in Paris, and they had no means of getting any money. After seeking advice from the Foreign Office, from the Sick and Wounded Fund Committee, and from Drummond's, I settled to take it over to them myself in a belt under my shirt to Honfleur. My brother was very averse to my going. The next day (October 5th) I managed to get a telegram sent, by my agents in the city, to Monsieur Emile Sorel at Honfleur,

¹ Pronounced "Queensdal."

begging him to let Conrad de Witt know that I was on my way. At four o'clock I had a very kind letter from Mrs. Lloyd Lindsay, to tell me that Bob had settled to go out that day to Havre on his way to Versailles, and, if possible, on to Paris, to try to get the authorities, and especially the Prussian ones, to give greater facility to the English ambulance parties. He was also bearer of two sums of £20,000 each, from the Red Cross Society, for the wounded of the two armies. I met Bob Lindsay at Waterloo, and we started at 5.15, leaving our wives on the platform. Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Furley, head of one of the English Ambulances, accompanied Bob. He had been at all the battles, including Sedan, and had travelled hundreds of miles since the war broke out. He told us that the Germans were much to blame for the atrocities of Bazeilles. He had been arrested over and over again on suspicion of being a Prussian spy, which I did not wonder at, as he had peculiarly the type of face, in those days, to make Frenchmen think so. At Southampton we dined at Radley's Hotel, where we were joined by Captain Edis, who had once paid a visit to Sudbury, by my father's invitation, to inspect the rifle range; he was now on his way to join Lord Bury, who was forming an ambulance at Havre. We embarked at eleven on board the *Waverley* and found a French ambulance under the Messieurs Monod, brothers of the great French Protestant preacher, already on board. All their equipment, carriages, ambulances, and stretchers were stained with blood from Sedan, etc. They had made their way by Belgium to England, and were crossing to Havre, because the German Army was at the moment moving from Rouen to Dreux.

We reached Havre at 9 a.m. (October 6th), after passing through a squadron of the French fleet. Bob was accorded a most cordial and deferential welcome by the Municipal authorities, and I slipped through as one of his suite, without having been asked for my passport, and without any examination of my two bags. I was told at the telegraph office that no private person might send a telegram, and, when I called upon Mr. Featherstonehaugh, the English Consul-General, he told me he did not think I could get permission. After having read, however, my letter of introduction to him from Lord Granville, he consented to write to the *sous-préfet*. The latter gave me leave to wire to

Conrad to tell him I was coming, a permission which mightily astonished the good people of Honfleur, as no other private telegram got through that day.

I lunched with Bob at the Hôtel Frascati, where Bury with a Mr. Shee was forming an English ambulance. I was present while the men were being engaged for it. Out of fifty candidates thirty-nine were engaged. We walked about the town, and saw drilling of *gardes mobiles* going on in every direction. At 5.30 I embarked in a small steamer, and at six reached Honfleur, where Conrad de Witt and Monsieur Emile Sorel were awaiting me. I was at once placed in a fly, and with Conrad driven to Pont l'Évêque, where his carriage was waiting for him. We passed through the Fôret of La Touque, where numbers of large trees were being cut down to make into *abatis* to check the advance of the Prussians, which, I understand, they did not do in the very least. We reached Val Richer at ten, where, I need not say, I had the warmest of welcomes. I was taken to see M. Guizot in bed, and all the children were allowed to get out of bed to come down and see "Oncle William."

The next day I was up at 6.30 to see Conrad off, as he had to go to the Liberal-Conservative Election Committee at Caen to represent his brother Cornélis, who, though among the besieged inside Paris, was standing as one of the Deputies for Calvados. At nine I went out with Monsieur Guizot's granddaughters for a walk. They were full of fire and spirit about the defence of France. When I got back, Monsieur Guizot sent to invite me to pay him a visit in his *cabinet*. He told me that he thought the causes of the war were not sufficiently understood in England; that it really was brought about by the *Chauvins* who formed the Emperor's *coterie*, and not at all by the will of the French people; but that now all classes would agree to carry it "*jusqu'au bout*," if Prussia attempted to exact any cession of French territory. He spoke of the strength of Paris, and the great merits of General Trochu. He ended by saying: "*Mon cher William, comme à mon propre fils, comme à Guillaume, il ne me fallait pas cette preuve de votre amitié.*" After lunch, I assisted the whole family in packing copies of Cornélis's address to the electors of Calvados. I left Val Richer at two, carrying back in my belt, under my shirt, Madame Guillaume Guizot's diamonds, which, on arrival in England, I deposited in Drummond's Bank. I

was very thankful to get rid of the belt, for the weight of the 200 sovereigns had chafed the skin off my hips. As I drove into Lisieux, I encountered a very mournful assemblage. The Lisieux *franç-tireurs* were leaving for the front, and their weeping friends and relations were giving them such a send-off as was possible under the circumstances. I reached Littlehampton on October 8th.

On October 11th Agnes and I made known to the Committee for Protecting French Refugees that we would willingly take some French ladies into our house. I was now fully occupied with my duties as honorary secretary of the St. Giles's C.O.S. Committee. Our offices were at 7 Arthur Street, New Oxford Street.

Agnes had meanwhile joined a committee of ladies formed by the Dowager Marchioness of Lothian at her house, 13 Bruton Street, for relieving and finding work for French female refugees. I joined the corresponding committee in King Street near the Guildhall for the relief of French male refugees, and Lord Eliot, Monsignor Capel, and I acted as intermediaries between the two committees. On October 15th the Rev. Henry White, chaplain of the Savoy, dined with us, and we talked over a plan we had formed for giving hospitality to some of the French *émigré* ladies.

Agnes and I, having arranged with the Dowager Lady Lothian that we should receive two French refugee ladies into our house, set to work and prepared it to receive them. Agnes then went to the Ladies' Committee in Bruton Street, and made acquaintance with the Comtesse de Malden and her daughter, Mademoiselle Josephe de Malden; and, after much pressing, persuaded them to become our guests. The Comte de Malden was at that time the Minister of Grace and Justice at Versailles. Mademoiselle de Malden afterwards married the celebrated sculptor, Baron de Conny, but unfortunately died in her first confinement. They were with us altogether for about six weeks. After the end of the war, the Comte de Malden came to fetch them back, and thanked us profusely. They were all three most excellent people, and most honourably anxious to earn their living in England by giving lessons. In fact, a fortnight later Madame de Malden went to give lessons to the children of Viscountess Malden (*née* Meux), daughter-in-law of the Earl of Essex. A distant kinship was traced between the two families.

One morning, on my attending to my duties at the Ladies' Committee, Lady Lothian said to me: "Oh, Mr. Vernon, can you do anything for this poor woman? she only arrived in England yesterday, and has lost both her children in the streets." She pointed to a Frenchwoman of the lower classes, who was sitting in a corner, convulsed with grief. She had fled to England *from Brest*, in the *extreme west* of France, because the Germans had invaded the *extreme east* of France, and was one of those incomparably silly women with whom we had sometimes to deal at that time. On being taken to the Ladies' Committee the night before, she and her children were sent to one of the respectable lodgings which Lady Lothian's Committee had engaged, in a small street out of South Audley Street. On arriving there, she allowed her boy of seven and her little girl of four to go out *alone* for a walk. Of course they were immediately lost. I started off to look for them, and in an hour brought them back. My researches were extremely simple. I first went to the Vine Street Police Station, and was at once informed that I should find them at the station in Great Marlborough Street; and there they were, sure enough, being petted exceedingly by all the constables who were off duty. On satisfying the superintendent of my identity as a representative of the French Refugee Committee, the children were at once consigned to my care, and, after getting them some cakes at a baker's shop, I took them back to the Committee, and then to the mother's lodgings. It was then that I noticed signs of much perturbation in the little boy, and he began to cry. On my pressing him for the reasons of his distress, he sobbed out: "*Maman va me battre* (mother will beat me)." On hearing this, I told the cabman to stop a few doors short of the house, and I, on going in alone, found the mother and the landlady just going to sit down to a tureen of the most excellent *pot-au-feu*, which I longed to share with them. I assumed a grave air, and told the mother that the Ladies' Committee had found the children, but had sent me to exact from her a promise that neither of them was to be punished for what was entirely her own fault, and I called upon the landlady to enforce Lady Lothian's positive orders for their protection. After that, I brought the children in. *Tableau!* On October 23rd I copied out a long paper of Monsieur Guizot's opinions on the war, which he asked me to show

to Lacaita and Mr. Henry Reeve, and with their approval to publish. Mr. Reeve was out of town, but the next morning I paid Lacaita a visit at Holland House, where he was staying, and showed him the paper, asking him from M. Guizot to submit it to H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale, who was also at Holland House. Lacaita went carefully over Monsieur Guizot's note, but thought it showed how much he had aged, as it was rather weak from so distinguished a man. He showed it afterwards to the Duc d'Aumale, whose only comment on it was: "*Ah! Monsieur Guizot! bon patriote!*" Lacaita advised me to write and, before publishing the note, ask Monsieur Guizot if certain data were to stand which read rather like an anachronism. I was struck by Monsieur Guizot making an allusion in this paper to the Spanish marriages.

On October 27th we heard of the capitulation of Metz, and the surrender as prisoners of Marshals Bazaine, Canrobert, General Changarnier, and 170,000 of the finest French troops. It was supposed in France that Bazaine's object was to get a peace patched up, the Emperor restored to the throne, and himself, backed by the released army of 170,000 men, to become a *maire du palais*. He was afterwards tried by court-martial as a traitor to his country, and sentenced to imprisonment in the Ile St. Marguerite. He soon escaped from his prison, and it has always been thought that his flight was winked at by the authorities.

On November 5th I received a balloon letter from Paris, from Cornélis de Witt. The writing was so exceedingly minute that it took me all the day to decipher it. Cornélis took the French view of things in Paris, which was not shared by observers out of France.

During the past six months the parishioners of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, had been deeply impressed by the earnest preaching of the new vicar, the Rev. George Howard Wilkinson. We made his acquaintance some time between June and December. The vicarage was not yet completed, and he and his wife (*née* Miss Caroline de Vœux) lived in Warwick Square. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson became our most intimate friends in the following year. They always came to supper with us on Sundays after church, and I constantly galloped with him round Battersea Park. There is an admirable account of him given by the Right Honourable George W. Russell (in *Portraits of the Seventies*), but I

totally disagree with the writer when he speaks of him as devoid of a sense of humour. George Howard Wilkinson was afterwards Bishop of Truro, and eventually Lord Primus of Scotland and Bishop of St. Andrew's, but the principal part of his career was his incumbency of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. He was a much loved and revered friend of mine until his sudden death, at Edinburgh in December 1907, and his influence upon my life will, I trust, never be effaced. In my old age I still maintain this intimacy with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Arthur Davies, and did so with his second son, the Rev. George Grey Wilkinson, one of the clergy of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, who died suddenly in 1916.

Our house in Grosvenor Place was an exceedingly busy one. Agnes was working long hours at Lady Lothian's Committee for the Relief of French Female Refugees, and at the same time in continual correspondence with Mrs. Lloyd Lindsay, as to where in France help was most needed. My brother Augustus (Lord Vernon), who was now President of the Royal Agricultural Society, had begun the organisation and working of a scheme for sending funds to buy seed corn (*la semence des blés*) to small farmers whose holdings did not exceed fifty *hectares*. He passed the winter in our house, his own being under redecoration. I was now a Poor Law Guardian of St. George's, Hanover Square, hon. sec. of the C. O. S. Committee in St. Giles's, and its representative at the Central Council; I was also working on the C. O. S. Committee of the Parish of St. George's, Hanover Square; and that committee was administering the funds (temporarily) of the British Charitable Fund of Paris, as nearly all the British poor had been moved from Paris to London. Two leading members of the Paris Committee, Dr. Forbes, the British chaplain, and the Abbé Rogerson, attended constantly, and were of the greatest assistance to my old friend and schoolfellow, Major Cavendish-Fitzroy, who acted as hon. sec. (*pro tem.*), in addition to his regular work as hon. sec. of the St. George's C. O. S. Committee. I continued my work at the French Refugee Committee in King Street, by the Guildhall, and our experiences were very interesting. We were able to relieve a good deal of very real distress, but we were ruthlessly severe to any able-bodied Frenchmen who sought relief in England when they ought to have been fighting in France. During the month of January, the Germans had reduced Paris to

the last extremity. Food was getting exceedingly scarce, as we heard by balloon letters from our De Witt friends. Poor Madame Cornélis de Witt (Pauline), who was consumptive, died of the privations she endured from eating food that was not sufficiently nutritious.

Paris capitulated on January 28th. On February 3rd large supplies of food arrived from London. Much indignation at this surrender was expressed by the French authorities *outside* of Paris, but those in command *inside* explained that there were 2,000,000 people in Paris with only ten days' provisions.

On February 21st the Duc Albert de Broglie was appointed Ambassador in London by the French Republican Government. On February 26th I received a letter from Monsieur Guizot, introducing the Duc de Broglie *to me!* In his letter he spoke of him as "*le fils très distingué de mon plus intime et fidèle ami, mort il y a un an. Il désire beaucoup faire connaissance avec vous.*" This Duc de Broglie was as intimate a friend of Monsieur Guizot's daughters as his father (whom I mentioned having met at Charing Cross Station in 1866, among the assemblage of distinguished mourners before the funeral of Queen Marie Amélie) was of Monsieur Guizot. He had, I was told, wanted to marry Henriette (Madame Guizot de Witt), but none of the Guizot family would have married a Roman Catholic, though she and the Duc were like brother and sister. I went to pay my respects to the Duc at the French Embassy. He received me very graciously, and during the next ten years, up to and after the time of Agnes's death, in 1881, whenever I met him, he always treated me with the greatest kindness. His son, Prince de Broglie (who was afterwards the late Duc de Broglie), was one of the secretaries of the Embassy. The latter's wife, the Princesse de Broglie (now the Duchesse Douairière), a beautiful young woman, was a daughter of the Comte and Comtesse d'Armaillé, who were in London with her. The first secretary of the French Embassy, who in London is always a Minister Plenipotentiary, was Monsieur Charles Gavard, who became an intimate friend of Agnes and me.

The Duc de Broglie presided at a banquet at Willis's Rooms in aid of the funds of the French Hospital. Lord Eliot, Augustus Anson, and I were among those who dined. Augustus Anson was asked to propose the toast of the French

Army, a rather delicate task just after 170,000 of the best troops in France had been made by the traitor Maréchal Bazaine to surrender at Metz, without attempting to cut their way out through the besieging German armies. Augustus Anson performed his task very well, saying that no one so well as he, who had fought side by side with the soldiers of France both in the Crimea and in China, was able to testify to their unsullied gallantry. The Duc de Broglie, who was in the chair at this dinner, made some very fine speeches, and showed himself a born orator.

Not long afterwards the Duc asked me to take him to visit two workhouses, which I did. He was much struck by the good order and cleanliness that he saw in them, but his whole being revolted at the idea that a pauper should be able to claim the right of being fed at the expense of the State. A short time later Monsieur Léon Say, Préfet of the Seine, and the greatest financier in France, came over to England, and I was introduced to him at the French Embassy. By the desire of the Duc de Broglie, I took him over the Poplar Workhouse, which was perhaps the most rigorous in all London in its treatment of undeserving paupers.

One day I was asked by Gavard and the Prince de Broglie if I would like to accompany them on a night visit to the slums in the East End. I accepted with the greatest alacrity, for the Home Office no longer sanctioned private individuals being conducted there by the police, and the privilege was only granted to diplomats and other distinguished persons. I was invited to present myself, in the costume of a rough, at the French Embassy for dinner, where I found Gavard, the Prince de Broglie, and his father-in-law, the Comte d'Armaillé, transformed by the wearing of plebeian attire. In my ignoble get-up, I had to give my arm to the young Princesse de Broglie, and lead her in to dinner, through a double row of highly amused domestics. We drove to the police office in Leman Street, Whitechapel, where we were met by Superintendent Roberts, a handsome man of about forty years of age, who had the charge of 30,000 common lodging-houses in all London. With him was the local Superintendent Gillis, who told me that he had conducted Charles Dickens to see the opium smokers, and actually took us up to the very room which is depicted in one of the illustrations of *Edwin Drood*. In it we found the

propriess, an old hag known as Opium Sall, ministering to a Lascar, who was lying on the bed wrapped in a blanket, while she kept attending to a very small-bowled pipe, like a Japanese one, and filling it with opium as required. She was full of blandishments for the two Superintendents. The Lascar was in a state of coma, breathing stertorously. The whole scene was loathsome and revolting. We went afterwards to a ground-floor room near there, kept by a Chinaman, who had special leave from the police to buy opium in quantities that would have killed any other ten men. There were mattresses rolled up against the wall all round this room, for the convenience of opium smokers.

During our midnight walk, we came to a bridge by the docks at the bottom of Old Gravel Lane, which street had been in my district in 1863, when I went there as almoner of the Society for Relief of Distress. On the lonely bridge stood a solitary policeman. "Can you guess, sir," said Superintendent Roberts to me, "why that constable is posted there?"

"I think I can," said I, "from the tone of your question."

"Yes," said the Superintendent, "many a poor unfortunate goes down there to end her troubles in the water!"

We visited a number of the common lodging-houses, where Superintendent Roberts was omnipotent. Some of these held as many as 300 inmates. It was a mixed population of people of all sorts of characters, good, bad, and indifferent. In some the public hall still preserved its Christmas decorations, with coloured festoons and religious texts on the walls, "Glory to God in the Highest," etc. etc. In one of these, two or three women came forward exclaiming: "Oh, good evening, Mr. Roberts! How well you're looking to-day, Mr. Roberts! Take care of that step, Mr. Roberts!" and then, in a more subdued tone: "Do you want anyone to-night, sir?"

I have said already that my brother Augustus, being President of the Royal Agricultural Society, had initiated a scheme for supplying funds for seed corn to the small farmers in France whose crops had been destroyed by the war. He had been in correspondence with the President of the French *Société des Agriculteurs*, Monsieur Drouyn de L'Huys, a leading French statesman, who, since the overthrow of the Second Empire, was residing in Jersey. On February 10th M. Drouyn de L'Huys dined with us in

Grosvenor Place, and, by Augustus's request, we had invited Lord Elcho (afterwards the Earl of Wemyss) and Lacaita to meet him. We could see that they were all very much interested in each other, so Agnes and I sat apart, and left them to themselves.

It so happened that Charles Sartoris, who had offered his services to go out as the first distributor of the Seed Fund, was to start for Amiens that night. Hardly had Monsieur Drouyn de L'Huys taken leave of us, than a note arrived from Mrs. Charles Sartoris, telling Augustus that the whole of her husband's cabful of luggage had been stolen by the cabman, who had galloped off with it when their front door had been closed for a moment. Augustus and I drove at once to Chesham Place and saw Mrs. Sartoris, who told us that her husband, notwithstanding the loss of his luggage, credentials, and money, had started off just as he was. She describes what happened, in a letter to me (January 25th, 1912):

“ The events of that night are quite clear in my memory. Charles was just starting for Amiens, where he was to help to distribute the Seed Corn Fund, and I had run out to the cab, which was at the door, to put in his rug and umbrella, the rest of his luggage being already in the cab. As I turned to run up the steps, my sister came up, and Charles pulled us both in, and shut the door. As he was saying good-bye to her, I opened the front door to take his coat to the cab, and it was gone! Charles at once said he would go as he was, and he started without anything at all, and told me to try and find the cab and let the police know. . . . How well I remember you and Lord Vernon coming to see me ! ”

On leaving Mrs. Sartoris, Augustus and I drove to Scotland Yard, and put the matter into the hands of the police. Late on the day following the robbery, my brother was informed that the whole of Sartoris's belongings, absolutely intact, had been deposited in the hands of the Rev. George White, the vicar of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and by him had been conveyed to Chesham Place and delivered to Mrs. Sartoris within twelve hours of the time when they were stolen. The cabman, up till that day a perfectly blameless man, was struck with remorse at what he had done before he had got across Belgrave Square, but did not dare to drive

back to Chesham Place. As soon as he reached his home in Lisson Grove, and had told his trouble to his wife, she went at once to a lady visitor of St. Cyprian's Church, by whose intervention the luggage was taken to St. Barnabas Vicarage, Pimlico, and at six o'clock in the morning the Rev. George White took it himself to Chesham Place.

The cabman's own story ran thus. He had been previously called to take a lady out to dinner with her footman on the box. After he had deposited his mistress, the footman promised the cabman a glass of shrub, if he would drive him back to the public-house in Pont Street. The cabman did so. He had had nothing to eat, the shrub got into his head, and, as he was getting on to his box again, Sartoris's footman whistled for a cab from the rank in Cadogan Place, but the cabman from Pont Street got first to the door, thereby arousing great wrath from the cabmen on the rank. The cab was loaded—the cabman was waiting for his fare, when a carriage drove up, and he was obliged to make room for it. In doing this, he was impelled to drive away, and went straight to his stable in the parish of Mr. Gutch (vicar of St. Cyprian's). The lady visitor communicated with Mr. Gutch, Mr. Gutch sent the luggage to his friend Mr. White, and Mr. White took it himself to Mrs. Sartoris, and interceded for the poor fellow who had fallen in a moment of temptation—though he assured her that the man was quite willing to stand his punishment. Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris very generously declined to prosecute, and the man's name was never revealed to the police. This magnanimous behaviour on the part of Mr. Sartoris caused the greatest irritation in the detective department in Scotland Yard; and Mrs. Sartoris—in her husband's absence—was subjected to so much rudeness and annoyance from the notorious Inspector Druscovitch (who, shortly afterwards, was sent into penal servitude for his share in the "Turf Frauds") that she boldly turned him out of her house, notwithstanding his malignant threats against her for (as he impudently told her) "compromising a felony."

After the capitulation of Paris and the signing of peace with Germany, the formidable insurrection took place which placed Paris, from March 18th to May 28th, in the hands of a revolutionary body (with whom were the National Guard) who styled themselves the *Commune*. The theory of the revolutionaries was that every *commune* should have

a real autonomy, the central government being merely a federation of *communes*. The people found themselves in the possession of arms after the siege by the Germans. The most revolting excesses were perpetrated by the miscreants who had usurped the authority in Paris; the insurrection was only suppressed after ten weeks' bloody fighting between the Communist forces and a large army of the Central Government at Versailles. On finding themselves conquered, the Communists, out of revenge, set fire to all the principal buildings in Paris, of which but few escaped.

On May 12th, when H.R.H. Edward, Prince of Wales, attended the Grand Conclave of Knights Templar at Freemasons' Hall, accompanied by Prince Hans of Glucksburg, I was called upon to act as chamberlain to H.R.H.; to robe him; to show him his name inscribed upon the Roll of Knights Templar, to carry his banner before him, and to be one of the special staff appointed to receive their Royal Highnesses at the entrance to Freemasons' Hall.

During the month of May, Agnes and I were summoned to a State Ball at Buckingham Palace—the only occasion that I have ever been at one. We had some conversation with the Duc de Broglie, who told us that his second son, Prince Amédée, had been most seriously wounded by a cannon shot at the taking of Fort Vanves.

During the winter, at the advice of Major Traherne, I had taken the salmon fishing in the river Mandal, twenty-eight miles from Christiansand. We went over to Norway from Hull during the first week in June, landing at Christiansand on Sunday the 4th. After passing three days at Ernsts Hotel, we drove on the 8th in carriages to Nödbæk (twenty-eight miles) on the river Mandal, where quarters had been engaged for us in the farmhouse of Mr. Frederic Knudsen, in which house our predecessors, Mr. Musters and Mr. Surtees, had passed their summers. The rooms were exceedingly primitive, but clean, and we made them fairly comfortable with some barrack furniture that we had bought in London. The house was a wooden one, painted deep red, and was two hundred years old. The Knudsens were an old family; and of the four last generations, three, I think, had been either members of Parliament, or of the Government Council.

Let not travellers in Norway of the present day imagine that the roads of the time I am describing were anything

like the beautifully engineered, level roads which are now to be found all over the country. They were, on the contrary, exceedingly steep and narrow, and at times skirted the numerous lakes so closely as to make one drive with one's heart in one's mouth, especially during the hay season, when a loaded hay cart pretty nearly filled up the whole road. The smart little horses used to creep up the hills, but in going downhill would run like lightning. The only thing to do was to sit well back, feel the horse's mouth quite lightly, and try to suppress one's feelings of abject terror. These, however, soon wore off, and one got filled with the exhilaration of flying through the air. I never had one of these horses fall with me, though, of course, some were very inferior to the others. During our first year at Nödbæk, the house was quite half a mile from the main road; but, when we returned there in 1872, we found large gangs of men employed by the Government under engineer officers beginning the great high road that runs from Mandal to Aaseral,¹ the latter being now a summer resort. One of my first cares was to make the acquaintance of my boatman, Hans Olsen, who had discharged that duty for my predecessors, and was my own boatman for the next twenty summers. He was then forty-nine years old, I myself being thirty-seven. He was a tall, shambling, badly built man, but was the only living being on the river who knew how to manage a boat so that the salmon fisher could fish over the stern. It was a sort of traditionary right claimed by the farmers of a hamlet surrounding a salmon pool, that each in turn should row me out fishing. The inconvenience of this was so obvious, that I would not consent to the arrangement, and had one boatman for my lower pools and one for the upper. The Mandal valley was what one might term exceedingly pretty scenery, without having anything grand about it. During that first year the upper pools at a hamlet called Holmesland were four miles off, but the new road was being made along the river, and, towards the latter end of the fishing season of 1872, the distance to Holmesland was reduced to two miles.

On August 19th Agnes and I, with Reggie and Constance Wilkinson, left Mandal for Christiania, and, after spending a day or two at the Hôtel Victoria, we left on the 23rd by

¹ In Scandinavia, Aa is pronounced as O; and Aaseral = Oseral; Haakon = Hokon. Aaseral is eighty miles from Mandal.

train for Stockholm. The railway runs along the precipitous course of the Glommen, also called the Stor Elv, the largest river in Norway, but into which the salmon are unable to ascend from the sea, on account of the frequent fosses, the largest of which, the Sarpsfos, has a fall of seventy-four feet—which not even a salmon can surmount. It is a curious experience to travel by rail from Norway into Sweden. In the former, one has before one all the evidences of a thoroughly democratic country, with no class above that of peasant-farmers in the country, and men of business in the towns; whereas, as soon as one passes the frontier into Sweden, one finds oneself in a different world—parks, country houses, carriages, livery servants, and all the signs of an aristocracy.

We were met at Stockholm by my old Eton friend, the Honourable Nassau Jocelyn, who was married to Agnes's somewhat eccentric cousin Cecy Elliot. They gave us the warmest of welcomes, and took us about everywhere with them. Nassau Jocelyn was the first secretary of the British Legation. He introduced me to an aged member of the Council of State, Count Bonde, with whom I had a good deal of very interesting conversation. While talking about France, I spoke of our intimacy with M. Guizot, and I mentioned his wonderful collection of autographs, and amongst them that of Gustavus Adolphus. "Oh," said Count Bonde, "but M. Guizot possesses a much more valuable Swedish autograph than that. He has got one of Gustavus Vasa, and none of that monarch's writing may go out of the country except by the vote of the Council of State." He went on to tell me that, in the days of M. Guizot's power, he had done some good offices for Sweden, for which she was desirous of showing her gratitude. To many statesmen she would simply have made a grant of money, but, to a man of M. Guizot's probity, that was out of the question. They therefore wrote and asked him in what way they could give him pleasure. His answer was characteristic. He said he was making a collection of autographs, and would deem himself fortunate if he could obtain one of Gustavus Vasa. The Council of State accordingly met, and voted that an autograph of Gustavus Vasa be granted to Monsieur Guizot, and this was done.

After a delightful week at Stockholm, we went by Jonkoping and Malmö to Copenhagen, where we found the

British Royal Yacht lying in the harbour, with the Prince and Princess of Wales. In attendance on them were Lord Hamilton (the late Duke of Abercorn) and the Honourable Mrs. Hardinge (afterwards Lady Hardinge, wife of General Sir Arthur), both of whom we knew. We left Copenhagen on September 4th, and went by Korsöer and Kiel to Hamburg, where we stayed two days. We then travelled by German railway to Hanover, stayed twenty-four hours, and saw the breed of cream-coloured horses at Herrenhausen, which are always used to this day in London in the State coach of the Kings of England. Thence by night train to Cologne, and on to St. Quentin, where we entered into the now diminished territory of France.

The whole country between here and Paris was still in occupation of German troops, and strong guards held every railway station at which we stopped. We passed Fort St. Denis just before entering Paris, on September 7th. German sentries stood on its ramparts. When we left Paris on the 12th, the Germans had given back the Fort to the French, and French sentries had replaced the foreigners.

Terrible sights now met our eyes, the results of the rule of the Commune of Paris, and its siege and defeat by the army of Versailles. Ruin and destruction were visible everywhere, nearly every shop window in the Boulevards was annihilated, and nearly every shop had an immense "*obus*" to display. Strong batteries were planted at the corner of the Place de la Concorde, across the Rue de Rivoli, at the Place Vendôme and Rue de Castiglione, and many other places. The Column of the Place Vendôme was lying all broken to pieces. The Tuileries Palace was gone, and nothing left of it but blackened ruins. It was an appalling scene of rabid and insensate destruction by those who were worse enemies of their country than were the victorious Prussians. We went to our old halting-place, the Hôtel de Westminster, which was as good as ever. We dined at the Frères Provençaux (the last time I ever saw it, as soon afterwards it ceased to exist), and the *maître d'hôtel* told us that, all through the siege, they had never failed to supply their customers "*avec de bon bœuf pour ceux qui pouvaient le payer.*" One morning my son Reggie and I took a drive in a victoria through all the bad districts of Menilmontant, Belleville, Villette, and Montmartre. We met with the most villainous types of faces all through these regions,

and were glad at last to get away from their malevolent looks. Another day we went by train to Versailles, where the *Chambre des Députés* was sitting. The Orangerie and other buildings in the grounds were crammed with Communist prisoners, and we saw little knots of them being marched off by strong guards to be examined and judged. Large masses of troops were bivouacked in the Park. One afternoon Agnes and I went by train to Isle Adam on the Seine, to pay a visit to Agnes's old blind governess, *Mademoiselle Bidault*. This lovely little spot was hideously disfigured by two or three beautiful villas having been burned down by the Prussians, as a punishment for some tardiness in surrendering on the part of the townspeople. When they escaped from the town, the poor blind old lady was forgotten, and left quite alone. The Germans, however, treated her with great kindness, and two young *Württemberg* soldiers, who were quartered upon her, cared for her garden and took pains to make it beautiful.

CHAPTER IX

THE CORONATION OF KING OSCAR II—OXFORD—THE RIVIERA AND FLORENCE—PARIS—BEREAVEMENT (1872-1881)

DURING the early part of 1872 I was much engaged, as before, in parochial and charity work, and took a very active part on the Board of Guardians of St. George's, Hanover Square. My work also as hon. sec. of the St. Giles's Charity Organisation Committee claimed a good deal of my time. Besides this, I had, at the request of George Howard Wilkinson, become one of the joint treasurers of the fund for building the new chancel and vestries of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. We collected about £12,000, and the building was carried out under the auspices of Mr. (afterwards Sir Arthur) Blomfield. We had, as a private tutor for Reggie, Mr. Montague Butler, afterwards secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Tait). I paid frequent visits to Keble College, Oxford, the new college of which my friend, Colonel the Honourable William Edward Sackville-West, was now the Bursar; but, as he lived in a private house, he used kindly to invite me to stay with him, and sleep in his Bursar's rooms in College. The Rev. Edward Talbot (now Bishop of Winchester) was the Warden of Keble, and among the tutorial staff were the Rev. Walter Lock (now the Warden), the Rev. F. W. Spurling (now Sub-Warden), the Rev. Louis Mylne (afterwards Bishop of Bombay), the Rev. Francis Jayne (now Bishop of Chester), and others.

I had become chairman of the Workhouse Schools' Committee of St. George's since West had gone to Oxford, and I was most ably seconded by my friend Colonel (afterwards General Sir Arthur) Fremantle, K.C.B., who died after being Governor of Malta. It had been the custom of the middle-class guardians to travel down to Plaistow, where the schools were established temporarily, in the most leisurely fashion,

just inspecting the children at dinner and then sitting down themselves to a substantial repast of several courses, leaving the business, which was our duty, until the afternoon. Colonel Fremantle and I strongly opposed this, and, after much debate, we induced our colleagues to sanction our two selves going to Plaistow by a train at 10 a.m. In that way we visited all the schools most thoroughly as a sub-committee, and made our report to our colleagues when they arrived at about a quarter to one. We then sat down with them to the beginning of their refection, and got back to London between two and three. The other guardians were very civil to us, praised our energy, and were, I think, most grateful to us for not demanding the same energy from them.

On May 18th we started for Norway. We arrived at Nödbæk on Tuesday, May 21st, but the river was in flood with snow water, and we got no sport until June 4th.

When I came to Nödbæk during the last fortnight in May, I had brought over with me old Macgowan, the fishing-tackle maker of Bruton Street, for the express purpose of seeing what pools in the upper waters he advised me to hire. It was a very good thing I did so; for by his advice I took the fishing of pools at Öslebö, Skjævsland, Heddeland, Bue, Fuglethved, Lövdal, Mjaaland, and all the fine water on both sides of the river at Klevland. We stayed in Norway until the latter part of August, when we left Christiansand by sea for Copenhagen, reaching that port in the early morning of the 26th. We passed our time chiefly in visiting the wonderful museums, that of Northern Antiquities, the unrivalled Ethnographical Museum, the Thorwaldsen Museum, and the Rosenborg Palace, said to have been built by Inigo Jones, which has been transformed into a museum of Historical Art.

It had been our intention to make a stay at Berlin, and we had made our arrangements with the Hôtel Bellevue for September 6th, when we heard from the landlord that, as the Emperor of Austria was to pay a State visit to Berlin from the 6th to the 12th, all the prices of the hotels were altered, and every single bed would be charged thirty thalers a night! That, of course, made us modify our plans, so we travelled by Körsör and Kiel to Hamburg, and, after a few days there at the Hôtel de l'Europe, left by night train on September 5th, and arrived at Berlin on the 6th at

about 5 a.m. Sending the servants and luggage across to the Anhalt Station, Agnes, Constance, and I, followed by Reggie and Mr. Butler, drove in two droskies through the town, which was in great gala, all the streets beflagged, and masses of troops moving about in all directions. We drove through the Unter den Linden, and were shown the palaces and most of the principal buildings in Berlin. We left the Anhalt Station at seven for Dresden *via* Leipzig, and in our train was the special suite sent to welcome the Austrian Emperor beyond Dresden at the frontier of Austria and Saxony.

We left Dresden on September 11th for Leipzig, Frankfurt, and Cologne, whence we returned home *via* Ostend.

I was very hard at work on the Board of Guardians and the Charity Organisation Society, in St. Giles's and in St. George's, Hanover Square, as well as in the Society for Relief of Distress. I also used to give, at Mr. Wilkinson's request, addresses once a week in a room hired for the purpose in Tachbrook Street.

On January 9th, 1873, the ex-Emperor Napoleon III died at Chislehurst. There was at this time a great reaction in France in favour of a restoration of the Monarchy, and it was currently reported that there would be a *fusion* between the Orleans Princes and the Comte de Chambord (Henri V), so that he should reign, and at his death be succeeded by the Comte de Paris. But all these hopes were for ever destroyed by a letter of the Comte de Chambord. This prince had been trained in clerical and absolutist ideas by his aunt, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and his tutor, the Duc de Damas. He was described by Count d'Orsay as "a good, dull, timid soul, like a palace with no room furnished but the chapel." Henri V had three times had a chance of regaining the throne of his ancestors—in 1848, 1870, and 1873. Each time he fooled away his opportunities, always vanishing just when his presence was indispensable, and ever protesting that he would never abandon the white flag of Jeanne d'Arc. His bigotry and short-sightedness resulted in establishing the republican form of government in France more firmly than ever.

Agnes had not been in strong health for some time. She completely overworked herself with her district, with the Homœopathic Hospital, the Children's Hospital, and also with mission work among men at the Newport Market

Refuge. This work she would not leave when the time came for going to Norway for the summer of 1873. It was accordingly settled that I should take Reggie, my nephew Mortimer Gurney, and the late William Bainbridge, who, like myself, was a worker in St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

We found the parsonage occupied by a permanent parish priest, Praest Duus, who was a very cultivated old gentleman, fond of seeing his friends, and gave us a warm welcome. He took an early opportunity of telling me that, if I had any idea of building myself a house on the glebe land as suggested by the late Praest Tönisen, he would do everything in his power to assist me.

On July 5th we left Nödbæk for Throndhjem, to be present at the Coronation of King Oscar II as King of Norway and Sweden. He had been previously crowned in Sweden, as King of Sweden and Norway, on May 18th. Our steamer was the *Njöland*, a small but, for those days, a fast boat. We had as fellow-passengers on board our friend Captain (afterwards Colonel) Julius Salvesen, and two officers who were to be in attendance on King Oscar, namely Commandeur (Commodore) Schmidt, the senior officer of the Norwegian Navy, and Captain Enekvist, an aide-de-camp of the King's. There was also the great comic actor, Johannes Brunn, on his way to take part in dramatic performances at Throndhjem. He kept every one on board in a continual roar of laughter. Among the stewards waiting at table in the saloon there was one of the most unemotional, expressionless cast of countenance, upon whom the comic actor's jokes fell as ineffectually as water upon a rock. He was just about to hand a dish to Johannes Brunn, when the latter, plucking a carnation from a dish of flowers on the table, and assuming the manner of an ardent lover, with his hand on his heart, offered it to the phlegmatic steward, saying in impassioned tones: "*Aa, tag den Blomster!* (Oh, take that flower!)" Even the victim of the joke was unable to resist a slight smile amid the roar of laughter that shook the cabin.

At Bergen, July 7th, we had to change steamers, and slept a night at Holdt's Hotel. We went to the Opera House and heard the *Freischütz* of Weber. It was curious between the acts, as the doors of the corridors opened, to see bright sunshine, at 10.30 in the evening, inundating the gas-lit theatre; but we were in the time of the long daylight, and

what was a wonder to us was a commonplace to the natives of that northern town.

From Bergen we took a steamer direct for Aalesund (pronounced "Olesund," Aa = o). The whole coast of Norway, except about eighty miles south of Stavanger, is bordered by an edging of rocky islands or skerries (in Norsk, *skjær*). Some of the larger steamers go right out to sea outside the skerries¹ (*uden skjær*), but the greater number take a winding course among the islets, inside the skerries (*inden skjær*), going through perfectly smooth water, and our steamer was one of the latter. A few hours after leaving Bergen, we passed under the huge cliff of Hornélen, said to be a sheer precipice of 3,000 feet high, and here the scenery was magnificent. At Aalesund (at 5.30 a.m.) we left the steamer, which was going direct to the North Cape, and we in a small steamer ran up the beautiful Molde Fjörd, passing by Molde and Veblungnaes, and landing at last at Aandsnaes, where carriols took us to the hotel at Aak (pronounced "Oak"), which at that time was the starting place for visiting the celebrated Romsdal. This charming spot had become known to fame by a little book written about it by Lady Diana Beauclerk (afterwards Huddleston), who had stayed there. In modern times it has ceased to be an hotel, having become the private residence of an Englishman who has bought Aak and its fishing in the river Roma, but, in my time, visitors at the hotel could fish in the pools belonging to the landlord, Mr. Fladmark, and it was my good fortune to land a 16-lb. salmon. Reggie killed a 9-lb. salmon and an 8-lb. sea trout. Mr. Fladmark told me that he had got to send a smart carriol for one of the royal princes to drive on the following day, and asked me to drive it as far as Stueflaten. We left Aak in the afternoon of July 12th, in pouring rain, and were thus prevented from seeing the beautiful Romsdal at its best; but even in the rain the scenery is grand, and I thought it only surpassed by the loveliest region that I have seen in my life, namely the drive from Salerno to Amalfi. We passed the night at Stueflaten. The next day, July 13th, we travelled by Molmen to Lesje Jernvaerk, a large station by a lake. Here we were delayed for several hours, and, as the Queen Sophie Wilhelmina was to pass on her way to Thronhjém, all the post horses were impounded until

¹ We have the name in the Skerries off the Shetland Isles.

she had gone. Two of the royal princes were with her. After the departure of Her Majesty, we drove on to Dombaas in the Dovre Fjeld district, where the roads from the Romsdal, from Gudbrandsdalen, and from Thronhjøm converge.

We left Dombaas at six in the morning of the 14th for Jerkin, from which we travelled by Kongsvold, Drivstuen, Stuen, and Stören, until, on the 15th, we found ourselves at eight o'clock in the evening at Andreas's comfortable Britannia Hotel at Thronhjøm. Here we found a number of foreign diplomats in full uniform who were on the point of going to receive King Oscar, who was arriving in a frigate from the North Cape at midnight. On the 16th I had the good fortune to be introduced to Mr. (afterwards Sir) Martin Gosselin, first secretary to the British Legation, and he presented me to his chief, Mr. Erskine. Both were very kind to me, and Mr. Erskine took a great deal of trouble to get me a seat in the Cathedral for the Coronation. Eventually the King himself most graciously assigned a seat to me in the reserved tribune just above the altar. The Duke of Connaught had come in the *Enchantress*, Admiralty yacht, to represent Queen Victoria.

The day of the Coronation arrived. I dressed in my deputy lieutenant's uniform, and, with Lord Garvagh in a volunteer uniform, started for the Cathedral. While trying to make our way through the crowd we were seen by an officer, who at once took charge of us. We found ourselves immediately in the middle of the principal street (Munke Gade), leading straight up to the Cathedral, and covered for the occasion with a boarded floor. The street was lined on both sides with troops, who on our appearance presented arms. I know not to this day whether they mistook a deputy lieutenant for a general officer, but we marched in great state to the Cathedral. The service was well performed by the Lutheran bishops in mantles of cloth of gold. The demeanour of the King and Queen was noble and dignified. I had brought my old boatman, Hans Olsen, with us to Thronhjøm, hoping to give him some ideas different from those prevalent among the intensely Radical inhabitants of the Mandal valley. When I returned to the hotel after the ceremony, Hans was so shy at seeing me in a red coat and cocked hat, that he half hid behind one of the large wooden doors of the hotel yard. "Well, Hans," said I, "what do you think of the Coronation?"

“Ja,” muttered Hans after copious expectoration, “*vor meget Stadts for een Mand* (too much pomp for one man)!”

“But what does Sanct Petrus tell you, Hans?” I replied: “Fear God and honour the King.”

“Well,” admitted Hans, “they do say he is a good man”; and with that concession Hans slipped away, covering his retreat with volleys of renewed expectoration.

Shortly after I had changed into mufti, I was down at the landing place, when one of the boatmen, pointing out to me a deputy lieutenant with whom I was acquainted, asked with bated breath if that was one of the English royal princes. “Oh no,” I answered, “he is merely an English gentleman, like myself, and I have only just taken off a similar costume.” “Good heavens!” said the astonished Norwegian, and for the next ten minutes he did nothing but look me over from head to foot, with his eyes nearly starting out of his head.

In the afternoon we walked about Thronhjøm with Captain Alexander of the *Northumberland*, and his guests, Sir Henry Wilmot and a brother of Archie Shaw Stewart. Captain Alexander begged us to notice that all the blue-jackets belonging to his ship would be sober, and so they were. We went to some of the public gardens, where the Norwegians were dancing quadrilles with grave, solemn faces, which made Alexander remark: “Never did I see a people take their pleasure so heavy!” In all Norwegian dances, bows and curtsies are interchanged on every possible occasion. The boys and I dined at the midshipmen’s mess on board the *Valorous*.

On the 19th I attended a *levée* in the Palace, and was presented to both the King and Queen, who exchanged a few words with every one that was presented to them, and charmed all by their gracious demeanour. In the afternoon we left Thronhjøm by rail for Stören, whence we returned to Dombaas, going thence by Toftemoen and over the Dovre Fjeld by the Gudbrandsdalen route, and the valleys of the Laugen and the Orkla. There was, of course, an immense amount of traffic going on from Thronhjøm to Christiania, and it was by no means easy to get posthorses, for the postmasters were only bound to supply a certain number of horses daily, and, when they had done that, it depended upon their sweet will whether one could get further that

day. At one place a particularly surly old postmistress positively refused to give us any horses, which she told us had gone up the hills to carry the hay. Feeling disappointed and listless, I mooned about the public sitting-room, where there were some knick-knacks for sale. I made a few purchases, and amused the landlady's daughters by conjuring away the money and then making it come out of their elbows. In great delight they called their gruff old mother. "*Mamma, mamma! Kom hid! kom hid!*" I saw my opportunity and immediately began producing coins from the old lady's hair, shoulders, ears, and elbows, when all of a sudden she broke into a short dry laugh, like the yap of a big dog: "Ho! Ho!" I pleaded coaxingly: "When shall you be able to give us our horses?" She was evidently mollified, and said: "To-morrow morning, *very early.*" I tried coaxing still more: "Oh, I *do* so want them to-day!" when the old lady gave me a sudden slap on the back that nearly took my breath away, and exclaimed: "You shall have them!" She then and there sent her boys up the hills, fetched the ponies, and we were able to get on. Very late in the evening of that day (July 23rd) we reached Lillehammer on the Mjösen Lake. Here our carriol journey ended. On the next day the steamer took us to Eidsvold, from which we went to Christiania by train. We sailed in the *Hero* on the 25th, and landed at Hull at 4 a.m. on Monday, July 28th.

On arrival at King's Cross I heard, to my intense grief and surprise, that my dear wife had been most seriously ill with congestion of the lungs. Owing to the crowded traffic on the roads in Norway during the Coronation week, the posts had become somewhat irregular, and I, having received neither letters nor telegrams, was terribly startled to hear such sudden news of her serious illness. When I reached home, I found dear Agnes looking fearfully altered for the worse.

The next day I saw Dr. Hewan, a homœopathic doctor in Chester Square. He told me that, although Agnes was then much better, she must, as soon as possible, go away to a bracing climate. It was settled that we should go to a *pension* kept by Dr. Pasta on Monte Generoso, above Lugano. On August 9th we were at the Hôtel de Westminster, at Paris.

On Sunday, August 10th, at the evening service in the

English Embassy Church, the sermon was preached by a young man (he was thirty-two years old) of the name of Boyd Carpenter, in a black gown. The sermon was beautiful and striking, and, as Agnes and I emerged into the porch, we both mutually agreed: "That man will certainly be a bishop some day!" In 1900, when I personally made the acquaintance of Dr. Boyd Carpenter, then Bishop of Ripon, and warmly thanked him for his beautiful introduction to my *Readings on the Paradiso*, I related to him the above anecdote, which interested him greatly.

We travelled to Monte Generoso by Bâle, Zurich, and Coire. From Bellinzona we went by road to Lugano, and slept at the then well-known Hôtel du Parc, an old-fashioned hotel, which inside was a maze of intricate stairs and passages.

From Lugano we drove to Mendrisio, now a station on the St. Gothard Railway, and after lunching at the charming hotel there, the landlord of which was a brother of Dr. Pasta, we rode up on mules in two hours to the hotel belonging to the latter on Monte Generoso.

We found that the Hôtel du Generoso was one of the summer resorts of the best families of the Milanese nobility. Among others we met there Conte Borromeo, the Dowager Contessa di Sola, her daughter Donna Maria di Sola, her son the Conte di Sola, and his wife the Contessa di Sola, and another daughter married to the Conte Padulli, who was there too. There was also old Conte F. Arese, a Piedmontese, a great friend of Napoleon III, and his son, an officer in the Italian Navy. These all were exceedingly kind and cordial to me, and I used to sit with them every evening in the smoking-room, where we habitually each took the same place every evening, I sitting beside old Conte Arese.

Poor Agnes became very unwell after we got here, and it soon appeared clearly that Monte Generoso was not the right place for her, but, after writing to our London doctor, Mr. Cameron, it was thought better that we should not go down into the hot plains before September 15th, which plan we accordingly carried out.

We were a very friendly and sociable community in the smoking-room, but at the latter end of August we had a most unwelcome addition to the party in the shape of a handsome young man, without much pretension to polish, who turned out to be a murderer escaping Italian justice

into Switzerland, to which Monte Generoso belonged. His name was Lausi, and his father was a senator. He seated himself on the opposite side of the table to where I was sitting beside old Conte Arese, who was a senator of Italy. He addressed himself particularly to me—not that he really cared whether *I* heard or not, for his object was to attract the attention of Conte Arese to the fact that he was the son of an Italian senator. He leaned over the table towards me, and kept repeating half a dozen times, "My father is a senator of Italy (*Mio padre è un Senatore d'Italia*)!" After he had repeated this twice, I bowed coldly and distantly, and turned away from him. He remained two or three days at the hotel, avoided by every one, and tried hard to get on familiar terms with the members of the great Milanese families who were in the hotel. One evening, when Donna Maria di Sola was playing *béziq*ue, he had the effrontery to go and lean on the back of her chair and look over her hand, but he was promptly dislodged from there. We all called him "*il nemico* (the enemy)."

At last one Sunday evening, August 31st, as we were coming out from dinner, we were met by our landlady, Madame Pasta, who told us that "the enemy" was flown, as the Italian and Swiss *gens d'armes* were coming up the mountain to arrest him. He had a sister married to a lawyer at Capolago, and the latter had hurried up before them, and had got him away just in time. We heard vaguely that he had committed some crime, but we did not know what, until two or three days later. We then learned that he lived in the town of Voghera, a principal station on the Alta Italia railway, and that, a few days before we saw him, he had been playing billiards in a *café* in that town, and the son of the *caffettiere* had been betting derisively against him. He left the *café* in a fury, rushed home, packed his portmanteau, drove to the station, booked his luggage, took his ticket, hastened back to the *café*, shot the young man dead with a revolver, dashed into the train as it reached the station, and in a very few hours was, as he thought, safe over the frontier in Switzerland. An extradition order, however, put the police of Italy and Switzerland on his tracks, and I think, if I remember right, that he was arrested and tried. He had relied on the fact that his being a senator's son would avail to secure his immunity, and, as events turned out, he was not wrong; for criminals

were in those days let off with a weakness worthy of 1906 and 1907 in England!

At Milan, Dr. Cesare Pagliano, one of the best homœopathic doctors in the north of Italy, came to see Agnes. We found him most kind and understanding, but he evidently thought her very ill; after two or three visits, he left me in no sort of doubt as to the very serious nature of her illness, and quite acquiesced in her great wish to return home. We accordingly went back to Folkestone.

The year 1874 dawned sadly upon us. On January 6th we started for San Remo, though things looked very ominous for poor Agnes's health; and I do not myself believe that the uprooting of our household and servants, and the long fatiguing journey, inferior medical care, and uncomfortable foreign lodgings, were of any avail in arresting the progress of the fatal malady that had begun to affect her lungs. My own opinion, shared by herself in the last months of her life, would have been more in favour of keeping her warm in her own house with home comforts during the winter, and, in the summer, taking her to some suitably invigorating climate in the Alps.

After a few weeks at San Remo, about the middle of March we moved into a part of the splendid Villa Madonna at Mentone. Here I noticed that, while the bedrooms were most comfortable and luxurious, the sitting-rooms had no comfort in them whatever, being furnished entirely according to the point of view of French people, whose principal idea of domestic happiness seems to be to sit in a large circle round the wall, like a small parliament, and without any easy chairs or sofas upon which an invalid could be made to rest. The gardens of Villa Madonna were beautiful, the principal feature of them being two gigantic umbrella pines on a terrace. The largest of these threw a shadow the diameter of which was 52 feet.

Of the month that intervened between April 12th and May 13th I have retained the very pleasant memory of the close contiguity of the Elchos and their dear little boy, Evan Charteris, who now, as a distinguished lawyer and well known in society, still retains the good looks as a man which made him so attractive as a child. The Elchos had an apartment not a hundred yards from the gates of the Villa. They were in deep sorrow at the recent loss of their eldest surviving son, Alfred, who had gone out to the Ashanti

war as Lord Wolseley's aide-de-camp, when physically unfitted for the pestilential climate. He was invalided home, but died at sea. The friendship and sympathy of Frank and Annie Elcho, during these few years of anguish in my life, I cannot ever forget. As I write these lines in 1912, Annie Elcho has long been dead. Frank, the recently deceased Earl of Wemyss, passed, at ninety years of age, for the youngest peer in the House of Lords, Lord Rosebery having on more than one occasion alluded to him as "my noble young friend!" The Elchos had also with them their youngest daughter Hilda (the late Lady Hilda Brodrick), and my niece Di Vernon was at the same time staying with Augustus and Harriet Vernon. I see that in the middle of May we were at Florence, staying with our old landlord Dattari, at the Hôtel de l'Arno. This was the former palace of the terrible Cardinal Acciajuoli, who was in his way a sort of Cæsar Borgia, with many assassinations on his soul. The rooms were very fine, covered with frescoes, opening on to a large terrace overlooking the Arno. The Elchos were in the other large apartment on the same floor, and *very* kind was dear Annie Elcho to poor Agnes, who was gravely ill all the time with acute bronchitis.

We left Florence about the middle of June, and stayed on the Lake of Lucerne at Axenstein, above Brunnen. In August we made Folkestone our headquarters until it was time to go back to Cannes.

During the month of September poor Agnes contracted a terrible attack of rheumatic fever, which not only caused her the most acute suffering, but which put her life in great danger, and I do not think she ever really was the same woman again. Our stay at Cannes this winter was greatly saddened by her distressing condition of body and mind.

It was during this winter that I made up my mind to study, so as to pass my Great-go at Oxford. As a matter of fact, I was at this time senior undergraduate gentleman-commoner at Christ Church, and had no status anywhere, nowhere where I could lunch or dine except as an invited guest. I therefore determined to try for a pass degree in *Literæ Humaniores*, in the Rudiments of Faith and Religion, and in French. I began to read for all three schools—Greek Testament, Bible History, French lessons, Aristotle's *Ethics*, and Livy. It was curious that I went

through the *Ethics* in an edition by my great friend (of after years) Dr. Edward Moore, Principal of St. Edmund Hall, though I did not make his acquaintance until ten years afterwards. I did not take up the *Ethics*, as it turned out. They were, I confess it, very distasteful to me, and, though I had gone right through them, I dropped them in the following year, and took up instead Plato's *Republic*. I read Classics with the organist of Christ Church, Cannes, a Mr. Dowson, and French with a lady teacher who was giving French lessons to Di Vernon and drawing lessons to our boy Reggie. I also had fencing lessons in my coach house and made great progress.

The new year (1875) found us in great perplexity as to what to do for Reggie's education. I very reluctantly decided to leave Agnes, and go back to England and find a private tutor for him. Elcho and I went to see Henry Irving act *Hamlet* at the Lyceum Theatre. Irving was a tragedian whom I never could appreciate. His peculiar intonation, uttered, as it seemed, in short gasps, his mannerisms, and the ceaseless and exaggerated movement of his overhanging eyebrows prevented his ever coming up, in my estimation, to other great tragedians of the first rank, such as Macready, Charles Kean, Rachel, Ristori, Sarah Bernhardt, and, greatest of all, Tommaso Salvini. I know and appreciate what Sir Henry Irving did for the stage, but I never could like his acting. As I passed through Paris on my way to England, I went to see the performance of Molière's *Malade Imaginaire*, which is given at the Théâtre Français every year on January 15th, the anniversary of Molière's birthday. In the last act, which represents the School of Medicine, Molière's bust stands on a pedestal in the front of the stage, and as the doctors of medicine came in, two at a time, one from the right, the other from the left wing, they were impersonated by all the great actors and actresses of the Théâtre Français, who each placed a laurel wreath upon Molière's bust, and an impassioned panegyric of the great author was spoken by the elder Coquelin.

It was a matter of some doubt as to how we were to pass the summer, but eventually it was settled that Agnes, with a French lady as a companion, should go to Aix-les-Bains, and thence to the Engadine, while I went to recruit in Norway, as I was very much pulled down. This plan fell

through, however, for I had not been long in Norway when I found that the French lady had left Agnes in the lurch, whereupon I decided to go to England and meet her there. I got back to London during the latter days of June, and took lodgings temporarily in Ebury Street, but moved into the Buckingham Palace Hotel when Agnes returned.

On my arrival in London, I found the play-going world convulsed to its foundations by the wonderful acting of Tommaso Salvini, who, with an Italian company, was playing the parts of Othello, the Gladiatore, and Hamlet, at Drury Lane Theatre, on the three alternate nights when opera was not given. I was keenly desirous of hearing Salvini, and, on the morning after my arrival, finding that there was to be a performance of *Othello*, I went out to try to get a stall. I went to sixteen libraries, only to be told that there was not a vacant seat in the house. Grievously disappointed, I went by invitation to have luncheon with the Elchos, who sympathised at my want of success. Scarcely had we sat down to lunch, when the Duke of Westminster was announced. As he sat down by Annie Elcho, he said, looking round the table: "By the way, is there anybody here who wants a ticket to hear Salvini in *Othello*?" "Oh yes," said Annie, "here's William Vernon been this morning to sixteen libraries without being able to get a ticket." The Duke was a great friend of my brother Augustus, and in 1852, when they were young married men, they had taken together the deer-forest of Stack, with the salmon-fishing in the river Laxford in Sutherland. He most kindly asked me to come with him directly after lunch to Drury Lane, where he was joined by Mr. and Mrs. William Bromley-Davenport. It was by far the most impressive theatrical event that I ever saw in my life. Never, before or since, have I seen so great an actor as Salvini, and, like every one else in the theatre, I was deeply moved. His dignified, calm, self-restrained, and respectful demeanour before the Council of Ten at Venice in the first act, his tornado of rage when Iago had succeeded in arousing his jealousy against Desdemona, and his abject despair on finding that he had murdered his innocent wife, were displayed with a power greater than I had ever witnessed before on any stage. But another most impressive sight that afternoon, when one looked round the boxes of the vast theatre, was to see all the greatest actors and

actresses¹ in London sitting in rapt attention, having come to make a profound study of the acting of the greatest tragedian of the century. Not one of them was talking, they had no eyes for the audience, every one of them was absorbed in study. While I was in London, I saw Salvini again in *Il Gladiatore*. It was a great part, but I do not sufficiently recall the drama to be able to comment upon it now.

One incident, however, comes back to me. One knows how on the English stage, as well as abroad, when the curtain rises and the great star of the performance is seen on the stage, the actor steps forward and with a smiling face acknowledges the plaudits of the audience. Not so this great Italian tragedian. In the drama *Il Gladiatore*, Salvini, who acted the part of one of the Empress's slaves, was seen among them standing in a semicircle behind the Empress, all similarly attired in short slate-grey tunics. I had only seen him once before, and did not at first understand the reiterated thunders of applause that came from the audience. At last one of the slaves, without quitting his post, without change of his servile manner, just slightly bent his head, and I realised that it was Salvini.

Early in October I was again staying at Sudbury, and, with the party at the Rectory and others, attended the daily meetings of the Church Congress at Stoke-upon-Trent. At one meeting I made a speech in which I dealt with the desirability of having consecrated mortuary chapels provided in the poorer districts of London, to avoid the evils I had myself seen of unburied corpses lying for days in the same room in which the family took their meals and slept.

After the Church Congress was over, about the middle of October, we settled to go to Arcachon, on the Bay of Biscay, taking servants, carriages, and horses. It was a most disastrous expedition. Poor Agnes immediately took an invalid's prejudice against Arcachon, and in no sort of way would she be contented. She rejected every proposed residence and implored to be taken back to England. What could I do? I wired home for advice, and was advised to give way. I managed to stop the grooms and horses at Tours. The carriages had already been put on board a

¹ I was told that Tietjens, Nilsson, and Patti each went between fifteen and twenty times. They were all three there on the day I was at the theatre.

Bordeaux steamer in the Thames. They were disembarked into a lighter just in time, and my shipping agent informed me that, two or three hours afterwards, that steamer was run down and sunk. We returned to England, and it was decided that Agnes should pass the whole of the cold months in the house. As a matter of fact, she never went out-of-doors between October and May.

As I had fully prepared myself to pass my Divinity Examination in Greats, I went up to Oxford, where West with his usual kindness gave me hospitality in his Bursar's rooms in Keble, I boarding myself in college at my own expense. I went into the Schools for Divinity on November 18th, 1875, and on November 24th for French, and passed with comparative ease in both subjects.

On my way to Oxford the train was brought to a standstill at Radley Station by heavy floods between there and Oxford. Among my fellow-sufferers were old Dr. Pusey, with whom I had some conversation, for the only time in my life, and Mr. (afterwards Professor) York Powell, with whom in later years I had a most agreeable acquaintance, he being an authority upon two subjects kindred to both of us, namely Scandinavian Literature and the study of Dante, besides our being fellow-members of the Oxford Dante Society.

The principal events to me in the year 1876 were Reggie's entrance at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, my own completion of my examination for my degree at Oxford, and my promotion in Freemasonry to the office of Junior Grand Warden of England on April 26th.

On February 21st I went up to Keble. The Steward of the College was at this time Mr. Grey, who afterwards, when Mayor of Oxford, became Sir John Grey. On February 22nd H.R.H. Prince Leopold was installed as Master of the Apollo Lodge at Oxford, to qualify him (as Master of some Lodge) to be the Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire. On the 23rd Lord Carnarvon, Pro-Grand Master of England, and at that time Minister for the Colonies, came down specially to Oxford, and installed Prince Leopold in the Sheldonian Theatre as Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire. The Prince comported himself with both dignity and courtesy. He left a few days later for Florence and Venice. His subsequent untimely death was regretted by all who knew him.

I saw a great deal of the Wests, who were more than kind to me, and I met many distinguished Oxford people at their house. One little episode interested and touched me. The Honourable Lionel Sackville-West (afterwards Lord Sackville) was staying in the William Edward Wests' house. In his Oxford days he had been the intimate friend of Canon Bright, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Lionel West was now a diplomat and a complete man-of-the-world. He was then Minister at Buenos Ayres. Canon Bright looked as though his life were wholly monastic. Two men more diametrically opposed to each other, in appearance, habits, and principles, could not well be imagined, and yet they greeted each other as the oldest of friends with evident affection, and sat most of the evening side by side on the sofa, each holding the other's hand. When at last Canon Bright had taken his leave, Lionel West remained, leaning his head on his hand by the chimney piece in dead silence, but at last he exclaimed: "Well! I shall always say that that is the most single-hearted man I ever met in my life!"

On April 25th the new chapel of Keble College, of which Butterfield was the architect, was opened with great ceremony by Lord Salisbury, Chancellor of the University. At the services in the new chapel, the sermon was preached in the morning by Dr. Pusey, who coughed so incessantly that it was impossible to follow him in his attempt to explain the Tractarian movement. At evensong Dr. Liddon preached for seventy minutes. These sermons were both much too long, and completely disarranged the programme of the day. The chapel was the munificent gift of Mr. Gibbs,¹ who allowed Butterfield to expend £50,000 upon it, and even more if he liked. I cannot profess to admire Keble Chapel. I think the height is much too great for the length, and, moreover, I never was in love with what is irreverently called at Oxford the "streaky-bacon" style of architecture. The greatest fault, however, to me is the interior, which I have always thought poor in conception.

¹ Mr. Gibbs had made his vast fortune by the sale of real guano. While Colonel West and Professor Thorold Rogers were sitting at the Oxford City Council, Rogers handed to West the following epigram on Keble Chapel:

*" Si quæris quorsum hoc monumentum religionis,
Noveris ut decimæ stercoris ædificant."*

(I am not responsible for the Latin, which I only heard second-hand.)

The great feature in it was intended to be the fine mosaics with which it is enriched. But the disposition of these mosaics strikes me as meagre in the extreme. One would have expected to see the sanctuary all ablaze with fine colours, as is the case at Ravenna in San Vitale, and in Sant' Apollinare; at Palermo in the Cappella Palatina—that gem of mosaic treatment—and in the Cathedral at Monreale near Palermo. But no, Butterfield confined himself to running a single band of mosaics right round Keble Chapel, just under the clerestory, uniform in width, and with no more mosaics in the sanctuary than in the nave. The chapel has its admirers, but of these I never was one, and never did I set eyes on a building of which the architecture less conveyed to me the idea of its having been designed by a master mind.

On April 25th I went up to London, and, at a meeting of Grand Lodge in Freemasons' Hall, I was installed Junior Grand Warden of England for the ensuing year by the Earl of Carnarvon, *Pro* Grand Master.

On May 18th I met Dr. Liddon dining with the Wests, and he amused us by his description of the son of a North American Indian chief, who came to Oxford and was under Liddon at St. Edmund Hall; "and," said Dr. Liddon, "he really got to construe Homer rather well, only it was all from the point of view of taking scalps!"

On May 30th I went into the Schools for my examination in *Literæ Humaniores*. I had papers of translation in Plato (*De Republica*) and Livy, and questions on Livy in the afternoon, followed the next morning by a paper of questions on *De Republica*. From my rough copies my coaches judged that I had done well, and Mr. Herbert (husband of Lady Jane), an inspector of schools, told me that my papers were more like class papers than papers for a pass.

On June 5th I went into the Schools at ten, and the examiners very kindly took me first. Mr. Thorley (soon afterwards Warden of Wadham) examined me *viva voce* in Plato and Livy, but only for ten minutes, when he said to me, with a very courteous smile: "Thank you, Mr. Vernon, I do not think we need trouble you any further." I understand then that I had passed.

On June 15th Bayne went with me to the Deanery, and presented me to the Dean as going to take both my B.A. and M.A. Degrees. I thought Dean Liddell short in his

manner and less urbane than he might have been, seeing that I was forty-two years of age, and not a youth *in statu pupillari*; but it was always said of him as a fault that he never could remember that he was Dean of Christ Church dealing with men, and not still the Head Master of Westminster School.¹

From the Deanery we went to the Sheldonian Theatre, where the degrees were being conferred, as it was Commemoration time, and a large number of spectators were present. I received both my degrees, and was able to walk about Oxford in the full-blown attire of an M.A. gentleman-commoner, with velvet cap and silk gown. On the 16th I had an enjoyable morning at the Bodleian Library, when dear old Dr. Coxe, the librarian, affectionately surnamed "Old Bodley Coxe," took me into a small reading-room, to which were brought for my inspection eight copies of the greatest Dante rarities in the library. I afterwards visited the library at Merton, and then the Codrington Library at All Souls. At five I attended the meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Oxfordshire, at which Prince Leopold, as Provincial Grand Master, of course presided. At the banquet afterwards he proposed the officers of Grand Lodge, and coupled my name with the toast, in the kindest way possible.

During the week we had the Christ Church Gaudy Dinner, the installation of H.R.H. Prince Leopold as a Knight Templar in the *Cœur-de-Lion* Encampment, and the Masonic Ball in the Town Hall, which was a grand success.

A very sad episode, however, took place, which cast a sudden gloom over all the gaieties in Oxford. The engagement was announced of my cousin Aubrey Vernon Harcourt to the second daughter of Dean Liddell, a beautiful and charming girl, and at a concert in the Hall of Wadham that same afternoon, finding myself sitting just behind her, I wished her every happiness and expressed my delight that I should so soon have her as a cousin. Two days afterwards

¹ An epigram was current at this time, indicating the divergence of Dr. and Mrs. Liddell's Church views, and his haughty pomposity:

" I am the Dean of Christ Church, sir,
That is my Wife, look well at her ;
I am the Broad, she is the High,
And *we* are the University."

Mrs. Liddell and her daughters were always most kind and courteous.

she was taken alarmingly ill, got worse and worse, never rallied, and died before the end of the Commemoration week. Aubrey Vernon Harcourt was twenty-four years old at the time. He never married, and died in March 1904. He was the only son of Edward William Vernon Harcourt of Newnham Courtenay and Stanton Harcourt (co. Oxon) by his wife, Lady Susan Holroyd (daughter of the second Earl of Sheffield). The death of Aubrey made a great difference politically in the family, for he and his father had been staunch Conservatives. On Aubrey's death the succession passed to his uncle, the Right Honourable Sir William Harcourt, who in his turn (October 1904) has been succeeded by the Right Honourable Lewis (now Viscount) Harcourt, both of them Radicals.

We made up our minds to pass the winter at Alassio, on the Genoese Riviera, between Ventimiglia and Savona. Alassio was little known then, but has since become a health resort of great importance. We had at this time an admirable pair of dun Norwegian ponies, who used to be driven in our victoria, and besides these we had my beautiful chestnut mare "Eleanor," who was equally good as a saddle or carriage horse. We settled that I should myself drive Agnes in the victoria, and that I should buy a wagonette in which our coachman, Turner, should drive "Eleanor," carrying with him Sarah Nash (Agnes's maid) and what luggage we wanted with us, and that we should drive by slow stages through France.

We left England on September 7th, and reached Paris on the 10th. Here we stayed a week. I visited the Bibliothèque Nationale, and enjoyed seeing the Dante treasures there. I heard *Tartufe* and *Le Luthier de Crémone*, also *Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier* at the Théâtre Français, and heard *Le Prophète* at the Grand Opéra.

Poor Agnes was coughing so desperately that we decided not to continue our driving until we had reached a warm climate, but that the horses should drive through France and join us at Nîmes, where we would resume our road journey. Starting on September 19th, we stopped at Nevers, Langeac, Le Puy, and reached Nîmes on the 22nd. We waited here for a week for the horses and our coachman Turner, who, with a man to help him, came all the way by road as far as the foot of the Cevennes, and thence by rail to Nîmes. We visited the Roman Baths, the Amph-

theatre, the Maison Carrée, and I drove to the Pont du Gard. One day Agnes and I drove (two and a half hours) to the Château de Castelnau, the ancestral home of the Boileaus, but which now belongs to the Marquis de Valfons, who married the last female Boileau. He was away, but his servants showed us over the Château, which was most interesting, and undergoing repairs, though not, I fear, in the best taste.

On September 30th, the Norwegian ponies and "Eleanor" being quite fresh, we resumed our road journey, and started at two for Arles, where we arrived about five. We found the place full of people, the Archæological Society having come to hold a *séance* there. In the evening there was a torchlight procession through the streets. On the morning of October 1st, I left Arles with the carriages and horses, and Turner and I drove over the great stony plain of La Crau to the little town of Salon, where I left Turner, and returned to Agnes at Arles, getting back at 1 p.m. In the afternoon we visited the Amphitheatre, the great Roman theatre, and the famous burial ground, mentioned by Dante at the end of the ninth canto of the *Inferno*. On October 2nd we left Arles, and finally got to Cannes on the 10th.

We had purposed staying at Cannes about a week, for the purpose of giving Agnes a rest after her journey from Nîmes, and the horses after their much longer one from Paris. But *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*. Before the week was over, poor Agnes was laid low with hemorrhage of the lungs, and, before a fortnight was over, my coachman Turner was dangerously ill, and hung between life and death for more than a week. All things put together, we found ourselves compelled to give up our original plan of going to Alassio, and I had to reconcile myself—sorely against the grain—to pass the winter at the Hôtel Gray et d'Albion at Cannes.

At this time I had an adventure, which it is not necessary to relate in detail, concerning two female impostors. This brought me into relation with the *commissaire de police* of Cannes, who amused me. He was a frothy little Frenchman, and he informed me that there had recently passed through his hands to the prison at Grasse an exceedingly pretty young Swiss girl, who had victimised many people by fraudulently obtaining money from them. He described her (kissing the tips of his fingers) as "*jolie comme un cœur!*"

coquine (shaking his forefinger in the air) *comme tous les diables !* and (with great tenderness) *bonne comme la Sainte Vierge !!*" He was evidently much interested in this case, and paid occasional visits to the prison at Grasse, to see how things were going on !

Among the visitors at Cannes this spring were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, and I was much pleased to see him again after meeting him at Oxford, where he had been giving lectures on the Drama the year before. He was one of the comedians for whom I always felt the greatest admiration. He acted on the stage the perfect gentleman that he was, without mannerisms, posturings, or contortions of feature, which are so hateful to me and always make me feel inclined, when I see them, to hiss loudly.

On March 12th I had a letter from my friend Colonel West, telling me he had given up the Bursarship of Keble, and that Lord Penrhyn had appointed him as his agent to manage his North Wales estates (other than the Slate Quarries), and that he was to take up his abode at Bangor in the autumn. He remained at this post for twenty-two years.

Early in this year (1877) I had received a letter from Norway from Mr. Duus, the Lutheran priest of the parish of Holme, to tell me that he had kindly followed up the application made to the King by Praest Tönisen for leave for him to grant me a lease of ground on the glebe land, on which to build myself a house on a thirty years' holding. It was not an easy matter for a parson to obtain permission to make any pledge of that sort which should be binding on his successor in the parsonage ; but, through Mr. Duus's kind persistence, the matter was referred to King Oscar II, and permission was given for thirty years, at the end of which time I was to be free to remove my house, if the lease were not renewed. In June Agnes and I travelled from London to Norway. I set to work at once with her to select a good site for my new house, which took (and retained) the name of " Monen," though its real name in the county map was Hegre Moen. I agreed with a builder in Mandal, Tobias Fasland, to build the house, and with Simon Nödings (brother-in-law of my boatman, Hans Olsen Vaadne) to construct the outbuildings ; the whole to be ready for my occupation in May 1878. This was the last year that we occupied Frederick Knudsen's farm-house, and, sadly

enough, both he and his wife Regine were dying when we left Nödbæk in the middle of September.

We travelled to Paris in the latter part of September. Reggie had left us for Florence, where he had made up his mind (he was now of age) to study to become an artist, and it was arranged between Agnes and me that I should take lodgings in the same house as he did, and move about between Florence and Cannes. This autumn at Cannes we took Villa Anna, up on the high ground not far from Agnes's cottage hospital, which she now began to work again with a former English maid of ours as resident attendant. It was in November, I think, that I went to join Reggie at Florence. We each had our separate lodgings on different floors of the same house, 51 Via Ricasoli. Reggie was working under the artists Bellini, Van Schaik, and eventually Cassioli, and at last took a studio. I worked under Gordigiani in his own studio, and I also took lessons from Angelo Romagnoli, whom I had known in London when he came there together with Gordigiani in 1870.

I also renewed acquaintance with Roddam Stanhope, brother of the squire of Cannon Hall in Yorkshire. He had married Mrs. Dawson, whose first husband had been killed in the Crimea not many weeks after their marriage, leaving her with an only daughter, who became Mrs. Arthur Mure. These, with the Scotts and the Murrays, were to be to me the most intimate and affectionate friends in my after life, and many are the kindnesses which I experienced at their hands during the course of long years. Roddam Stanhope was a very distinguished artist of the Pre-Raphaelite school. His pictures were beautiful in colouring, but I never was an admirer of the drawing of that school, nor of the sameness of the countenances of all the women in their pictures.

Roddam Stanhope used to get together walking-parties on Sundays, and I at once joined the community. We would meet outside the English church after morning service, without waiting for the sermon, and, during the next few years, we used to walk long distances outside Florence, sometimes as much as ten miles. Our more frequent goal was the Trattoria dell' Aurora, at Fiesole, but we used also to lunch at other places, and many were the omelettes which I cooked for the party.

During the first five months of 1878 I divided my time



VIEW OF MONEN, NORWAY



between Agnes at Cannes and Reggie at Florence. Reggie and I travelled to London early in June, and sailed, in the early morning of the 15th, on Messrs. Wilson's s.s. *Angelo* for Christiansand. On the 18th we drove to "Monen," my newly built house. Our salmon fishing this year was a decided failure, not only in our river, but in nearly all the rivers of Southern Norway. It was a very remarkable phenomenon which few people were able to explain, that, although there was an extraordinary run of salmon in all the rivers, the fish would not even look at the fly. Some experts conjectured that this phenomenon was due to an unusual superfluity that year of minute herrings in the rivers, and that the salmon preferred these to any other temptations that were offered to them. In July we made an expedition to the Hardanger Fjord by Stavanger, visited the great glacier of the Buar Bræn, and climbed up to the Skjeggedals Fos, one of the most wonderful waterfalls in Norway.

We joined Agnes in London on September 9th. She and I stayed about a week in Paris in the latter part of the month, and then went to Cannes, where we had taken Villa des Orangers for the winter. After a week there, I went on to Florence, where Reggie had already arrived. I took an apartment, on October 14th, at 6 Via Nazionale, where my landlords were two artists, husband and wife, who had living *en pension* with them three other artists—Costa and Gelli, painters, and Del Moro, one of the architects of the new *facciata* of the Duomo which was then being built. I began to take regular drawing lessons from A. Cassioli, and engaged a studio on the same landing as his. He was considered the best draughtsman of his day. From Florence I went more than once to Cannes, where poor Agnes was having some trouble with her Cottage Homœopathic Hospital.

Amongst other friends that I made this year was Mr. Willard Fiske, a most learned American, Professor of Scandinavian Languages at the Cornell University. He possessed the finest collection of Petrarchs in the world, also a very fine Dante library, besides rich stores of Scandinavian literature, with all of which, before his death, he endowed the library of the Cornell University at Ithaca, New York.

It was during the early months of 1879 that preparations began to be made at Florence for a huge practical joke to

culminate on April 1st. Nine years before this, in 1870, an Indian prince, the Rajah of Kolapore, had died at Florence, and his body had been burned in the *Cascine* at the point of confluence of the Mugnone and the Arno. On the site of the funeral pyre a beautiful coloured marble bust under a canopy had been erected, the work of the English sculptor F. Fuller, the leading pupil of Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor. In January and February short notices appeared in the Florentine newspapers, stating that a certain Hindoo prince, of fabulous wealth, was coming about the end of March with a numerous suite, to spend a couple of months at Florence, where he would entertain largely, and make great purchases. The name, however, was withheld. The news created an immense stir among those who looked to profit by the advent of this wealthy foreigner. In March notices described the Maharajah as being on his way to Florence, but not in good health. Further notices described him as very ill. But, on March 30th, Florence was shaken to its very foundations by reading in the morning papers that the Maharajah had arrived in a dying state on the 29th, had breathed his last in the night, and that his body would be burned in accordance with Indian rites at midnight on the 31st, close beside the spot where the Maharajah of Kolapore had been burned in 1870. The whole of Florence turned out and went up to the end of the *Cascine* about 10 p.m., to wait for the funeral *cortège*, which never appeared; and at last, at 12.15 on the early morning of April 1st, they learned, much to their disconcertment and indignation, that the whole story was a hoax and that they were April fools!

On February 22nd my dear old friend, messmate at Oxford, and best man when I married, Henry Pelham, sixth Duke of Newcastle, died, aged forty-five. His immense losses on the Turf had reduced him to comparative poverty, and his last years were very sad ones. On March 26th, just a month after his death, his beautiful house, Clumber, where I had stayed with him only a few years before, was almost wholly destroyed by fire, and valuable pictures by Snyders and Correggio were among the art treasures that perished.

In the middle of April I met Agnes at Genoa, and brought her to Florence, where I had engaged rooms at the Hôtel Milano. I gave up my apartment in the Via Nazionale,

and took my books to my studio, where I arranged them in bookcases. On May 20th Reggie was married to Edith Cowper-Cooper, first at the British Consulate at 9.30, where the Consul-General, Sir Dominic Colnaghi, performed the civil rite, and at 10.30 in the English Church in Via la Marmora, where the chaplain, the Reverend Loftus Tottenham, read the marriage service. A few days afterwards, Agnes and I left Florence for Bologna, where we met Reggie and Edith at the Hôtel Brun. Two days later we parted, I to take Agnes to Switzerland, on my way to Norway, Reggie and Edith to join me at Monen, as soon as I should be ready for them.

During this summer I celebrated Reggie's marriage by giving a dinner at Holmsland to eighty-six of the peasant farmers from whom I rented my fisheries. My Italian cook, Ferdinando, roasted a sheep whole in honour of the occasion. The total of fish killed this season was eighty-two, but the weight was very small—386 lb.—only two fairly large fish, of 15 lb. and 10 lb., having been killed.

We left Norway at the end of August. I was joined by Agnes at Dover. We went on to Paris and reached Cannes, where we had taken the Villa des Orangers a second time, at the beginning of October.

I went on to Florence about October 10th. I had taken lodgings in Via Sant' Apollonia, but I did not settle down very permanently, and was a good deal more at Cannes, now that Reggie had left Florence.

It was during the months of November and December, this year, that Mr. Gladstone, who in its decadence had retired from the leadership of the Liberal Party, commenced his northern election tour, making inflammatory speeches at Carlisle, Hawick, and in Midlothian, for which constituency he was a candidate, in opposition to the Marquess of Dalkeith (afterwards the sixth Duke of Buccleuch), whom he defeated in May 1880. He began by making violent attacks upon the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, and most unjustly held them responsible for the so-called Bulgarian Atrocities—whereas it was well known that there was but little difference between the way that Turks treated Bulgarians and the way Bulgarians treated Turks. The war that has recently (1913) been waged between these two peoples has proved this up to the hilt, wherein the frightful extermination of whole Turkish villages

by the Bulgarian forces has shown the latter to be anything but the saints which Mr. Gladstone used so unblushingly to make them out to be. One who was in those days well versed in the methods of the peoples of the Near East, in a cynical letter to *The Times*, put the matter very tersely. "If six Bulgarians meet one Turk," the letter said, "they will, as a matter of course, cut off his head, and nothing further will be heard of the affair. If six Turks meet one Bulgarian, they will in their turn, as a matter of course, cut off his head, but in this latter contingency every corner of the East will ring with this further instance of Turkish misrule and cruelty." I asked a very distinguished diplomat, to whom I was related, if this letter had not been written by him. His answer was: "No, I did not write the letter, but it might easily have been mistaken for mine, for it exactly represents my views."

The early months of 1880 were the last I ever spent as a resident at Cannes. We had intended returning there during the autumn, but, while Agnes and I were at St. Germain in the summer, near Paris, she was found to be much too ill to travel any more, so we settled to stop in Paris during the winter of 1880-1881.

There was a good deal of discussion going on as to the coming General Election. The Earl of Beaconsfield was Prime Minister, and the Marquess of Salisbury Minister for Foreign Affairs, but Gladstone's inflammatory speeches in Midlothian had had an enormous effect throughout the kingdom, and Conservatives had just cause for much apprehension.

Parliament was dissolved on March 24th, and by April 28th the election of new members was completed, showing an overwhelming preponderance of Liberals, whose total amounted to 354 with 62 Irish Home Rulers, against only 236 Conservatives.

The early elections had shown so decisively what the final issue would be that, on April 18th, Lord Beaconsfield tendered the resignation of his Ministry to the Queen, who entrusted Mr. Gladstone with the formation of a Liberal Government. Popular feeling ran high. The extreme Radical newspapers screeched themselves hoarse. According to them, Liberalism was for the future to be *en permanence*. Never again would a Conservative Government be able to raise its head in the country, and little did they

foresee how the tables would be turned upon them between 1886 and 1892, and again from 1895 to 1905. One evening about this time Mr. Gladstone's elder brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, who was a strong Tory, came to Cannes, and I met him at a dinner-party. During the evening he entered into conversation with me, and I remarked to him what a very great triumph his brother had achieved at the polls. "Oh, don't talk to me about that," he growled, "I'm perrrrfectly sick of the whole thing; let us talk about something else." Sir Julian Goldsmid, a moderate Liberal and a re-elected M.P., remarked to a group among whom I was standing, that, if Dizzy had been extra sharp, he would have called Lord Dalkeith up to the House of Lords, and have allowed Gladstone to come in for Midlothian unopposed, thereby preventing him from making so many of the fiery speeches which did undoubtedly turn the tide of the election.

As I had given up the idea of passing the fishing season in Norway, it became necessary for me to run over for a week to Monen, to put things away and arrange matters with my servants. I had a curious Baron Munchausen adventure with fish. On May 13th I hooked a large salmon with a Snow fly. I played him for some time, but the water in the Fos Pool was low, and many jagged rocks were uncovered which are usually under water. I lost the fish from his getting *twice* round a rock, and he broke my line. The next day the farmers netting in the still water below the pool caught this very fish in their net. He was 12 lb. and clean run—my fly, moreover, was fast in his mouth. I mended the broken cast, and, *with it* and the same fly, killed three grilse on the following day. After this I travelled straight to Paris, going by rail through Denmark to Hamburg and Cologne, and then to Paris, where I arrived two days before Agnes from Cannes.

Agnes and I decided to pass the summer at St. Germain near Paris, and eventually fixed on a house there in the Avenue de Boulingrin (supposed to be an ancient corruption of the English word "bowling-green"). As soon as we were settled down at St. Germain, I began taking lessons from old Monsieur Bunoud, the Curator of the Art Collections in the Château de St. Germain, and I copied many pictures and drawings in the Gallery there. I also copied from beginning to end, in pen and ink, *Extraits du Traité*

sur le Dessin dans le Dictionnaire des Sciences, with seventy-eight plates; but, as I found myself quite incompetent to copy the anatomical drawings, I employed an artist to do these for me. I also used to go backwards and forwards to Paris, to study at the Art School called the Atelier Jullien, where I drew from the live model, and had besides private lessons (in drawing from casts, and repeating my own corrected drawings from memory) from a very clever young artist of the name of Genoudet, recommended to me by Monsieur Jullien. He was a decidedly clever teacher, but personally I did not like him, and after a time I found the company of many of the art students of that studio so eminently uncongenial, that I withdrew from the school. A friend of mine in Paris asked the great artist Carolus Durand to recommend me to a good teacher, and he very kindly gave me a letter of introduction to a distinguished artist, Monsieur Luminais, a perfect gentleman, who, when I told him of my repugnance to the Atelier Jullien, said to me: "*Oui, monsieur, je comprends parfaitement bien que cet atelier-là n'a pas pu être à votre goût.*" Monsieur Luminais would have willingly taken me as a pupil, but for one condition, to which in Agnes's state of health it was impossible to bind myself, and that was that he either took a pupil for a whole year or not at all. He quite understood my difficulty, and we parted on the best of terms.

As soon as it was decided that poor Agnes's deplorable condition of health would render impossible our journey south, we decided to take an apartment in Paris for six months. I used to pay occasional visits to the Duc de Broglie, who had been Ambassador in England, at his informal evening receptions, and he always received me with the greatest kindness. I was also very kindly received by the Prince (his son) and Princesse de Broglie. The Prince afterwards succeeded his father as the late Duc de Broglie, and his widow still lives (or did in 1907) as the Dowager Duchesse de Broglie. She and her husband were living with her mother, the Comtesse Veuve d'Armaillé, close to our house, and I met with a kind reception from them during the winter of 1880 and the spring of 1881. The Gavards, mother, son, and daughter, were also very cordial to me. On one occasion when I was at their house, I saw three men standing together who had all been Prime Ministers, namely

the Duc de Broglie and Monsieur Jules Simon, both of France, and Count Beust, of Austria.

I became a member of the English Club, which was admirably managed, and I was often able to entertain friends at dinner. I met there Mr. William Waddington, an Englishman by birth, and who, while at Cambridge, rowed in the University Eight against Oxford. He had, however, been born in France, and became a naturalised Frenchman, afterwards attaining the highest distinction as a diplomat and as a statesman. He represented France at the Congress of Berlin in 1878, was for a few months Prime Minister in 1879, and from 1883 to 1893 was Ambassador in London. His wife, Madame Waddington, was a charming woman, and I was more than once a guest at their house. She had been born an American, and I often visited her mother, Mrs. King, and her sisters. The Kings' house was a favourite place of *réunion* for the secretaries of the British Embassy, most of whom I knew, and some intimately. The First Secretary and Minister Plenipotentiary was Francis Adams, with whom I stayed at Berne as his first guest in 1882, after he had become Sir Francis Adams, K.C.B., British Minister to the Swiss Republic. Agnes's cousin, Countess Russell, kindly gave me an introduction to Lord Lyons, G.C.B., the British Ambassador. Lord Lyons treated me with great kindness during the months I was at Paris.

I was, early in the year 1881, invited by Lord Lyons to his principal official dinner party to meet the Prime Minister, Jules Ferry, and all his colleagues in the Ministry. We were forty-two at dinner. Only two among them struck me as looking in the least like statesmen, and these were Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Andrieux, Minister of Police. On going in to dinner, Lord Lyons made an unfortunate mistake which would have seriously embarrassed many hosts, but which his imperturbable good-humour and self-possession enabled him to tide over very successfully. On reaching his place at the centre of the long dinner table, he was startled to see opposite to him Madame Jules Ferry, the wife of the Prime Minister, the lady whom he ought to have led in to dinner, and he then perceived that he had given his arm to Madame Andrieux. Without an instant's hesitation, he led Madame Andrieux back round the long table, and exchanged her

for Madame Jules Ferry, and not only did the three give way to a pleasant laugh, as if it was a very good joke, but the two ladies looked at each other with smiles of perfectly angelic sweetness, which must have expressed with complete sincerity the love they bore to each other.

At that time relations were strained nearly to the breaking-point between Turkey and Greece, notwithstanding which I noticed that the Turkish Ambassador and the Greek Envoy were inseparable. I sat next to the latter, M. Brailas, at dinner. He was a good-humoured old fellow, and a great friend of Lacaita's.

I also dined with the Duc de Broglie to meet the late Henry Reeve, who was the guest of the evening, although there were two ex-Prime Ministers present. Henry Reeve was a man who took himself very seriously. He was at this time the editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, and Clerk of the Privy Council. He had, however, managed to make French society think that he was *President* of the Council, an office at that time held by Earl Spencer, so that he was treated with great honour. I sat next to Monsieur Buffet, a retired statesman who had once been Prime Minister. We talked a good deal about the wonderful memory of Guillaume Guizot, who used to report his father's speeches simply from recollection. It was during this week that the atheistical French Parliament decreed the abolition of all religion in schools, and I heard the guests at the Duc de Broglie's discussing the iconoclastic and ruthless way in which the crucifixes had been torn down in the schools, and carted away as so much old wood. The Duke's second son, Prince Amédée de Broglie, was dining with his father. About this time he married the daughter of Monsieur Léon Say the great financier, whom I had met at the French Embassy in London.

Up to this time I had worn a beard, but I found fashion had so much changed that I was one of only three members of the English Club who still wore one. I decided to change my appearance, and one morning I submitted myself to the hands of "Monsieur Georges" (Mr. George Nicholls), the most fashionable *coiffeur* (for men) in Paris, and whom I had known for more than twenty years as the leading assistant *chez* Lecomte in the Rue de la Paix. As soon as the operation was completed, I went back to the Club, feeling very much like the shorn lamb. I was immediately

attacked and mercilessly chaffed by Dillon,¹ an acquaintance of mine, one of the two remaining men in the Club who had beards after I was shaved. During the afternoon I was reading in one of the windows of the Club, when I was addressed by a clean-shaven man, whom I did not know from Adam. This turned out to be Dillon, who had been so fired by my example that he, too, had gone that same day and been shaved!

I went frequently to the Théâtre Français, to which I had always been devoted. During the months of February and March they were acting there a new play by Edouard Pailleron, entitled *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, which is to me the most fascinating drama of contemporary life that I have ever seen. There was a scene in the third act where there was represented an evening party, and, as I saw the play four times, I quite got to fancy that I was at a real party, and that the sixteen comedians of the first rank who were enacting the scene were real people with whom I was acquainted. I have already mentioned how, in 1858, I saw the beautiful Madeleine Brohan act with her sister in *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*. Twenty-three years had passed, and I now saw Madeleine Brohan as the most beautiful old lady with silver hair that I ever recollect seeing on the stage. She acted the rôle of the Duchesse de Réville, and never did I see the part of a real *grande dame* so perfectly acted. Monsieur Got, afterwards the *doyen* of the Théâtre Français, had acted with her in *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*, and was now acting the part of Professor Bellac in *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. He did not appear the least bit aged. He was one of the most versatile actors I ever saw. He could take any part, serious or jocular, old or young. I never remember laughing more than when seeing him in one play where he acted the part of a tame-cat Abbé, always at the beck and call of his employers, taken up or suppressed just to suit their whims. He performed all their behests, taking the children or the dogs into the garden, playing picquet with Madame la Marquise with an expression of the most emotionless apathy, until, being left all alone in the drawing-room as quite unworthy of notice, he suddenly sat down on the Marquise's steel knitting-needles, whereupon all his apathy

¹ I forget his Christian name, but he was either the second or the third of three brothers, each of whom became Lord Dillon in turn.

was exchanged for the look of a man very much alive indeed!

I was very anxious, while in Paris, to improve myself in Norwegian, which, as every linguist knows, is, except for the pronunciation, the same language as Danish. The Comtesse Moltke, the wife of the Danish Ambassador, was kind enough to recommend me to a Danish master, Herr Soldin, with whom I worked pretty hard, and made great progress. One afternoon he took me to the studio of his son, a distinguished sculptor, and we found, posing to him for his bust, Monsieur Delaunay, the famous actor at the Théâtre Français, who took the parts of *jeune premier*, and I felt it a great privilege to have been introduced to him. His demeanour was the same as his acting: refined, simple, natural, very polite, and with a total absence of mannerisms. It was the same case with Got, with Madeleine Brohan, and with nearly every great actor and actress whom I have ever admired.

Early in March Dr. (Honourable Alan) Herbert told me that I imperatively required change of air, so I thought I should like to go to Norway and see what Monen looked like in winter. An entirely new experience awaited me. Snow lay upon the whole country round to a depth of three feet—but fortunately for me was frozen hard, so that one could walk upon it. The only mode of progression for foot passengers was on ski (pronounced "shee"), which I had not yet learned to use. Hans had got the carriages off their wheels, and mounted on sleigh runners. The Mandal was frozen as hard as a rock, so that from Mandal to Nödbæk we went like lightning. From Nödbæk we had to go to Monen by the road, or rather where the road should have been, and for those three *kilomètres* it was ticklish work driving, and we were in continual danger of being upset. We reached Monen, however, all right, and I found there, besides Hans, my excellent servants Jakob Nödings and Amalie Bentsen. Amalie and I did the cooking by ourselves, and got on capitally. On the following day Captain Griffith arrived, and stayed with me the three weeks I was there. There were three feet of snow all round the house; my big dog "Passop" could walk in level at the dining-room window, and I could, when I had on my ski, step over the top of the kitchen garden railings, which were four feet high. One pleasant feature of the country was

quite new to us. The supply of game was practically unlimited. Every day the old trapper came in laden with capercaillie, *rype* (field grouse), and *fjeld rype* (ptarmigan, lit. mountain grouse). We asked him for *rogde* (woodcock). "What," said the old hunter, "can you eat such stuff as that?" "Oh, cannot we just!" we answered, "you try us." The next day he brought in four. We were only just in time, on running to the kitchen, to rescue the trail from Amalie's hands. She was horrified at the idea of our eating it. My greatest culinary effort was *Purée de Céleri à la Crème*, which was a great success, but every day I did something new, and Griffith and I enjoyed our meals. On the morning after Griffith's arrival, he and Jakob proceeded to give me my first lesson in ski running, and, after several falls, I soon began to be able to go; but it was nervous work, just at first, to let oneself go full speed downhill. I found out that the grand secret was to stoop right forward when running downhill (like on the switch-back railway), one's natural tendency being to lean right back, which invariably produced a fall.

It was during this visit that I planned and gave orders for building the Fos House. It was a wooden cottage that cost £20 to build, containing two bedrooms with a tiny kitchen between. The idea was that, when there was a great run of fish, I could come overnight with my boatman, sleep there a few hours, and begin fishing at early dawn. It was built with the windows so disposed that I could look down on the Fos Pool out of one window, and on the great Nödings stream out of the other. I did not as a fact use it much that way, but, after my second marriage, one room had a sofa on which one could rest, and the ladies often used to come there and have tea, and watch the men fishing. When Captain Salvesen joined Griffith and me, he entertained us, as well as the Norwegians of the neighbourhood, to wonderful exhibitions of his skill as a ski-runner. In going down the steepest hills, he would go down on one leg, whirling the other ski above his head. We also had a boys' competition, for which Salvesen judged, and I gave the prizes.

I returned to Paris in April. On May 11th I went to an informal reception at the Duc de Broglie's, where I was always kindly welcomed. There used to be sixteen gilt armchairs, with crimson damask, arranged in an oval.

When, however, the time came for wishing to go away, it was rather formidable and shy work. On this evening the news had come of the treaty which made over Tunis as a protectorate under France, and, although the Duc de Broglie's party was bitterly opposed to that of Jules Ferry, yet there was great and exuberant pleasure manifested by all present at the triumph for France. I was introduced to old Monsieur de Vielcastel, the (rather scurrilous) chronicler, but I had not at that time read his very *risqués* memoirs.

As the summer came on, poor Agnes was evidently getting much worse, but it at first seemed out of the question that her wish to be taken back to England could possibly be gratified, for she seemed so much too ill to travel. However, it was settled that, if she travelled in an invalid railway carriage, and was carried lying down throughout the journey, accompanied by a doctor, the move might be undertaken. The next thing that had to be settled was what place in England would be the best for Agnes under the circumstances. On the whole, she thought she would like to go to Tunbridge Wells. She was born there and had been there a good deal as a child, we had had a very nice house there in the winter of 1866-7, the air was excellent, and it was half-way between Dover and London; whereupon we decided to go on July 15th to the Calverley Park Hotel, Tunbridge Wells.

I found to my dismay that, in all Paris, there was no such thing as an invalid carriage to take poor Agnes to the Gare du Nord, and it was only by the interest of my brother Augustus's name, in connection with the fund for *La Semence des Blés* in 1871, that the Red Cross Society would lend me their ambulance. This was a mere covered cart with a tilt over it and a sliding bed. The latter we were allowed to take as far as Tunbridge Wells.

At Tunbridge Wells Agnes's doctor was Dr. Milner Barry, a man of about sixty years old, one of the most charming as well as cultivated men I ever met. He was married to a wife in every way worthy of him, young, beautiful, and cultivated like him. We did not know it, but Dr. Barry was gravely affected with heart complaint. He was an excellent Dante scholar, and Agnes used much to enjoy listening to the Dante talks he and I had together. He used always to come and see Agnes between three and four o'clock. He told me from the first that she was going rapidly down-

hill, so that no skill or further medicaments could do more than afford palliations for her sufferings, and the best thing was to cheer her up as far as possible, for which reason he always came at an hour of the day when he was least likely to be called away to other cases. I did all the little I could; I used to read to her, and do my drawing by her bedside, and I was also hard at work with the works of Ibsen, Björnsterne Björnson, and Jonas Lie's *Grabows Kat*. Thus passed the last weeks of the summer. In the middle of September, Augustus and Harriet came to stay at the hotel so as to be with us. Just before they arrived, a particularly sad episode occurred. I mentioned that Dr. Milner Barry had disease of the heart. One afternoon, about September 15th, he did not pay us his usual visit between four and five. I offered to go and ask if he was coming, but Agnes said that he had probably had to go off to some patient requiring immediate attention, and that I had better wait till after dinner. At 8.30 I went to Dr. Milner Barry's house. It was already quite dark, and, as I went up the steps, I saw two gentlemen (who turned out to be doctors) standing outside the front door. They moved towards me, as though to stop my ringing the bell, whereupon I said: "Dr. Milner Barry?" The answer came: "I am very sorry to inform you that Dr. Milner Barry died quite suddenly this afternoon from a spasm of the heart." I felt nearly paralysed at this dreadful news—we had got so fond of the dear and good old doctor, and Agnes had felt such thorough confidence in him. Her condition being what it was, it will be understood what a task I had before me in breaking this terrible news to her. How I got through it I do not know, but poor Agnes was very brave about it. After recovering herself a little from the great shock, she said: "It is much better so! He was a good man, thoroughly prepared to die—it is all for the best."

My sister-in-law, Lady Vernon, went to see Mrs. Milner Barry, and found her in every way a charming young woman—full of sympathy for her husband's patients at being so suddenly deprived of his services. She recommended us to consult Dr. Johnson, and we did so, but it was clear that dear Agnes's days were now numbered, and her death followed Dr. Milner Barry's after an interval of fourteen days. There were many kind and sympathising friends staying at Tunbridge Wells. Besides Augustus and Harriet,

there were Lord and Lady Lichfield, and Lady Lichfield's mother, the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who very kindly sent in little things to try to tempt Agnes's appetite. The Duchess of Wellington (*née* Hay) sent constantly to inquire, Frank and Lucy Boileau were there, and Minnie Boileau came for a day or two. Dear George Howard Wilkinson came over and gave her a spiritual visitation. Agnes breathed her last on September 30th at nine in the evening; Augustus, Harriet, Sarah Nash, Dr. Johnson, and myself being present. Frank and Lucy Boileau came in soon after, and dear Caroline Anson, my eldest sister, arrived the next day.

Augustus helped me to choose a grave in the beautiful Tunbridge Wells Cemetery, and that has become our family burial-place. Dear Wilkinson performed the funeral service, bringing Constance with him. After a few days with them, I had to return to Paris to give up our apartment in the Rue de la Boétie. Then, after a visit to my old school-mistress, Mrs. Bickmore (who had been Agnes's governess), we drove together to the Amhersts at Didlington, and to such old friends it was soothing to go. During all this drive we saw painful evidence of the tremendous gale which had recently devastated the whole of England. All the beautiful Norfolk coverts in their autumn tints lay prostrate, almost like a primeval forest. At Sudbury I found Augustus and Harriet literally in tears at the destruction of old oaks in the Park. They lay in acres, and Sudbury Park has never looked the same since.

I had to make a selection of our furniture in the pan-technicon to be transported to Norway for the furnishing of Monen, whither I went in November. Captain Griffith came and stayed with me there. I left Monen in the last days of the month, and travelled in horribly cold weather to Copenhagen, which I found a very different place from what I had known it in summer. It was like being wrapped up in a half-frozen wet blanket. So much did I dislike it, that I left immediately, and, after a few days at Hamburg and at Bâle, found myself at the Hôtel des Bergues at Geneva about December 10th. I hunted out our old villa, Les Délices, now completely surrounded by modern streets and houses. While at Geneva I engaged some servants, and with them reached Florence—where I had taken an apartment, 42 Via Cavour—before the end of the year.

CHAPTER X

SECOND MARRIAGE—THE COMMENTARY OF BENVENUTO DA IMOLA—UNVEILING OF THE FAÇADE OF THE DUOMO, FLORENCE—OCTOCENTENARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA (1882-1888)

AT Florence I continued to work in my studio, and made some small progress, but so little that I came to the conclusion I was not ever likely to shine as an artist. By degrees, therefore, I gave up working as hard as before. I saw a great deal of the dear Dowager Lady Crawford and her daughters at Villa Palmieri. She was ever the same kind friend to me from first to last, and I have always had a great regard for her daughters.

Very valued friends of mine were the Duke and Duchess of Sermoneta, of whom I have already spoken in Chapter V. The Duke, as I have said, was one of the most learned Dante scholars in the world, and knew the whole of the *Divina Commedia* by heart.

The Duke and Duchess lived in the Palazzo Mozzi, near the Ponte alle Grazie. It was their custom to receive a number of their friends on one afternoon every week—about forty usually attended—and the Duke used to recite to them a canto of Dante with the most beautiful diction, going through it all over again afterwards with a most lucid extempore commentary. The Duchess always sat beside him, and, when he was not feeling well and forgot a few lines, as occasionally happened, was ready to prompt him. I never forgot those afternoons. The great leading feature in the Duke's treatment of his subject was lucidity. During the twenty years that followed, while I was writing and correcting proofs of my *Readings on the Divina Commedia*, my constant thought was, as far as lay in my power, to make every word perfectly clear to my readers; and this, which I hope is a distinctive feature in my books, I certainly

owe to those two great Dantists, Sir James Lacaita and the Duke of Sermoneta.

In the second week of May I left Florence, and, after staying with some friends at Siena, went to Norway. Among my guests at Monen was my brother-in-law, Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald, K.C.B., who arrived in August. He was the Chief of Clanranald, but, as his father had dissipated and sold their former large estates, "Rim" (as he was always called) refrained from using the title. He was a thoroughly breezy sailor, with an immense vein of humour, and could not speak two words on the most ordinary subject without making his hearers laugh. He was a great friend of the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then Prince and Princess of Wales). It was during the lifetime of the late Duke of Clarence that his present Majesty, then Prince George, was about to enter the Royal Navy. One evening in summer "Rim" Macdonald, being invited to dine at Marlborough House, was informed by one of the chief attendants, as he went in, that H.R.H. Prince George particularly wished to speak to him before he was ushered into the room where the guests were received. He was accordingly taken to a sitting-room opening into the gardens of Marlborough House, and found Prince George eagerly awaiting him at the door, who said to him: "Oh, Admiral, do come in here a moment. You know I am going into the Navy next week, and they tell me that I shall have to be very respectful to you, touch my cap to you, and call you 'sir,' and I *do mean* to be; but . . . I am not in the Navy yet . . . *would* you give me a ride on your back in the garden, so that I may be able to say that I have ridden on an Admiral's back?"

"Come along, you young rascal," said Rim, "come along!" And, with that, he took the young prince on his shoulders, and trotted with him down one of the paths, before going into the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

I returned to Florence, to my new apartment in Palazzo Canigiani, in December. Poor Agnes's long illness of nine years had at times made my life a very trying and lonely one. It was during one of my not unfrequent visits to Villa Palmieri that Lady Crawford talked to me of the likelihood of my marrying again, and spoke of Miss Annie Eyre, the sister of her own son-in-law Colonel Eyre, who

had married her eldest daughter, Lady Alice Lindsay. The surname "Eyre" was not their regular family name, for their father, Mr. Charles Archer-Houblon, had changed his name to Eyre on succeeding to Welford Park, Berks. After his death in 1886, his son, Colonel George Bramston Eyre, became heir to his uncle, Mr. John Archer-Houblon, of Hallingbury Place, Bishop Stortford, and soon afterwards resumed the family name of Archer-Houblon. Their mother, who had died many years before, was one of the lovely daughters of General Leyborne-Popham of Littlecote Hall, Wilts. It was eventually settled that I should go to London during the spring and make Miss Eyre's acquaintance. On April 8th Lady Alice Eyre introduced us to each other at 73 Upper Berkeley Street. I will say no more here than to record that I found Miss Eyre all that I had been led to expect by Lady Crawford—and more. Every word spoken in Miss Eyre's praise in 1883 has been verified, and immeasurably more than verified, between then and the present day in which I am penning these reminiscences of long ago.

I took lodgings in Arlington Street, as my brother Augustus and Harriet (Lord and Lady Vernon) were staying close by at Mackellar's Hotel in Dover Street. Augustus looked completely broken down. He had of late had a great many estate troubles, and he had also much overworked himself at the Royal Commission on Agriculture of which he was a member, and he was preparing a speech with which he was to open a debate upon the subject in the House of Lords on May 1st. He told me very affectionately how much he wanted to see me, notwithstanding his hard work, and he thought there was no better way than that I should come and breakfast with them every morning till I went away. This I did, and we had some very cheery times all three together, especially on Saturday, April 28th, when I took leave of them. That afternoon I went with Sir Arnold White to stay with him and his good wife at Leigham Mead, Streatham. I passed a very pleasant evening with them and their nephew Henry (now Sir Henry A. White, C.V.O., the King's solicitor, as was Sir Arnold), and returned to London on the Sunday, packed up, and left that night for Florence. I slept at Ostend, and at Bâle, but reached Florence on the Thursday morning, very ill, having caught an attack of bronchitis. Imagine my horror when I found

a telegram for me from Arnold White : " Dreadful news, Lord Vernon died suddenly on Tuesday evening."

I was nearly turned to stone by this sudden and crushing grief. I found that dear Augustus had been struck down by a fit of apoplexy, only a few hours before he was to make his speech in the House of Lords. When he was found to be absent from his post to open the debate, the House adjourned, and the Duke of Richmond, the President to the Royal Commission, went to Mackellar's Hotel to inquire the reason, and was told that Lord Vernon was just *in extremis*. I should, had I been able, have gone straight back to London, to be of what use I could to Harriet and her children, but I was so ill that I was confined to my bed for a week—and it was some time after that before I was fit to travel.

On May 4th I received from dear George H. Wilkinson the first letter from him since his consecration as Bishop of Truro :

" THE TRENCH, TONBRIDGE, KENT,
May 2nd, 1883.

" MY DEAR VERNON,

" I cannot see the announcement in *The Times* without a word of hearty sympathy. I know what a terrible shock this will be to you, for I know the deep affection and respect which you had for Lord Vernon. What a true head of the house he was to you !

" May God comfort you and poor Lady Vernon and his children.

" What a mere dream life appears in the light of such an event as this ! I can hardly realise that one whom I saw last week looking so bright and well is really gone.

" God grant that, if you or I are called away as suddenly,¹ we may be ready to depart with joy to meet him and the blessed ones who have gone before.

" Believe me, my dear old friend,

" Ever yours most affectionately,

" GEORGE H. TRURON."

I travelled home by Turin and Bâle. After going down to Sudbury, I started for Norway at the end of May, returning to England in September. On my way back to

¹ The Bishop almost seems to have foreshadowed his own sudden death at Edinburgh on December 11th, 1907.

Florence, in December, I stopped at Hyères, where, before I left, Miss Annie Eyre had consented to become my wife. In January 1884 I went to Mentone to fulfil the legal conditions of residence before marriage. My eldest sister, Caroline, and her husband, Canon Frederick Anson, had a house there, and I saw a great deal of them. A great friendship had struck up between Frederick Anson and Mr. Spurgeon, the great Nonconformist preacher, who, owing to gout and rheumatism, had to pass his winters at Mentone. Both he and Canon Anson were ever to the fore to promote or support any benevolent schemes. One day Spurgeon said to Fred: "I want you to come and say a few words for us at a meeting to-day on behalf of a Home for indigent and sickly ministers." Fred answered: "If you think I can be of use, I will certainly come—but, as you know, I am but a cracked pane of glass nowadays." Spurgeon laid his hand on Fred's shoulder, and said very earnestly: "Long may the light shine through it!"

On February 25th I was married to Annie in St. John's Church at Mentone by my brother-in-law, Canon Frederick Anson, and the Reverend Edward Sidebotham, the British chaplain. Sir Francis Boileau, brother of my first wife, acted as my best man. The civil ceremony was previously performed by the Vice-Consul, Signor Palmaro, at the British Consulate.

On March 23rd, 1885, our daughter May was born, and Annie's sister-in-law Lady Alice Eyre (now Archer-Houblon) came to stay with us at 11 Montagu Square, until Annie was sufficiently recovered to go down to Welford.

Just at this time the relations between England and Russia were exceedingly strained. Mr. Gladstone's Government had allowed our fleet and armaments to become far more reduced than was safe, and a great war panic arose, with a general outcry for an increase in the Navy. Five millions were hurriedly voted by Parliament, and a great activity was suddenly aroused as to strengthening the Army and Navy. Like all Radical Governments, this one had weakened the power of England, and then set about increasing it suddenly and fitfully, instead of having steadily kept it up to the mark while they had time. Fortunately the strain passed off, and the Gladstonian Cabinet had a respite, which they, at all events, did not deserve.

It was at this time that I finally severed myself from

the Liberal Party, with whose Radicalised politics I was thoroughly dissatisfied. I had been a consistent Whig as long as the Party continued to be a patriotic one under the guidance of such a man as Lord Palmerston, who made England his first consideration. Lord Russell, also, was patriotic, but I had never been a Radical, nor had any of my family, and Lord Russell was too much of a Radical for me. When it came to Mr. Gladstone's truckling to the Irish Nationalists, and the leading Whigs of the Liberal Party did not remonstrate, I decided to vote against the Liberal candidates at the impending General Election; which I did with much regret, for the reason that the fathers of both candidates had been most intimate friends of my father. To Lord Edward Cavendish, M.P. for South Derbyshire, I wrote :

“ November 4th, 1885.

“ MY DEAR CAVENDISH,

“ I cannot help writing to express to you the great regret I feel at being obliged to vote against you at the coming General Election. Like many moderate Liberals, I was utterly dissatisfied in the first instance with Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches, and still more so by the Foreign, Colonial, and Home policy which has, during the last five years, followed upon them. I have entirely lost all confidence in Mr. Gladstone as a leader of that Party that was so worthily presided over in the past by Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and Russell. In their strong hands I could feel that the honour of the British Empire was secure, and I cannot but lament the different counsels that now prevail. As the Liberal Party have elected to join hands with the Radicals, I think it is not unnatural that many moderate Liberals should elect not to follow them on to what they feel is most dangerous ground, but rather give their votes for the Conservatives, as more nearly resembling the Whig Party they consistently supported, so long as it did not efface itself. It is with much regret that I find myself voting against any of your family, but I feel so deeply that the best interests of England are at stake, that I can allow no personal considerations to make me even a passive spectator of the various contests wherein I have the power of voting.

“ I remain very truly yours,

“ (Signed) WILLIAM WARREN VERNON.”

To Sir Arthur Bass, M.P. for North Staffordshire, I wrote :

“ November 4th, 1885.

“ MY DEAR BASS,

“ I have not had the pleasure of meeting you for some years, but my family and yours have been for so long a time on terms of friendship, that I cannot help writing to tell you with what great regret I feel myself bound in duty to give every vote I have against the Liberal Party at the coming General Election. I feel, like many Whigs who consistently gave their support to the Liberal Party as long as its counsels were in such vigorous hands as those of Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and Russell, felt, that, when those statesmen were at the helm, no legislation would endanger the Constitution, though a continual internal progress would be maintained ; while abroad the honour of the British Flag and the stability of the Empire were absolutely secure. Compare Lord Palmerston’s decided action with America in the ‘Trent Affair’ with that of Mr. Gladstone’s Government after Majuba Hill ! Beginning with the Midlothian speeches, and during five years of what I conceive to be gross mismanagement at home and abroad, I, in common with many Whigs and moderate Liberals, have been entirely alienated from the Liberal Party.

“ The so-called ‘ Liberal Party ’ have chosen to coalesce with Radicals of all shades, and but few moderate Liberals can approve of that course ; while those of them who have the courage of their opinions must rather see in the Conservatives that security to British interests which they have seen so violently assailed during the last five years.

“ My long respect and regard for your father and esteem for yourself prompt me to write and tell you that, with much regret, I must vote against you, though I believe your seat to be perfectly secure.

“ Believe me, my dear Bass,

“ Very truly yours,

“ (Signed) WILLIAM WARREN VERNON.”

In the middle of November I paid a visit to Oxford to Dr. Edward Moore, Principal of St. Edmund Hall, at his residence in the Hall, and was most kindly and hospitably received by him and Mrs. Moore, his charming second wife, who died at the end of 1906. Dr. Moore was even in those

days known as one of the greatest Dante scholars in the world, and it was with great thankfulness that I found myself beginning a most delightful acquaintance, that, as years rolled on, ripened into a most affectionate friendship. I was at that time very eager to advance in my study of Dante, and what I owed to Dr. Moore's help in the years between 1885 and 1909, when the last of my works on Dante was published, is more than I can express in writing.

We returned to Florence a week before Christmas, 1885.

It was an afternoon on one of the last days of 1885 that Annie and I went to have tea with two dear old ladies, the Misses Forbes, who were intimate friends of all our best friends at Florence. I was standing by the fire, when my wife, who was chatting with the Honourable Alethea Lawley (now Signora Wiel), beckoned me to them, and said: "Miss Lawley wants to know if you will let her come and read Dante with you." I replied that I felt much honoured by the request, and should be charmed to see her, if I could in any way help her Dante studies. Little did I think that this was the thin end of the lever which was to lift me up to become eventually an author of works on Dante.

On New Year's Day, 1886, we went to a house-warming luncheon given to their friends by Harry and Mrs. Scott at the beautiful Villa Capponi, at Arcetri above Florence, which they had quite recently bought. Besides our kind hosts and ourselves, we met Miss Lawley and Miss Carden, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Major and Mrs. de Robeck, Miss Letty Lambert, Roddam and Mrs. Spencer-Stanhope, the Miss Murrays, the Honourable Mrs. George Edgcombe, and the Dowager Lady Dalhousie. I was much taken aback when Miss Carden said to me: "We are so looking forward to our Dante reading with you next week." I had never contemplated anything more than just reading and translating a canto with Miss Lawley; but, before forty-eight hours were expired, I found that all the ladies I have mentioned above, with the exception of Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Stanhope, had formed themselves into a body of lady students of Dante, and that I had to prepare seriously for an audience of clever women. After a few promiscuous readings among the beautiful passages in the *Divina Commedia*, I settled down to go through the whole *Purgatorio*, canto by canto. I used to pass several hours most

mornings in the Biblioteca Magliabecchiana (now called Biblioteca Nazionale) in preparing for my kind and indulgent auditory.

I gradually dropped into the method of delivery of my lectures which eventually developed into my *Readings on the Purgatorio*, and which met with the approval of Lacaita, of Dean Church, and of Dr. Moore. We received our friends once a week at 3 p.m., and they stayed for tea afterwards. I used also to give another reading each week, in alternate weeks at Miss Lawley's apartment and at the Miss Murrays' apartment. I continued these readings till the last week in May, when we went straight across Europe to Norway.

In April, Doddy (Honourable George Elliot) and I paid a visit to Sir James Lacaita at his place, Leucaspidè, near Tārāntō. The name of the spot was no doubt derived from the λευκάσπιδες, the white-shielded troops of ancient Tarentum, and in all probability the house stood on the site of the encampment of these heavy-armed troops.

It was while I was staying here that I found poor Lacaita was much perturbed as to his dealings with my nephew George (seventh Lord Vernon), about the publication of the Latin Commentary by Benvenuto da Imola on the *Divina Commedia*. My father had had a faithful transcript made of the MS. in the Laurentian Library at Florence, but, before he was able to begin the publication of it, he was struck down by the illness of which he died in 1866. Some years later Sir James Lacaita convinced my brother that he ought to publish at his expense a work that was eagerly expected from the Vernon family by all students of Dante, and that, if he would guarantee £1,000, Lacaita would himself edit the work. My brother Augustus agreed to this, and the printing was nearly, if not quite, carried through at the time of his sudden death in May 1883. My nephew George agreed to complete the sum still necessary. But he neglected making the payments, and the delay in the completion of the work was really compromising Lacaita's literary reputation; so I wrote to George from Florence, and entreated him to see that the matter was attended to. He wrote a very nice letter to me, as he always did; he had a great affection for me, and I for him. The matter dropped for the time, but I had to take decided action about it in November.

While we were at Leucaspidè, the English papers brought us the news of Gladstone's introduction of his Home Rule Bill for Ireland, and the consequent separation from his Government of Chamberlain, John Bright, Goschen, the Marquess of Lansdowne, and the Marquess of Hartington; and a few days later we read of a great and enthusiastic meeting in Her Majesty's Opera House, under the presidency of Earl Cowper, to uphold the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland. It was after this that a large number of the best men of the Liberal Party discontinued their support of Mr. Gladstone, and became the party called Liberal Unionists, who, while still being Liberals, stoutly maintained the unity of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

We took leave of Lacaita on April 12th, staying at Amalfi on our return. Doddy and I walked from Amalfi up to Ravello, and called on Lacaita's relation, Mr. Neville Reid, and saw his lovely Castello and grounds, as well as the two Romanesque churches of San Pantaleone and San Giovanni del Toro with their marvellous pulpits resembling that in the Baptistery at Pisa. At Castellamare we got a large batch of newspapers, on which we flew like birds of prey, and read with avidity and hearty approval the storm of indignation which Gladstone's Home Rule policy had aroused in England.

In May we all left Florence for Norway, returning to England in September.

It was now that I had a letter from Lacaita, who was very ill at Florence. He was in despair about the necessary payments for the printing of the Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola, and his literary reputation, as the announced editor of the book for the Vernon family, was at stake. I felt it my duty to intervene, and therefore obtained George's consent to let me take upon myself the entire cost (£850) of the publication. George was most kind and affectionate about the business. As Lady Crawford wrote to me, "in his want of enthusiasm for Dantesque literature, he has no doubt had nothing to do with it but the very disagreeable part of raising money for it."

An event to me of considerable interest this year (1886) was that, on March 1st, I was elected a member of the Athenæum Club. It was then that I first became acquainted with Mr. H. R. Tedder, who was in those days only the

librarian, but shortly afterwards became the secretary of the Club, and my dear friend.

We returned to Florence in the middle of December. I found Lacaïta very far from well, but relieved as to the difficulty of the publication of the *Benvenuto da Imola*. He at once handed over to me as my property the first impression of the book (5 vols.), which is now among the books I gave to the Athenæum; and this became my constant companion during the next twenty-two years, while I was writing my works on Dante.

One of our friends at Florence was the Countess Michièl of Venice, who was English by birth. Her husband was for many years aide-de-camp to King Victor Emmanuel. She used to tell a good story against herself, when she was a newly married young bride. It was the custom of the King, whenever one of his aides-de-camp married, to call upon the bride, and, after asking her if she liked horses, to present her with a fine pair of carriage horses. When he duly put this question to Countess Michièl (who, as I said before, was then quite young), she answered thoughtlessly: "Oh no, sir, I don't care about horses, my passion is for cats!" "Very well," said the King, "then, Countess, I will send you a fine pair." And a beautiful pair of Persian cats was sent to her accordingly. But, as soon as the Count had returned after accompanying the King to the door, he exclaimed: "*Grulla!* (Silly), you have lost us a splendid pair of carriage horses." At the time we knew the Countess, she had a son nearly grown up.

During the winter and spring of 1887 we pursued our usual routine. We saw a great deal of our intimate friends, and I delivered my lectures or readings on the *Purgatorio* to those of them who cared to come, partly in our own drawing-room, partly in the Murrays' apartment, which was now in Via Santo Spirito, and partly in that of Miss Lawley and Miss Carden. My auditory varied in numbers from twelve to twenty, and once or twice there were as many as twenty-two. These readings continued with the greatest regularity until the end of May, when we returned to England.

When I had completed my course of lectures, or, as they were called, "Readings," on the *Purgatorio* of Dante, I was begged by those who had attended them to publish them as a book. Being quite inexperienced in such matters,

and having no idea as to their suitability for publication, I had four cantos of my work privately printed (Cantos 27-30 inclusive, twenty-five copies), and submitted them to the judgment of Lacaïta, Dr. Moore, the late Sir Frederick Pollock, and other leading Dante scholars. Lacaïta, when he had read them, said to us most emphatically: "That must be gone on with." Dr. Moore, Dr. Liddon, and Sir F. Pollock were also very encouraging, giving me, however, a few very useful hints, which I was most thankful to follow.

I had constant interviews with Lacaïta as to the completion and issue of the great Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola, which was all ready, except for Lacaïta's final revision. As bad luck would have it, he fell exceedingly ill about this time, was totally unable to give his mind to a subject requiring such great care, and it was some weeks before his nerves were sufficiently recovered for him to resume his revision. At last, however, all the difficulties were surmounted, and the great work was published on May 12th, 1887, the first large-paper copy being presented to King Humbert on the day when he and Queen Margherita unveiled the new *façade* of the Cathedral.

The festivities in honour of that event were now at hand, and all Florence was astir. Every tailor and dress-maker in the town, and in all neighbouring ones, was working night and day to make costumes for the great Historical Fancy-Dress Ball that was to take place in the Palazzo Vecchio on May 14th. Sir Francis, Lady, and Miss Boileau were coming to stay with us, and, by my advice, they stopped in Milan and provided themselves with very handsome costumes there, for to have had them made in Florence would have been an utter impossibility.

The first of many events of great interest that took place during this wonderful fortnight was the solemn removal to the Church of Santa Croce of the remains of the great maestro of opera, Giovacchino Rossini. He had died at Paris in November 1868, and his body had lain there for nineteen years; but the unanimous wish of his countrymen prevailed, that it should be deposited among Florence's illustrious dead in the Church of Santa Croce, and on May 3rd his ashes arrived at Florence. We had been invited by the Harry Scotts to be their guests in a room with windows looking over the Piazza Santa Croce. A large pavilion had been erected about eighty yards from the church, with

an arch in it of such a height that the great funeral car could pass under it. On the first appearance of the car, as it turned into the square, one of the military bands struck up the beautiful *Cujus animam* from the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini. The illustrious composer had been a great friend of my father, and I could not help feeling moved. The car having passed under the pavilion, it was formally received on behalf of the Municipality by the Syndic of Florence, the Marchese Torrigiani. At that instant all the doors of the church were thrown open, and 500 ladies and gentlemen issued forth, and began singing the magnificent hymn *Dal tuo stellato Soglio* out of Rossini's opera of the *Mosè in Egitto*. I was standing behind Lady Crawford's chair, and I whispered to her that it was the most beautiful scene, both for sight and sound, I had ever witnessed in my life. That evening we heard the *Mosè in Egitto* at the Opera.

On May 11th the fifth centenary of the birth of Donatello was celebrated, by the uncovering of his bust and tablet in the Piazza del Duomo, and the laying of the first stone of his sepulchral monument in the Church of San Lorenzo. Also an exhibition of his works was opened in the Bargello, the National Museum. On the 16th Professor Senator Villari gave a lecture on Donatello at the Circolo Artistico, and on the 18th a model of his monument was erected in the Church of Santa Croce.

On May 12th the principal event of the week took place, namely, the unveiling by the King and Queen of the new *façade* (by Professor De Fabris) of the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore.

Annie and I hired a room with two windows (for £20) at the corner of the Piazza del Duomo and Via dei Martelli, to which we invited sixteen of our friends. From it we had an excellent view of the unveiling of the new front of the Cathedral. Their Majesties sat in a tribune with their backs to the Baptistry, and, on their giving the signal, three immense curtains or veils were let down to the ground, allowing the *façade* to be seen in all its beauty. At that instant large flocks of carrier pigeons were set free, and carried the news to all parts of Italy. Half an hour before the unveiling there had been a small ceremony inside the Cathedral, when the bust of Professor De Fabris, the architect of the *façade*, was uncovered. Our party were the Dowager Lady Crawford with Lady Mabel and Lady

Jane Lindsay, Harry and Mrs. Scott with her twin daughters, Violet and Hyacinth Cavendish-Bentinck, Roddam, Mrs. and Miss Gertrude Spencer-Stanhope, Miss Lambert, the Honourable Alethea Lawley and Miss Carden, Sir Francis, Lady, and Miss Boileau, and ourselves. In the evening there was a magnificent display of fireworks from San Miniato, and a grand illumination of the town. I have never anywhere else seen illuminations to be compared to those which I have seen at Florence at different times of my life. All the lines of the great buildings were marked with lamps. The Duomo was outlined by them, all the windows and galleries being lighted from within, while an electric light was gleaming on the top of the cross. The Palazzo Vecchio was like a magic castle. All its outlines were marked by lines of fire up to the summit of its quaint machicolated tower.¹ All the people were in the streets, and carriage traffic was suspended, but the next day it was remarked that not a single accident had been reported, and I was assured that, had it been at Rome, there would have been at least a dozen stabbing affrays to be dealt with by the police courts.

On May 13th the Grand Historical Procession (*Il Correggio*) was to have taken place, but on account of the rain it was put off to the 15th.

On the 14th the *Ballo Storico* (Historical Ball) brought together a most brilliant assembly of about 2,000 persons, all habited in costumes of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, some of them of extraordinary richness. If I might select one for especial appreciation, it was that of Lady Crawford's son-in-law, the Honourable Frank Lyon, who wore a costume like that of Raoul de Nangis in the *Huguenots*, Lady Anne Lyon wearing a lady's dress of the same period. I wore a costume of the twelfth century, designed for me by Professor Cassioli, namely, a black velvet tunic, with grey silk hose, a jewelled belt with a crimson velvet dagger of *seemingly* great richness, a black velvet hat with a white plume. Annie's condition unfortunately did not allow her to be present, but the Boileaus, the Miss Cavendish-Bentincks, Miss Gertrude Spencer-Stanhope,

¹ I remember noticing this on a previous occasion, sixteen years before, in the early months of 1861, when the Festa dello Statuto was being celebrated. As one approached the city in the gathering night, one could see from the train what was unmistakably Florence, with all its great buildings outlined in fire.

and I kept together, and made a little party by ourselves. The ball took place in the immense *Sala dei Cinquecento* in the Palazzo Vecchio, and was attended by their Majesties. One serious drawback to the success of this function was that the hall was lighted by naked wax candles in the numerous chandeliers. The great draught of air caused the candles to drop wax all over the dancers, and many rich costumes were irretrievably ruined. Before the King and Queen left, the guests passed before them in couples—Miss Violet Bentinck was my partner, and I was told by the lord-in-waiting to keep on my hat, as it was part of my costume.

On Sunday, the 15th, the Grand Historical Procession (*Il Corteggio*) took place at 2 p.m.

The historical subject of the Procession was a representation of the arrival at Florence in November 1367 of Count Amedeo VI of Savoy, who, from his habit of wearing green armour and green plumes on his helmet, was always known as *Il Conte Verde*. He was returning to Italy after a highly venturous but successful exploit, of restoring John Palæologus to his throne at Constantinople, after delivering him out of the hands of the King of the Bulgars. The Conte Verde was the founder of the great Order of the Annunziata, an Order so exalted, that it ranks with the Garter and the Golden Fleece. The Historic Procession reproduced the scene when the Count was met in the Piazza Beccaria, near Porta alla Croce, by all the chief dignitaries of the Republic of Florence: the *Gonfaloniere di Giustizia del Popolo e Comune di Firenze*, the *Priore Proposto*, the *Podestà*, the twelve *Buonominini*, the *Cancelliere della Signoria*, and the *Priori delle Arti*, with a numerous train; and escorted to the Piazza della Signoria, where their Majesties were seated under the Loggia della Signoria, better known as the Loggia dei Lanzi.

After presenting their homage, together with a humble petition that their Majesties and the Prince of Naples would honour the Jousts and the Tournament of the Tuesday, the Procession passed on, and dispersed on reaching the Piazza Santa Maria Novella. As soon as they had all passed, their Majesties hastened by side streets to the beautiful Palazzo Strozzi, in front of which a magnificent Royal Tribune had been erected, and from this they were able to view the whole Procession a second time.

One knight riding close to the *Podestà*, under the designation of *Ufficiale di Torre*, was especially remarked for the stately dignity with which he bore himself. We found, on inquiry, that it was the great tragedian, Tommaso Salvini. The principal rôle of the Conte Verde was taken by the Marchese Carlo Ginori. The *Podestà*¹ of the Procession was personated by the Conte Alberto Papafava dei Carraresi, the lineal descendant of a previous Conte Papafava who, 500 years before, had been *Podestà* of Florence at the time that the real Conte Verde made his entry into the city.

On May 17th the Grand Tournament and Jousts took place at four o'clock before the Royalties in a huge extemporised amphitheatre constructed on a level spot just by the Viale Carlo Alberto. The King, Queen, and Prince of Naples (the present King) took their seats in a magnificent loggia in the presence of some 30,000 people; conspicuous among whom were the "Conte Verde" and all the members of Sunday's procession, who were in themselves a picturesque addition to the wonderful spectacle. There was no tilting of knights at each other, but great feats of arms and of horsemanship delighted the enthusiastic audience. All eyes were fixed upon the Director of the Tournament, the King-at-Arms of the occasion, the Conte Lodovico Marazani-Visconti of Piacenza, a gallant old soldier, who looked like a veritable *condottiere*. I almost fancied I saw before me Sir John Hawkwood, or some other famous old *condottiere* of those days. In 1842 in the Tournament at Turin on the occasion of the nuptials of King Victor Emmanuel II, and again at those of Prince Humbert and Princess Margherita in 1868, he had captained the Piedmontese detachment (*capitanato la squadra piemontese*). He was mounted on a magnificent bay horse, which he caused to kneel before the King and Queen in sign of reverent homage, and then, wheeling quickly round, he raised his plumed velvet bonnet at arm's length, and in a voice of thunder shouted out "Savoia! Savoia!" The cry in response must have echoed to Fiesole and San Miniato, and with this *proemium* of loyalty the Tournament commenced.

I have already said that Lacaita and I had been allowed

¹ It may be well to note that in the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages it was the custom to summon to the office of *Podestà*, or Chief Magistrate, the citizen of another State. Party feelings and jealousies ran so high that no native of the place could have been trusted to administer justice so impartially as to satisfy every one.

to send for presentation to the King the first large-paper copy of the Latin Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola, the literary editing of which had been most ably performed by Lacaita; while the cost of the publication had been borne by me. On the morning of the 17th Barbèra (the publisher) wrote to tell us that Queen Margherita had sent to buy a copy for herself. Lacaita instantly wrote to the Queen's principal lady-in-waiting, the Marchesa Pes di Villamarina, to ask whether he and I might be so honoured as to be allowed to present a copy to Her Majesty. The Marchesa wrote back to say that Her Majesty the Queen would grant us an audience on the following day at a quarter past one. My old friend John Kennedy (afterwards Sir John, K.C.B.) happened to be at Florence as British *chargé d'affaires*, and, at the Marchesa's suggestion, he wrote her a letter, presenting me, as it were from the British Embassy, to H.M. the Queen.

On May 18th Lacaita and I found ourselves at the Palazzo Pitti, with a box containing the large-paper copy of Benvenuto da Imola destined for Her Majesty; but, as we intended having it bound in England, we had brought with us also an ordinary copy for the Queen's immediate use. The fly-leaf of the large-paper copy bore the following inscription :

A SUA MAESTÀ
MARGHERITA DI SAVOIA
REGINA D'ITALIA
OMAGGIO DI
WILLIAM WARREN VERNON
GIACOMO FILIPPO LACAITA
IL 18 MAGGIO 1887

In the reception room into which we were shown we met the Marchesa di Villamarina, from whom, during the next twenty-two years, I was to receive so many kind letters written on behalf of Her Majesty. Lacaita introduced me to the Marchesa, and explained that I was a son of the Lord Vernon who had been such an intimate friend of the late Marchese and Marchesa di Villamarina. The Marchese

Guiccioli, the lord-in-waiting, then accompanied us to the door of the room in which we found Her Majesty. She was dressed in grey, and her manner was most gracious and affable. In the *Life of Queen Margherita di Savoia*, by Fanny Zumpini di Salazar, there are many portraits depicting her gracious Majesty at various ages. When we saw her during that week at Florence in 1887, she was in the full plenitude of her queenly beauty, exactly as depicted in the frontispiece to Signora Salazar's book. That is thirty years ago, and age and deep sorrow had not yet laid their mark upon her noble features.

We made low bows on entering the room, to which the Queen answered by a gentle wave of the hand, inviting us to draw near to the table at which she was standing. She gave each of us her hand to kiss, and then entered into conversation with us, saying that she had seen the presentation copy of Benvenuto's Commentary lying on the King's table; but, as that copy was to go to the Royal Library at Turin, and her examination of the book led her to wish to possess a copy herself, she had sent to buy one. Sir James told her that I was *un poco sordo*, but spoke Italian. (The Queen began speaking to me in beautiful English, but afterwards changed into Italian.) Her Majesty did me the honour to say that I spoke it well. I replied that I had been trying to learn it for forty-three years, but, now that I had to speak to Her Majesty, I realised how difficult it was. The Benvenuto was then presented in its five paper volumes, but, when the Queen heard that they were to be sent to London to be bound, she demurred very much; on which we explained that we had also brought with us a small-paper copy for Her Majesty's use while the large-paper copy was away, if she would do us the honour of accepting it. She graciously consented with the words: "*Tropo gentilezza!*" She asked several questions about the Commentary. The audience lasted about a quarter of an hour, and there was no other person in the room; Lacaita and I came away delighted and gratified at Her Majesty's gracious condescension towards us.

On July 5th I received at Monen from the King's Librarian at Turin, Cav. Vincenzo Promis, King Humbert's present to me of the Commentary on the *Divina Commedia* by Stefano Talice da Ricaldone. It was a large handsome folio book in a parchment cover, with the Arms of Savoy stamped

upon it.¹ Professor Promis, who edited the work, fully admits in his preface that Talice took so much from Benvenuto that the former is really almost a compendium of the latter, and further agrees that the Commentary of Benvenuto is perhaps the best that ever was written.

On October 18th dear Arnold was born. His godfathers were Colonel the Honourable William Edward Sackville-West and Sir Arnold White. His godmother was Annie's sister Isabella, Lady Dunbar. His name came from a fine picture we had of Sir Arnold Warren of Thorpe Arnold (knighted in 1632), and the fact that one of his godfathers was named Arnold was a coincidence, for he was really named after his ancestor.

The beginning of 1888 found us again at Florence. During the month of March, H.M. Queen Victoria came to pass a month at Villa Palmieri, which had been lent to her by the Dowager Lady Crawford. Shortly before the time when the Queen was expected, I received a visit from the British chaplain, Mr. Loftus Tottenham, telling me that he was much concerned to find that a certain set of English, not in the very least representative of the principal residents and tradesmen of Florence, were taking upon themselves to prepare certain festivities, including a "Reception of Her Majesty at the Railway Station," all of which Mr. Tottenham was assured would be in the highest degree distasteful to the Queen. He asked me if I would invite the really representative British residents and tradesmen to hold a meeting at my house on the following day. To this I at once agreed, and the meeting was a great success. My friend Colonel Sir Walter Spencer-Stanhope, K.C.B., presided. The first resolution was proposed by Lord St. Cyres, and seconded by Mr. Roberts of the British Pharmacy, to the effect that the Queen's well-known desire for privacy should be scrupulously respected; and a committee was formed, which included Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., Sir John Innes, Mr. Tottenham, myself and others, and instructed to ask permission to present a loyal address to Her Majesty from her subjects resident in Florence, at a time to be determined by herself. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who was one of the greatest authorities on book bindings,

¹ On my arrival in London at the end of August I had the book magnificently bound by Bedford in russet morocco. It is the most handsome binding I ever possessed.

of which he had a stupendous collection, superintended the manufacture of the beautiful volume in which the address was to be bound. The leaves were of vellum, ruled for twenty signatures on each folio page. Ten pages in a portfolio were given to different members of the Committee, and, fortified by Her Majesty's gracious permission courteously conveyed to us by Sir Henry Ponsonby, we set to work at once to obtain the signatures of all the British residents at Florence. I think the number obtained was 1,080. The leaves were then bound as a large folio volume in a sumptuous binding of parchment and gold, the first page being ornamented with beautiful illuminations by the distinguished miniature painter, Signor Riccardo Meacci. I was one of a deputation of five who had the honour of presenting the address to the Queen, and Her Majesty was graciously pleased to express her admiration of the beautiful volume. Not long after this, Annie and I were summoned to an evening reception by Her Majesty at Villa Palmieri. While I was there, Sir Henry Ponsonby told me that he was commanded by the Queen to thank me for the splendidly bound copy of *Benvenuto da Imola* which Her Majesty had graciously allowed me to present to her.

When the Queen first arrived, Lady Crawford asked me if I could have a programme arranged of the best drives round Florence for her to take. I was fortunate enough to be recommended to a very competent expert, and, before many days had passed, I was able to hand to Lady Crawford a neat little portfolio enumerating the most attractive drives and excursions for Her Majesty, with a certain amount of descriptive matter attached to each.

During this spring I gave a conjuring performance in our large drawing-room one evening—and, amongst other illusions, performed the trick of "The Vanishing Lady." It succeeded perfectly, but it is too difficult a trick to execute except on a regular stage, so, after performing it successfully on that one occasion, I gave the apparatus away. We had an audience of eighty people. My Dante studies, however, absorbed too much of my time for me to have much leisure for conjuring, and in fact, now that I had settled to publish my *Readings on the Purgatorio*, we came to the conclusion that it would be best for us to cease our residence at Florence, and settle down at our house, 34 Grosvenor Place, for the winter. We therefore instructed

our man of business to try to secure us a tenant for the ensuing winter.

Towards the end of April, I was asked to be one of the four representatives whom the University of Oxford would send to the celebration at Bologna of the Octocentenary of that ancient University. Oxford's chief representatives were Professor Erskine Holland and Mr. John Addington Symonds; but, as my friend Roddam Spencer-Stanhope, the distinguished painter, and I, a student of Dante, were M.A.'s of Oxford living at Florence, our names were added to the delegation. Mr. Addington Symonds was prevented by illness from being present, but not one of the 400 delegates at Bologna was of higher distinction than Professor Thomas Erskine Holland. Besides being at that time, or afterwards, a Q.C. and a D.C.L., he was Professor of International Law and Diplomacy, a Commendatore of the Corona d'Italia, Grand Commander of the Rising Sun of Japan, and a recipient of orders and honours from nearly every country in Europe, excepting his own.

I have no space here to write at great length a description of this memorable week at Bologna, but I commend to my readers Professor Erskine Holland's own description of it.¹ Professor Erskine Holland writes :

"The celebration of the eighth centenary of the University of Bologna . . . as a spectacle will remain an ineffaceable vision of gorgeous colouring, stately architecture, representative notabilities, and youthful enthusiasm. As an historical event, it stands apart even in an age of centenaries, as possessing a significance the fulness of which no single observer can possibly exhaust. The national character of the festival in honour of the mother of all Italian Universities was emphasised by the presence of the King and Queen of reunited Italy; while its international importance was attested by the part taken in it by the ambassadors of Germany, Spain, and Portugal, by congratulatory telegrams from the sovereigns of several other States, and by addresses and deputations from learned bodies in every quarter of the civilised globe."

Professor Erskine Holland goes on to explain that it was

¹ See in *Macmillan's Magazine* for September 1888 an article by T. E. Holland entitled "The Centenary of Bologna University."

from Bologna that "Europe received the priceless gift of the Civil Law." The preparations for this great celebration began in 1886, when King Humbert consented to assume the title of "Protector of the University." In December 1887 letters were sent out to all the Universities of the world, inviting them to send delegates to share in the rejoicings.

The miles of continuous arcades in the streets of Bologna had for me an especial significance, for it was known that under them Benvenuto da Imola used to assemble his numerous class of Dante students, to listen to that marvellous exposition of the *Divina Commedia* delivered by him in quaint and distinctly non-Ciceronic, popular Latin, which eventually became the famous Commentary which I was the unworthy means of enabling Sir James Lacaita, who edited it, to publish to the world.

On June 11th, Roddy Spencer-Stanhope and I reached Bologna at 11 a.m., and were very courteously received at the railway station by members of the reception committee. Amongst those who met me on the platform was old Professor Crescentino Giannini, who had done for the Pisan Commentary of Francesco da Buti what Lacaita had done for the Bolognese Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola. Old Giannini immediately kissed me on both cheeks, and, had Roddy Stanhope had anything to do with Dante, he would beyond doubt have had to submit to the same ordeal. He looked much alarmed notwithstanding!

We were invited by the reception committee to go to the unveiling by the King of the bronze equestrian statue of King Victor Emmanuel in the great Piazza at 5 p.m., and we also were bidden to a royal reception at 10 p.m. of the foreign delegates in the Palazzo del Municipio, where the King and Queen were staying. They charmed everybody by their grace and kindly condescension to all.

Roddy and I were lodged at the Hôtel Brun, which turned out to be the *rendezvous* of the British, American, and Scandinavian delegates. Here we met our distinguished colleague, Professor Erskine Holland, and at dinner a number of English-speaking scholars, among whom were my old Christ Church friend Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. Doc. Edinburgh; Professor Ramsay, Aberdeen; Professor Fergusson, Glasgow; Professor Knight, St. Andrew's; Professor Jebb, Cambridge; Mr. Stillman, the *Times*

correspondent; and one whom above all I was glad to meet, Professor James Russell Lowell, of Harvard, U.S.A., the intimate friend of Charles Eliot Norton, a distinguished poet, and one of the first Dantists in America. Roddy Stanhope and I were vexed at the mistranslation into Italian of our University status (as sent *in Latin* from Oxford), "*Ex Æde Christi*," i.e. of Christ Church. The official list described us as "*della Chiesa Cristiana*," giving the impression that we were clergy of the Anglican Church or of some sect out of the many that prevail in England! We had to encounter a good deal of chaff.

Before going to the Court reception, we attended a meeting summoned by the Rettore Magnifico, Professor Capellini, at which to decide what personages were to make speeches for the different nationalities on the following day at the *Arciginnasio*. It having been decided that we British subjects could only elect one speaker for the whole, we held a private meeting, where Erskine Holland, in very temperate language, claimed that, as representing the senior University, he ought to be the speaker. But it was otherwise decided, because Professor Jebb, of Cambridge, held the post there of Public Orator, and, on that ground alone, he was elected to speak for the United Kingdom. It proved to be a most unfortunate decision, and by none more regretted afterwards than by the majority who had influenced it. Had we been represented by Professor Erskine Holland, it would have been very different. He was a very fine speaker, with a clear resonant voice; every word that he uttered was characterised by extreme lucidity; and, above all, being accustomed to talk Latin with Italian lawyers, his pronunciation would have been intelligible to the great majority of the delegates present.

On Tuesday the 12th, the great day of the Festival, we were up at five, had breakfast at seven, and at 7.30 we all assembled in the *cortile* of the University with what Erskine Holland describes as a "babel of strange tongues and kaleidoscopic effects of astounding official costumes." I thought the yellow silk and ermine of the Professors of the Sorbonne the most striking of all. We were arranged under our respective nationalities, and at nine the great procession started. First walked the delegates of something like twenty Italian Universities. Then "in alphabetical order of countries, and in each country in alphabetical order of

Universities, marched the representatives of foreign learning. Last came the full teaching staff of the University of Bologna, with their banner bearing the proud device *Alma Mater Studiorum.*" In the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, the royal party saluted our progress from a balcony of the Palazzo Municipale. As we passed along Via Farini, ladies in the balconies showered leaves of oak and bay upon our heads.

During the progress of the procession, a very remarkable little incident occurred connected with Dante, which Erskine Holland and I have often discussed since. In Canto XXXI of the *Inferno*, lines 136-141, Dante describes how the Giant Antæus, having taken up him and Virgil in his hands, was about to lower them down upon the ice of Cocytus, and, as the Poet looks up at the huge monster bending over him, he is reminded of a phenomenon that may not infrequently be seen by any person who has stayed either at Bologna or Pisa. For, if one stands under one of the leaning towers with its inclined side towering above one, should a cloud pass over the summit *going the opposite way*, the tower seems to totter as though about to fall upon the observer.

In my own work, *Readings on the Inferno of Dante*, 2nd edition (Methuen), London, 1906, vol. ii., p. 557, in a footnote I wrote as follows :

" An instance of this phenomenon occurred to the present writer, when in June 1888 he attended the Octocentenary celebration of the University of Bologna as one of the Delegates of the University of Oxford. During the procession through the streets of Bologna of the representatives of the different Universities of the world, a pause occurred just when the Oxford Delegates were under the inclined side of the Tower of Carisenda. The sky was one uniform expanse of blue, and not a cloud was visible. While the writer was describing to his companion, Professor Erskine Holland, the simile mentioned by Dante in this Canto, the phenomenon actually occurred. A white cloud came up behind the procession, and passed exactly as described by Dante. The lofty Tower appeared about to fall upon those beneath. Benvenuto states as a fact that Dante had witnessed the occurrence when as a young man he was a student at Bologna." ¹

¹ The following is my own translation of Dante's words: " Such as

The procession then turned into the *cortile* of the Arcignasio, which, being covered by a thick awning, had been converted for the occasion into a vast hall. Thrones and seats had been prepared for the royal party, the Ambassadors, and the Minister of Public Instruction, and seats had been reserved on their right for the foreign delegates. Several important speeches were made, the principal one being delivered from the tribune by the great poet Carducci, who uttered an historical oration, which, though it lasted an hour, was listened to with rapt attention. His well-known, almost Republican, Radicalism was tempered with affectionate loyalty to the King and Queen, and to the House of Savoy. The King afterwards sent him the Grand Cross of the Corona d'Italia.

Then, in alphabetical order of countries, the delegates advanced in groups to lay at the foot of the throne the addresses from their respective Universities. I can hardly describe the pain and humiliation we Oxford delegates felt at the sorry part we had to play in public, and when we contrasted the magnificent caskets that contained the French and other addresses with the miserable little sheet of blue foolscap from the great University of Oxford.¹ I must use Erskine Holland's own words to describe what then followed :

"The proceedings were brought to a conclusion about 1 p.m. with a Latin speech to the delegates, spoken by Professor Gandino as I have never heard Latin spoken before. Looking round him with quiet mastery of his apparently improvised chain of thought, he rolled out his mellifluous periods in what one forgot was a dead language."

I was much exhausted after this great function, as I had had no food all day except bread-and-butter at 7.30. At

the Carisenda seems to one's view beneath the leaning side, when a cloud is going over it in such wise that it (the tower) hangs over in the contrary direction; such did Antæus seem to me, as I stood on the watch to see him stoop, and it was a moment when I could have wished to go by another road."

¹ Writing to me on January 13th, 1914, Professor Erskine Holland says :

"In passing through Bologna a few years ago, we were taken by Prof. Brini to the 'Museo Comunale,' where I saw with renewed shame the address of Oxford. Certain authorities of that day disliked, I think, fraternisation with foreign Universities. Things are now different, and I have had the pleasure of presenting some quite handsome addresses."

6 p.m. we (the delegates) were entertained at a magnificent banquet in the Borsa. About 400 sat down. I sat opposite to Cavalier Franchetti, who asked me to let him have a copy of my four cantos of the *Purgatorio* (twenty-five copies printed privately as an experiment), of which he had heard from Professor Villari, at whose house he had seen the book. I told him that I complied willingly, as I knew that he collected everything on Dante, good, bad, and indifferent, but that it was to be distinctly understood that this was an uncorrected piece of work.

After dinner we all went to a performance of Wagner's *Tristano e Isotta* at the Opera, for which we had been provided with tickets gratis.

On the 13th we were back in the Arciginnasio at 9 a.m., where honorary degrees were conferred in the presence of the King, Queen, and Prince of Naples.

There is at Bologna one college—the Spanish¹—which is organised just like a college in England. During this afternoon Holland conducted Stanhope and me to see it. It is inhabited by young Spanish students of the highest rank. I have by me, as I write this, the cards of the young men who very kindly showed us their rooms:

- (1) Don Rodrigo de Figueroa (who spoke English).
- (2) Marques de San Rafael, Conde de Tolo, Visconde de Mindanao.
- (3) Don Vicente Gutierrez de Aguiera y Bayo.
- (4) Don Alfonso Vilanova y Pizcueta.

These Spanish students wore black silk gowns with purple hoods, knee breeches, black silk stockings, and gold buckles on their shoes. They were extremely kind and courteous. We talked about the great Spanish orator Castelar, for whom they had the highest admiration.

We left Florence at the end of June, passed the summer at Dinard, and returned to England in September.

¹ Mr. Edward Armstrong (now pro-Provost of Queen's College, Oxford) had written a very interesting account of it about three months before our visit to Bologna. See *Macmillan's Magazine*, March 1888.

CHAPTER XI

READINGS ON THE *DIVINA COMMEDIA*—THE ACCADEMIA DELLA CRUSCA—LATER LIFE—QUEEN MARGHERITA (1889—1909)

I WAS continually engaged during the year 1889 in correcting the proofs of the first edition of my *Readings on the Purgatorio*, which were published and issued early in November.

During this period, and indeed for many years, I was a constant visitor at the Athenæum, where I usually spent my mornings in what are known as the North or the South Library. Here I found delightful opportunities for work. The studious atmosphere of the large and comfortable rooms, and facilities of the extensive and well-ordered library, admirably equipped with all kinds of books of reference, ancient and modern, and the help I always received from the officials and attendants made it a very convenient and agreeable literary workshop.

Members of the Athenæum will remember the ever-ready courtesy of the library attendant, Mr. Brockliss, who filled that office for thirty years.

The library of the Athenæum has been for eighty or ninety years the resort of the most famous scholars of the country, and I was glad to pursue my labours in rooms hallowed by so many learned recollections.

And, while I speak of the Athenæum Club, I must especially record my deep gratitude to the moving spirit in it; I mean its learned secretary and librarian, Mr. Henry R. Tedder, who, throughout the many years I worked there, never failed to give me advice, help, and encouragement, and whom I am proud to number among my dearest friends. His abundant stores of erudition and his vast literary experience were at all times freely bestowed upon me, and I should be ungrateful indeed, were I not here to testify

my unfeigned sense of obligation for the truly valuable gift he made me of the revision of my books, for which I can only offer him my life-long thanks.

My thoughts were almost entirely engrossed with the publication of my book, reading and correcting my proofs, and preparing my preface. The Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Church) did me the kindness to write a most beautiful introduction to the work, and it was generally considered to be a piece of his finest writing by those who knew it best.

As the five years' lease of our apartment in Palazzo Canigiani at Florence was now drawing to a close, we determined not to renew it, but to go back to Florence in the spring, pack up, send home all that we wished to retain, and sell the rest. About March 20th we started in a P. and O. steamer called the *Khedive* for Naples. The *Khedive* was distinctly an old-fashioned boat, with the saloon and cabins astern, and not at all comfortable. On the 25th we reached Gibraltar, and, as we had a great wish to land, we called a boat; but it was neither an easy nor a very safe proceeding for a lady, for there was such a tremendous ground swell that the boat fell several feet lower than one expected, if one was not very quick to take the exact moment to jump in. However, we managed to land, got a carriage, drove through the town, walked in the Alameda Gardens, and went on board again. The old battleship *Northumberland* was lying in the harbour, and, as I sat on a bench on the deck of the *Khedive*, I described to Annie how I had last seen her at Thronthjem in 1873 at the time of King Oscar's Coronation, when I knew Captain Alexander who commanded her, and who had kindly asked me to dine with him. The next day we got into conversation with a young bride and bridegroom who had joined the ship at Gibraltar, Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby Westbury Bethell, he being a grandson of the ex-Lord Chancellor, Lord Westbury. Young Mrs. Bethell said to me: "I could not help listening with great interest yesterday to what you were telling Mrs. Vernon about the *Northumberland* at Thronthjem, for Captain Alexander is my father!" We then made friends, and, after our arrival at Naples on the 29th, I can remember our having luncheon all together at some restaurant. We never met them again.

At Naples we took up our abode at the Hôtel Nobile

on the new Corso Vittorio Emanuele, which I had never seen before. We were visited here by Lacaita's two nephews, Alberigo Lopiccoli and Enrico Guerritore Broya (now Deputy for Nocera Inferiore), who were two out of the twelve Syndics of the enormous City of Naples. They both dined with us at the hotel, and Guerritore accompanied us on several sight-seeing expeditions, being most kind and agreeable. At church one morning I met Lord and Lady Clinton (he was my old Eton and Christ Church friend, Charles Trefusis). I also met Sir Bruce and Lady Seton. We paid several visits to the wonderful Aquarium in the Giardino Nazionale (late Villa Reale), and were horrified though interested to witness the feeding of a disgusting octopus. We also paid a long visit to Pompeii, the excavations in which had made marvellous progress and had been conducted on a better system since I had last been there. In the modern excavations the *scoriae* are so carefully removed by hand that several balconies and first floors are to be seen intact, which was never the case a few years back.

On April 3rd we went to Sorrento to the beautifully situated Hôtel Tramontano; on the 7th to the Hôtel Quisisana at Castellamare. We met here Mr. Gathorne-Hardy (a son of the Earl of Cranbrook) and his wife. Travelling with them was a niece of Mr. Gladstone's, a daughter of his brother Captain Gladstone and a strong Conservative, and it was pleasant to be able to discuss political matters with nice people whose politics were wholly in sympathy with our own. I had met Miss Gladstone at Betteshanger some years before, and had had the pleasure of including her in several groups that I photographed.

We left Naples on the night of April 11th, and went to Florence, where Lacaita had most kindly lent us his apartment, 34 Viale Principe Amedeo. For many days I suffered acute pain from a violent attack of sciatica, caused by my having walked about the cold *scagliola* floor of my bedroom at Naples with naked feet. However, I got well at last, and saw our friends: the Murrays, the Scotts, the Spencer-Stanhopes, the Schiavonis, dear Lady Crawford and her daughters; and Professor and Signora Villari. We now began to pull all our pretty rooms to pieces. Some of the things we sent to Grosvenor Place, some to Norway, some we gave away, and the rest we sold. Mr. Humbert, the

shipping and house agent, acted for us, and we were well satisfied at the result. We were back in London on May 7th.

On November 6th and 7th I had had two most kind and friendly letters from the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Church), speaking appreciatively of Dr. Scartazzini's works on Dante, and also commending Witte's text of Dante, as far as it went. (Dr. Moore's *Oxford Dante* had not yet been published.) I was much shocked on December 9th (1890) to read in the evening papers that the Dean had died that morning at 21 Marine Parade, Dover, where, as his letter of November 6th told me, he had gone "to get out of London for the winter." He had suffered greatly from asthma. His was a great inward personality concealed beneath an extremely modest demeanour. He might have been the most exalted subject in the kingdom, having a short time before refused the Archbishopric of Canterbury, an almost unique instance of that great dignity having been offered to any clergyman not of episcopal rank. His celebrated *Essay on Dante* is of world-wide fame, and his other works retain their high reputation. He was one of the first promoters of the Tractarian Movement, and among his most intimate friends were John Keble, Dr. Pusey, Cardinal Newman, and Cardinal Manning. *The Pall Mall Gazette* in its obituary notice of him said :

"One of the last papers on the poet (Dante) from the Dean's pen was a kindly and appreciative introduction to the Honourable W. Vernon's *Readings on the Purgatorio*, which were published last year."

In September 1891 I saw Sir James Lacaïta a good deal during the fortnight before he left for Italy, and he quite endorsed Dr. Moore's advice to me, to begin writing the *Readings on the Paradiso* as soon as I should have finished the *Inferno* and the second edition of the *Purgatorio*. I eventually published the *Inferno* in 1894, the *Purgatorio*, second edition, in 1897, and the *Paradiso* in 1900.

On June 22nd, 1892, I went up to Oxford for the *Encaenia*. There was a *fête* in the gardens of Worcester, and I had tea with the Moores, and dined at the Gaudy dinner in Christ Church. At this dinner Sir Michael Hicks Beach returned thanks for Her Majesty's Ministers. It was pretty well

understood that Lord Salisbury's Government would be turned out, and Mr. Gladstone come in, at the impending General Election. Beach (who had been my fag at Eton) made an excellent speech suitable to an audience of varying political opinions. He said that it must be a matter of congratulation to every member of this House (Christ Church men always call Christ Church "The House," from *Ædes Christi*, the Church or House of Christ) that, whatever might be the outcome of the impending General Election, the next Prime Minister, whether Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone, would be a Christ Church man. And if the latter—and he turned to the Dean with a low bow—then, on behalf of his colleagues and himself, he would say: "*Moriturus te salutant.*"

During the summer of 1892 I took Annie for a cure at Franzensbad, which was very beneficial to her health. I myself did in like manner at Carlsbad. In the middle of August we both went to Ragatz for our after-cure, and stayed there until September 15th. On our way home to England, we stopped at Baden in Switzerland, and from there on the 16th I drove twenty miles to Fahrwangen in the Canton Aargau, to pay a visit to the great Dantist Dr. Scartazzini. He and I had been friends by interchange of letters for some years, but now met in the flesh for the first time. He gave me a singularly warm and cordial welcome, and gave me as a record of the day the marvellously written MS. of the *Prolegomena* to his Dante Commentary. His beautiful caligraphy aroused the warm admiration of Mr. Frederic Harrison, when I returned to England. I had the volume finely bound by Cross, the King's book-binder, and it is now among those books of my Dante Library which I bestowed upon the Athenæum Club.

On April 22nd in the following year (1893) 1,200 Irish Unionist delegates from Leinster, Munster, and Connaught arrived in London, to demonstrate to the people of England that hatred and abhorrence to Home Rule was not confined to Ulster. We had volunteered to receive two in our house; they were Mr. Tuckey, hon. sec. of the Unionist Club at Mallow, and Mr. Ronaine, gentleman farmer near Mallow (co. Limerick). They stayed with us until the 25th.

On August 18th I heard the sad news of the death of my dear old friend and solicitor, Sir Arnold White. I had the greatest love and affection for him, and he fully requited

it to me. He never recovered from his wife's death, but went slowly downhill and followed her. His nephew and professional successor, Sir Henry A. White, C.V.O., was the adopted son of his good uncle and aunt, and, for the last twenty-one years, has been as dearly a loved friend of mine as was his uncle.

It was during August also that I heard from the Marchesa Francesca Frescobaldi of the death of her nephew Dino, for whom I had much affection and regard. He was greatly beloved in the district of the Mugello by people of every class. His aunt (*née* Miss Hay) told me that his death had blighted the rest of her life. I never feel that I can quite forgive the treatment he met with in England.

While paying a visit to the Moores at St. Edmund Hall in the November of this year (1893), I attended a meeting of the Oxford Dante Society at Corpus in the rooms of the Rev. Charles Plummer, who read a most interesting paper on "The Pathos of Dante." It was here that I made the acquaintance of Dr. Paget Toynbee, one of the three greatest Dante scholars that England has produced—the other two being my old friend Dr. Moore and my friend of more recent years Dr. Edmund G. Gardner. From that day my acquaintance with Paget Toynbee ripened into warm friendship, and most happy was the intercourse that my wife and I had with him and his charming wife, as learned as she was beautiful, until his bereavement left his home shadowed and desolate.

During a visit to Sudbury in September 1894, Lacaita told me that he was in correspondence with certain influential literary authorities at Florence, and that it had been agreed that, with the King's permission, I should be nominated an *Accademico Corrispondente della Crusca*. There are only forty-two Academicians, of whom twelve are *Accademici Residenti*, and thirty, without respect to nationality, *Accademici Corrispondenti*. If there was one success to which I remotely aspired in my Italian literary studies, it was that at some distant day I might attain this great distinction. There had been four previous English members during the nineteenth century: Sir William Roscoe, 1824; George Lord Vernon (my father), 1847; Sir John Kingston James, 1875; the Rt. Honourable W. E. Gladstone, 1893. In the present century Dr. Edward Moore has been deservedly added to the list (1906). No appointment to the *Accademia*

Sir H. Austin
Lee,
K.C.M.G.

Hon. Mrs.
W. F. C.
Vernon.

Hon.
W. F. C.
Vernon.

Hon.
W. Warren
Vernon.

Miss Major.



George
Francis,
8th Lord
Vernon.

George W.
Henry,
7th Lord
Vernon.

Francis Wm.
9th Lord
Vernon,
Lieut. R.N.

Wm. Vernon
(killed in
action,
1916).

M. Maurice
Duval.

Hon.
Fannie
Vernon.

FAMILY GROUP AT SADBURY (1894)

della Crusca can be made without the special permission of the King of Italy.

On September 27th I saw Lacaita off to Italy from Victoria in charge of a sick-nurse. It was the last time I ever saw my dear old friend, for he died at Posilipo on January 4th, 1895. The *Dictionary of National Biography* says of him :

“ During forty-five years his life and interests were divided between this country and Italy ; in the one a polished Englishman, in the other a vivacious Neapolitan and a conscientious landowner. He was a notable Dante scholar, an excellent bibliographer, a man of wide reading and intellectual sympathy, of great social tact and goodness of heart.”¹

To me it was a terrible loss, and one that left a great blank in my life.

It was a subject of much regret to me that Lacaita did not live to know of my becoming an *Accademico Corrispondente della Crusca*. On January 24th, just three weeks after his death, I was unofficially informed of my election and of its approval by King Humbert. A notice of the names of the new members elected, including mine, appeared at Florence in the *Nazione* of January 30th, 1895. The official notice of my election was dated March 29th, and received by me on April 1st, my birthday of sixty-one. I received on February 14th the gratifying intelligence that my *Readings on the Inferno* had met with high commendation from the official Academicians of La Crusca, and especially from Professors Rigutini and Tabarrini.

I was informed that, as a newly elected member, it was my duty to write a letter to every single member of the *Accademia della Crusca*, namely, to the twelve *Accademici Residenti* and to the other twenty-nine *Accademici Corrispondenti*. Among the latter was the great poet Giosuè Carducci, from whom I received the following charming letter in reply :

“ ILLUSTRE SIGNORE,

“ Alla graziosissima Sua dei 4 Aprile rispondo, per cagioni che sarebbe inutile discorrere, un po' tardi : ma—meglio tardi che mai—dice un proverbio toscano. Sono molto contento della buona memoria ch'Ella serba di me,

¹ This article (as I have already said) was written by Mr. H. R. Tedder.

e mi sento onorato dell' esserle collega. V.S. porta un nome molto amato in Italia dai cultori delle buone lettere, Ella stessa essendo dotto ed amabile.

" Con rispetto La riverisco e saluto.

" dev.

" GIOSUE CARDUCCI."

Among the others I heard from Cardinal Capecepatro, Archbishop of Capua, who, in the Conclave of 1903, was among the few cardinals looked upon as a possible successor to Leo XIII. Mr. Gladstone was one of the corresponding members, and I sent a formal letter to him, as to all the others. From him alone I got no reply.

On June 24th we heard the news that Lord Rosebery's Ministry had been defeated, and on the 26th Lord Salisbury's (third) Ministry was announced. This was followed by a General Election, and on July 30th it was found that the Unionists had a majority of 152 in the House of Commons. All good Unionists now took it for granted that our new Ministers would at once deal with the under-representation of England and the over-representation of Ireland in Parliament; but nothing was done, and, to the shame of the Unionist leaders be it spoken, when they were turned out of office in 1905, this disproportion of electoral bodies had never been rectified. There were many of the rank and file of the Unionist Party like myself, who ceased to have any confidence in our leaders, and, although I continued to vote at every election for Unionism, I have felt ever since that the sole blame for the despotic tyranny to which England has been subjected from 1906 to 1914 is due to the apathy of the last Unionist Ministry.

On September 8th I had a very kind letter from the great Dante scholar, Dr. Scartazzini, wishing to dedicate to me his last new Commentary on the *Divina Commedia*.

In October 1895 I paid a visit to Florence and stayed there for four weeks. On my way I travelled by Bâle to Wohlen in the Canton Aargau, and here I was met by Dr. Scartazzini, who drove me to his house at Fahrwangen, where I dined and slept. I had a delightful talk with him on Dante matters, and nothing could be kinder than he and his wife were to me. I was for the first fortnight of my month at Florence the guest of Roddy and Mrs. Spencer-Stanhope at Villa Nuti.

While at Florence I met for the last time my dear old friends General Sir Arthur and Lady Fremantle, who, with his brother-in-law and sister General Julian and Mrs. Hall, were staying at the Hôtel Minerva. All four have since passed away. Sir Arthur met me with his old friendly cordiality, and brought back a pleasant memory to me of all the years that we had worked together among the poor in St. Giles's, and on the Board of Guardians in St. George's, Hanover Square. He was now Governor of Malta, and, on the day I saw him (October 13th), he and Lady Fremantle started to return there.

On October 16th I left my hospitable hosts at Villa Nuti and came down to Florence to stay with our friends the three Miss Murrays, where for another fortnight I enjoyed equal kindness and hospitality. During October not many people had as yet come back to Florence from their summer holidays, but I received an intimation that the *Arciconsolo della Crusca*, Professor Augusto Conti, and the *Accademico Segretario*, Professor Fausto Lasinio, would, on October 23rd, come specially to Florence, and receive me at the Accademia, which was then at San Marco in the old monastery, but has since been transferred to the Palazzo Riccardi. They treated me with a mixture of fatherly and brotherly kindness and cordiality which was very charming. The very porter took me under his protection immediately, taking down from the wall a glass frame in which he showed me my name inscribed among the *Accademici Corrispondenti*. This frame, and another with the names of the twelve resident Academicians, were hanging right and left of the King's bust in the *Sala d'Udienza*. The *Arciconsolo* and the Secretary showed me all over the premises, which were very extensive, and were the furthest of the courts of the old convent. I saw all the studies in which the work was being carried out for the compilation of the great vocabulary of the Italian language. While I was at Florence, I was informed by Barbèra that the Minister of Public Instruction, Commendator Baccelli, was about to confer upon me the Order of San Maurizio e Lazzaro, and I received the formal notice of my appointment on November 30th. The Minister did me the further honour of giving me the insignia himself as a gift, for, as a rule, newly appointed *cavalieri* have to buy their insignia.

I spent a delightful time with the Miss Murrays. During

the time that I lived in Palazzo Canigiani before 1884, as a widower, they had been like sisters to me; I used very often to pass my evenings with them, and, when I married, Annie also shared my affection for them. Not one of them is alive now in 1917.

I took leave of Florence (which I have never seen since), and of all my dear friends there, on the afternoon of November 30th, travelling back by Milan and the St. Gothard. On the Calais boat I met my old Eton friend, Stewart Sutherland. Landing at Dover, I found Annie, May, and Arnold awaiting me on the Admiralty Pier. We had taken rooms at 19 Waterloo Crescent for the winter, and were very comfortable there.

We went up to our home in London, brought to Dover all the things we wanted to make ourselves comfortable, and settled down very satisfactorily.

I was continually engaged for long hours during the spring of 1896 at the Athenæum, revising my proofs of the *Purgatorio* (second edition) and writing my new book, *Readings on the Paradiso*. I began this on March 26th this year (1896), and finished my writing of it on August 5th, 1899, *i.e.* three and a half years, but it was very difficult work and could not be hurried. What Mr. Tedder's kind help was to me from day to day, both in revising my proofs of the *Purgatorio* and in keeping an eye on my *Paradiso* work, it is impossible for me to testify too strongly. Also, every time I finished a canto, I was allowed to send it to Dr. Moore at Oxford, who would send me pages of thoughtful criticisms and suggestions.

One day during the summer of 1896, while I was in Norway, I was accosted in the streets of Christiansand by a big, burly, middle-aged woman dressed in the Saetersdal costume, with short skirts to the knee. She began asking me her way to some street or other, whereupon I took out my ear-trumpet, and said to her in Norwegian: "Thou must speak into that, for I am quite deaf." For a second she looked at me as though half paralysed, with her eyes starting out of her head. Then, throwing out her arms as though to protect herself from a pistol, she uttered a piercing scream, and tore down the street, and I could see her thick legs and wooden soles clattering over the cobble stones until she disappeared round the nearest corner.

On July 27th, 1897, I received from the Marchesa di Villamarina the following highly gratifying letter :

[TRANSLATION]

“ ROME, CASA DI SUA MAESTÀ LA REGINA,
“ July 19th, 1897.

“ ONOREVOLISSIMO SIGNORE,

“ The reading of your preceding work on the *Inferno* of Dante was a source of so much intellectual enjoyment for Her Majesty the Queen, that in her August Mind there remained the most keen desire to see completed by you a similar study also of the other two parts of the Divine Poem.

“ You can therefore well understand with what sincere enjoyment have been received by Her Majesty the two volumes of *Readings on the Purgatorio* (second edition), wherein, with the unrivalled attractiveness of exposition, and with the profound critical acumen recognised in you by every one, you bring to light the most hidden beauties of that *Cantica* and make your fellow-countrymen enjoy them.

“ My August Sovereign Lady, very highly delighted with a presentation so valuable and so in conformity with those charming expressions of deference and of sympathy of which Her Majesty had already once before received the proof from you, Sir, desires that her most vivid thanks should be communicated to you, together with the renewed expression of commendation which the work undertaken by you so justly deserves.

“ Always happy to fulfil the Royal wishes, it is all the more a pleasing duty to me on this occasion, because it gives me the pleasure of repeating to you, Onorevolissimo Signore, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

“ La Dama d'Onore di Sua Maestà,

“ (Signed) MARCHESA DI VILLAMARINA.”

My first edition of *Readings on the Purgatorio*, presented to the Queen in 1889, was somewhat crude, and it was only in my first edition of the *Inferno*, presented to Her Majesty in 1894, that I fully developed the plan and structure of each page, which I continued in all my subsequent publications : namely, of printing the translation and commentary in

different types, and of indenting the translation so that it looked narrower on the page than the commentary.

While we were in Norway, in May 1898, we heard the news of Mr. Gladstone's death.

Writing this in 1914, I cannot refrain from reflecting on the immense legacy of mischief which that learned but, as I think, wrong-headed man bequeathed to his country. It was a true remark that Lord Palmerston made about him during the last year of his life: "As long as I am alive, I can restrain Gladstone within due bounds, but, when I am gone, you will see strange things!"

This was our last season in Norway.

During the summer of 1896 Annie and I had agreed together that, on our finally leaving Mønen in September 1898, we should offer our house to the parish of Holme as a gift to become its new parsonage, and Praest Daae (pronounced like the English word "dough") had gratefully signified to us his acceptance of our offer. On July 4th Dr. Heuch, Bishop of Christiansand, Provst and Fru Kierulf of Mandal, and Praest and Fru Daae of Holme dined with us, and after dinner the Bishop openly thanked us for the gift of our house to the Norwegian Church. Later on in July I had a visit from the Bishop and the Consul, and they informed me that a general petition from the inhabitants of the Mandal valley had been sent through the Bishop to King Oscar, praying him that he would confer on me the dignity of a Knight of St. Olaf.

I worked hard all this time, whenever I had the opportunity, at *Readings on the Paradiso*, and, when we left Norway, I was in the middle of Canto XXIII.¹

On July 25th Consul and Mrs. Andorsen dined with us, and he communicated to me the wish of certain friends of ours among the people to come on the 28th to present us with a testimonial. On the 28th at 5.30 we received twenty-one friends, including many of the peasant farmers, the consul, and the priest, who had subscribed to give us a service of Norwegian silver spoons and forks in a handsome case—and Consul Andorsen spoke an extempore address in which some very kind things were said about Annie and

¹ About this time I finished reading *Dante's Ten Heavens*, by Edmund G. Gardner, of which I have recorded in my small diary: "a great work, of the highest merit." How little did I foresee, when writing those words in 1898, what a great friend of mine E. G. Gardner would become, and that he would be the reviser of these *Recollections*!

me, about our children, and about George Elliot (Doddy). One farmer sent me a photograph of his farm in a gilt frame.

On August 1st we received a second presentation from about half a dozen other peasant farmers and their wives, who were such Radical stalwarts that they would not join in the first presentation, for fear of being associated with some of that party who were Conservatives! The Lensmand (*i.e.* government bailiff) of Heddeland read an address, of which the following is a translation :

“ MR. W. W. VERNON,

“ We have come to-day to express our thanks to you for what you have been to this district during nearly a generation. It is not the rich man's gifts that we would dwell upon, for this, we understand, has been done already. But we wish especially to lay stress upon what you have been to so many of the so-called little people in the community, and your heart-winning, always liberal and unostentatious, bearing and procedure. It was our thought to give a further expression of this in the accompanying memorial gift, which in itself is of no value, but yet may possibly have an interest as a remembrance of the district. It is a bridal attire, which was used in the valley of the Mandal about forty years ago. In conclusion we will say farewell to you and wish you a happy old age.”

Then follow the signatures with the date (August 1st, 1898).

On Sunday, August 7th, we made our last good-byes to all our near neighbours and especial friends. Everything was ready for our departure, but the house looked too dreadfully desolate, and we felt very sad.

On Monday, August 8th, we took our final leave of dear Monen, which had been my summer home since 1878, Annie's since 1884, and Doddy's since 1883. Our parting, sad though it was, had its consolations, in the tender farewells of all around us. At Mandal a number of friends assembled at Consul Andorsen's wharf to give us a send-off. We left Mandal in a special boat, the *Rjøvingen*, at 11.15 and reached Ernsts Hotel at Christiansand at 2 p.m. Here we waited three days until our upper servants, who had remained at Monen for the auction sale, joined us. On Friday (August 12th) we embarked on board the *Montebello*

a little after midnight and took our last leave of dear Norway, which I have never seen since.

During the early autumn I was in London, and hard at work at *Readings on the Paradiso*, which had got as far as Canto XXIV. On October 2nd we took up our abode again at 14 Waterloo Crescent, Dover. We received a visit from Sir George and Miss Fanny Lambert (brother and sister of dear Letty) on our last day at 34 Grosvenor Place, in which we never resided again.

On November 5th I received the following letter :

“ LÉGATION DE SUÈDE ET DE NORVÈGE À LONDRES,
“ October 31st, 1898.

“ SIR,

“ It has been reported to H.M. the King that you have for a long time since every year spent part of the summer at Holme, Norway, and that, as the inhabitants of the district have many reasons to feel great gratitude for what you have done for them during these years, it would meet their fervent wishes, if the King would give you the decoration as a Knight of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olaf.

“ In consequence I have been informed that it would be a pleasure for His Majesty to make the nomination, but that, according to the usual rule in the case of Englishmen, His Majesty desires information whether you would be willing to accept and wear this decoration . . .

“ Yours faithfully,

“ (Signed) COUNT LEWENHAUPT,

“ Swedish and Norwegian Minister.”

I will not here quote my answer, which was to the effect that I was deeply sensible of His Majesty's gracious condescension, and that I would accept and wear the decoration whenever I was able to do so.

Of late years I have been very little out in public, but I have never ceased to wear both the Norwegian and Italian orders in miniature on my watchchain, and on some few occasions I have worn the decorations publicly.

On July 1st, 1899, I played (for the last time in my life) in a cricket match at Castlemount (Dover) in the “ Paters' Match ” against the School. We, the fathers, were captained by Mr. Lowther (now the Right Honourable J. W.

Lowther, Speaker of the House of Commons), and amongst those playing was Francis F. Tower, father of Arnold's great friend Bertie, and of whom with his charming wife and family we have been intimate friends ever since. The boys kept the Paters fielding out all day, so I never had a chance of going in.

On August 5th I finished writing my *Readings on the Paradiso*. I settled to dedicate the work to my friend Dr. Moore, who has done so much to promote and elucidate the study of Dante, and who had helped me so greatly at all times. Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, most kindly consented to write what turned out to be a beautiful introduction to my work.

All the next year (1900) I was correcting proofs of my *Readings on the Paradiso*, which were eventually issued on November 20th.

The first notable event in 1901 was the return to England on January 3rd of our beloved and victorious old soldier, Lord Roberts, from his campaign in South Africa. He was at once summoned to see the Queen, who created him an Earl, and conferred on him the Order of the Garter. George Elliot dined with us on the 5th, but it was for the last time in his life; we went on the 9th to 18 Clifton Gardens, Folkestone, which we had taken until May 1st, and on February 14th poor Doddy died of an attack of influenza, while we were out of town. This loss of an old pal was a great grief to me. He was buried at Minto.

On January 22nd all England was thrown into sorrow by the death at Osborne of our good Queen Victoria. Her funeral was on February 2nd.

I was now engaged in writing the second edition of my *Readings on the Inferno*.

We entered our boy Arnold on January 18th at Mr. Littlejohns' school (The Limes, Greenwich) to be prepared for the Navy. He did exceedingly well there, and, after his untimely death in 1906, I had a kind appreciative letter about him from Mr. Littlejohns, speaking of Arnold's upright conduct while with him, and adding: "I made him my captain and trusted him."

From August 12th to August 15th, 1901, we went to stay with Lady Leighton-Warren at Tabley House, Knutsford. We met there the Dowager Duchess of Sermoneta, Lady Delamere, Mrs. Baring, Miss Mundella, and Dr.

Magrath, the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford. Tabley House is a modern building erected in Victorian days. On an island, in a large lake in the park, stands Tabley Old Hall, which dates from Richard II, and is a most interesting relic of Early English times. It has now been fitted up as a Museum of Historical Art. It was captured by the Parliamentary Forces during the Commonwealth, and in the porch are seen the marks of the shower of bullets which were poured upon its loyal defenders. The chapel, also of the same period, is used as the Parish Church. On the 14th Dr. Magrath and I drove over to Peover Church, five miles from Tabley, and walked home. This church, which is of the same date as Tabley Old Hall, is of very great interest. All the pews are of black oak. The doors of the pews are only half doors, and one has to lift one's legs and step over a solid partition to get into the pew. This arose from the old custom of filling the lower part of the pews with clean rushes as high as the knee to keep people's feet warm in the winter. All the de Tableys are buried in the church, and there is a fine Runic Cross in the churchyard, where the last Lord de Tabley, my friend John Warren, lies.

In the middle of December I went to Lichfield, to stay in the Close with Bishop (Honourable Adelbert) Anson. On the second day he took me into the Palace to have tea with the Bishop and Mrs. Legge. The former, who as the Honourable Augustus Legge had been one of my fags at Eton, pushed me down into an easy chair, set a little table before me, with tea and buttered toast, and remarked: "This is not the first time I have served your tea!"

On December 20th, 1902, we heard to our great joy that dear Arnold had passed successfully as a cadet into the *Britannia*. As his particular friend Bertie Tower, who had been his school-fellow at both Dover and Greenwich, had also been successful, there was much rejoicing and mutual congratulations between the two families.

On March 3rd, 1903, we were very thankful to receive the following report of dear Arnold from the chaplain of the *Britannia* (Reverend W. H. Harvey-Royse):

"I am sure you will be very glad to know that your son is doing well, and has made a good name on board the ship. He seems keen on everything he has to do, and I am very glad to see him so regular at the voluntary Bible classes;

and so reverent at Holy Communion. There is every reason to be satisfied with his conduct."

During April I went to see a play called *The Vikings*, which is a translation of Ibsen's drama *Haermaendene paa Helgeland*. It was produced by Mr. Craig, Ellen Terry's son, and she acted finely in it, but to me the effect was entirely marred by the murky darkness in which the stage was plunged. I could not see the actors' faces nor watch their expressions. It is worth remarking here that the word "Viking" has nothing to do with "King," as some English people erroneously fancy. The Norwegian word *Vik* (pronounced *Veek*) means a bay, creek, or fjord, and the Vikings are "the men of the fjords (or creeks)," out of which their wonderful dragon-ships used to go forth on their distant raids.

About this time I became acquainted with Mr. T. Okey, who made such an admirable translation of the *Purgatorio* in the Temple Classics.

Annie, May, and I paid a delightful visit to Henry Archer-Houblon, now Archdeacon of Oxford, and his sisters, in their new house at Christ Church, from June 19th to the 22nd. One evening I dined in hall, and had a most interesting conversation in the Common Room afterwards with the late Professor York-Powell, on Dante subjects as well as upon Scandinavian, in both of which he was a great adept. I was now getting towards the end of my second edition of *Readings on the Inferno*, having reached Canto XXVIII.

During this summer I gave a few irregular readings or lectures on Dante, which were very well attended, mostly at our own house. It was at them that I first made the acquaintance of two dear friends of mine. The one, Signorina Linetta Palamidessi di Castelvecchio, a most learned and accomplished young lady, thenceforward became the Italian reviser of the three works I was afterwards to publish—the second edition of my *Readings on the Inferno*, third edition of the *Purgatorio*, and second of the *Paradiso*. The other friend was Miss Georgiana E. Troutbeck, whose father, Dr. Troutbeck, had been Precentor, and her uncle, Canon Duckworth, was Sub-Dean, of Westminster Abbey. She is the honorary secretary of the London Dante Students' Association, and the writer of several charming books,

notable among which is *Rambles in Rome* (1914), a work of very great merit, which greatly increased her literary reputation.

On March 18th (1904) my kind friend Mr. Charles Alfred Swinburne died rather suddenly from the effects of a chill in the hotel at Marlborough. On the 24th I attended his funeral in the churchyard of Solihull in Warwickshire, where my friend's father General Swinburne, formerly Governor of Ceylon, is buried.¹ Afterwards I went to stay with Bishop Adelbert Anson in the Close at Lichfield. I left Lichfield on March 28th, and, on my way home to London, lunched with Archdeacon Freer at Sudbury Rectory. It was the last time I ever saw him, for on June 26th he fell down dead in his pulpit from heart failure, just at the end of his sermon. He was a terrible loss to me at Sudbury.

On April 13th Arnold passed as a midshipman into the Royal Navy. On the 25th he was appointed to H.M. battleship *Russell* (Captain, afterwards Admiral, Corry-Lowry), and he continued in her until his fatal accident in June 1906.

During January 1905 I saw two Shakespeare plays, both splendidly given, namely, *Much Ado About Nothing*, at His Majesty's, and *Henry V*, by Lewis Waller's Company. I think the "Fluellen" of Mr. George was far and away the best I ever saw. He got his training in F. R. Benson's unrivalled school of Shakespearian acting.

On February 22nd a great misfortune happened to me. My whole stock of the issue of the Commentary on Dante by Benvenuto da Imola, excepting a few copies at Florence, was stored on the premises of Messrs. Davey of the Dryden Press in Long Acre, together with sixty-four copies that remained of my second edition of *Readings on the Purgatorio*. A motor factory next door caught fire, and the Dryden Press was also burned down. I was only insured for £200, which I recovered, but this insurance did not nearly cover my total loss.

During March I saw twice the admirable performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* by Oscar Ashe and Miss Lily Brayton (his wife) at the Adelphi. Also a succession of Shakespearian performances by Mr. F. R. Benson's Company

¹ A month after the funeral I learned that my kind friend Swinburne had left me £500 in his will.

at the Coronet Theatre, including *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and others.

Up to this time I had published at my own expense two editions of my *Readings on the Purgatorio*, and one each of those upon the *Inferno* and *Paradiso*. It was now that I decided to invite tenders from publishers to bring out for me a second edition of the *Inferno*; a third of the *Purgatorio*, and a second of the *Paradiso*. After some discussion and correspondence, Messrs. Methuen finally offered me terms which my friend Mr. Tedder advised me to accept. I set to work accordingly, and the second edition of the *Inferno* was published in 1906; the third of the *Purgatorio* in 1907; and the second of the *Paradiso* in 1909.

On June 14th Annie and I with May went to the Royal Garden Party at Windsor. I returned in one of the saloon carriages with the Bishop of Ripon (Boyd Carpenter).

On October 2nd I received the startling and distressing news that dear William Edward Sackville-West had died quietly and painlessly on September 30th after a seizure. It was a terrible grief to me. I attended his funeral at St. Saviour's, Walton Street, on October 4th, and his children made me sit among them. We took possession of our new house, 75 Eccleston Square, on December 28th, and so ended the year 1905.

The next year, 1906, was one of great sorrow to my wife and me, as well as of troubles and anxieties from other causes. The General Election was pending, which was to put England under the despotic rule of the most extreme Radical Ministry of modern times, though Unionists could not shut their eyes to the fact that, through the almost criminal apathy of their own leaders, no Redistribution Bill had been passed during the ten years that Unionists were in power, and that overrepresented Ireland would weigh overwhelmingly on underrepresented England at the coming polls. Their worst fears were fully realised—and the Radical Party came in, exultant with a huge majority, and burning to exact spoils for the victors to the fullest extent in their power.

Dear Arnold was with us for some days in March, during which time he dined more than once with me at the Travellers'. He left us for Devonport at 5.50 p.m. on March 29th. He came once again for four nights on April 12th, and I saw him off at Waterloo on the 16th at 3 p.m. I never saw him

again, except lying unconscious on his death-bed on June 19th. A conversation I had with him during one of these two visits convinced me more than ever of his resolute goodness and made me very happy.

On June 7th there arrived for me a splendid photograph of Queen Margherita in full Court dress, handsomely framed, together with a most gracious letter from the Marchesa di Villamarina, acknowledging on behalf of Her Majesty the receipt of the second edition of my *Readings on the Inferno*. About the portrait she added these words :

“ Sua Maestà Le porge a mio mezzo sentitissime grazie, mentre, a conferma della Sua alta stima e particolare benevolenza, Le manda in grazioso ricordo la propria fotografia fregiata dell’ Augusta firma.”

(“ Her Majesty wishes to convey to you through me her very sincere thanks, while, in confirmation of her high esteem for you and especial favour, she sends you as a gracious token a photograph of herself which is further adorned by her August signature.”)

I need hardly say how much honoured and gratified I felt at this gracious mark of Her Majesty’s approval. There was no goal which I set myself so steadfastly to reach as that my work on Dante—a labour of real love to myself—should meet with the approval of Italian Dantists.

And now came upon us the terrible sorrow of dear Arnold’s accident and death.

On June 18th, between 8 and 9 p.m., we received the following startling telegram from the Captain of Arnold’s ship :

“ Son very dangerously fractured skull bad fall on head quite unconscious.

“ CAPTAIN LOWRY,
“ *Russell*,
“ Falmouth.”

Annie and I hurriedly packed and left Paddington by the midnight train, which reached Falmouth on the morning of the 19th at 10.12. We drove to the Green Bank Hotel, and met there an officer of the *Russell*, who told me the



H.M. QUEEN MARGHERITA DI SAVOIA, QUEEN-MOTHER OF ITALY

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battleships were lying some miles out at sea. There was a thick fog, but he very kindly arranged for us to be taken off at once in another ship's steam launch. When we got aboard the *Russell*, Captain (now Admiral) Lowry met us with the deepest sympathy, and explained that the midshipmen on the previous evening had been "sky-larking" by swarming up a wire stay on which the sacks of coal were to run. Arnold, while about twenty feet above the deck, seemed to have been suddenly affected by weakness of the heart. He relaxed his hands, hung for a moment by his legs, and then fell on his head between the after-turret and the skylight of the captain's cabin. The fleet surgeon and Lieutenant Lachlan Mackinnon ran to him, and he was carried down to the Sick Bay, but his skull was badly fractured, and he never regained consciousness. The Captain begged me not to let Annie see him, but conducted me to the Sick Bay, and I saw my dear boy, just alive, breathing heavily, but evidently dying. About twelve o'clock Lieutenant Villiers¹ came into the captain's cabin and announced that the end had come. Captain Lowry showed me from the stern-gallery the signal of condolence to Arnold's parents flying from the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson. I was told that dear Arnold was a great favourite with the blue-jackets, who called him "Sunny Jim" from his brightness and good-humour. I made arrangements to lay him to rest at my family burial-place at Tunbridge Wells; and on Wednesday, the 20th, we left Falmouth with the body at eleven o'clock. A naval funeral procession brought dear Arnold on a gun-carriage from the pier to the station, followed by Captain Lowry and fifty midshipmen of the Fleet. My nephew Captain Walter Anson had come down to Falmouth and travelled with us to Paddington. We arrived at the Grand Hotel at Tunbridge Wells at 9.45 p.m. The funeral took place the next day at the cemetery, George Grey Wilkinson performing the service, and we went home to London that evening, prostrated in body and mind, but thankful that our dear boy's goodness and his unblemished character gave us sure and certain hope of his happiness in another world.

On the 26th, when I was in the Athenæum, my kind friend

¹ Son of Prebendary Villiers of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and Lady Victoria, daughter of Lord Russell.

the Archbishop of York (W. D. Maclagan) came up to me and spoke words of comfort. When he heard from me what a perfectly good life Arnold had led, that he had never wilfully disobeyed me, and never told me a lie, the Archbishop laid his hand gently on my shoulder, and said to me: "Not such *very* sorrowful news after all!" I was deeply touched.

During July I received a most kind letter from the Marchesa di Villamarina, conveying to me Queen Margherita's gracious condolences on Arnold's death, for which I returned my humble and grateful acknowledgments.

This autumn I received an invitation to deliver a lecture at Manchester on Dante at the inauguration of the Manchester Dante Society. I chose as my subject "Contrasts in Dante," particularly referring to the contrast between the respective fates of the two Montefeltros—Guido da Montefeltro, the father, being lost by his tardiness in reconciling himself to God, while his son Buonconte da Montefeltro was snatched by the Angel of God from the hands of the Devil at the very instant that he died. On October 23rd I went down to Manchester and was received with splendid hospitality by Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd Roberts, whose house was full of books and pictures of inestimable value. I delivered my lecture on the following day in the Hall of the University before an audience of some 450 persons. The new society was duly inaugurated, and elected as its president Dr. L. C. Casartelli, Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford.

I had also been asked to deliver a lecture before the London Dante Society. This I did on January 9th, 1907, taking as my subject "The Great Italians in the *Divina Commedia*." There was an audience of about eighty people, Tedder kindly taking the place of Dr. Moore (whose wife had died a few days before) and making a very pleasant speech about me.

On December 11th George Grey Wilkinson was with me after lunching with us, when a wire arrived announcing his father's sudden death at Edinburgh, and I had to break it to him! The dear Bishop (he was Bishop of St. Andrew's and Lord Primus of Scotland) had just finished a speech at a church gathering at Edinburgh, when he suddenly fell back dead. He was a great man, and to me a beloved friend of thirty-seven years' standing. I attended his

funeral in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on the 14th, and followed him to the grave in Brompton Cemetery. His family made me sit among them in the vicarage pew.¹

In February and March 1908 I went to a series of Shakespearean and some old English plays, which were admirably given by Mr. F. R. Benson and his company at the Coronet Theatre. I afterwards wrote a paper of friendly criticisms as well as of strong appreciation to Mr. Benson, and I received a very kind letter back from him, agreeing with many of my observations. One evening Annie and I saw *The Taming of the Shrew*, and after the conclusion went by invitation behind the scenes, where we made acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Benson (now Sir Frank and Lady Benson). I sent them the six volumes of my *Readings on Dante*.

In preparing the preliminary matter for my second edition of *Readings on the Paradiso*, I wrote a full account of the discovery by Baron Seymour Kirkup in 1841 of the fresco portrait of Dante by Giotto in the Bargello at Florence, and of the disgraceful way it was repainted and irreparably damaged by one Marini, an unsuccessful painter of Pisa, who had been employed by the Grand-ducal Government to obliterate the red, white, and green of the poet's attire. Kirkup had secretly made a coloured copy of the portrait of Dante, before Marini had touched it, inside the parchment cover of his copy of the *Convivio*, holding it inside his hat as he first sketched and then coloured it. Years afterwards, when his books were sold in London, this small book with its precious painting was bought from Quaritch by the late Colonel Gillum, who had been a friend of Kirkup. Some of us Dantists were very anxious to ensure that this treasure should not be lost to the world of art at Colonel Gillum's death, and, as I was intimate with him, I was asked to go and see him, and beg him to ensure its falling into safe hands. To my great relief the old gentleman, who was very infirm, informed me that he had sent it a few days before (on April 3rd, 1908) to Senator Villari, to be placed in the Museum of Italian Mediæval Art in the Bargello at Florence—the very thing that we most desired.

In May I went to Sudbury on estate business, staying with the Bullers at Aston Cottage, and on the 14th attended

¹ I strongly recommend the chapter about him in Mr. Russell's book, mentioned before. His *Memoir*, by Canon Mason, is painfully lacking in the description of his greatest work—his vicarage of St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

a special meeting of the Foresters' Lodge at Uttoxeter, over which I had presided in 1859. I was their oldest Past Master. They very kindly wished to do me honour, and said most kind things about me at the banquet. As I did not purpose to attend any more Masonic gatherings, I gave my clothing and regalia to my old Lodge, which they said should be kept as relics of the past.

In June the two famous Coquelin brothers brought a French company to London, and gave some performances at His Majesty's Theatre. Victorien Sardou's historical drama, *L'Affaire des Poisons*, was very finely given with Mademoiselle Gilda Darthy as Madame de Montespán. I saw this twice, as well as *Tartufe* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. Also I saw Coquelin l'Ainé in his celebrated rôle as *Cyrano de Bergerac*. It was not many months after this that the two talented brothers died. They were much attached to each other, and the younger soon followed the elder.

As I had no heir left, I determined with Annie's consent and approval to make a gift to the library of the Athenæum (in which most of my work had been written) of my Dante Library.¹

The first copies of my *Readings on the Paradiso*, second edition, arrived on January 9th, 1909, and this concluded my twenty-one years' work on Dante which I have loved so much.

At this time I received the welcome news that I had been elected a corresponding member of the *Reale Istituto Lombardo di Scienze e Lettere*, which is from North Italy as great an honour as the membership of *La Crusca* at Florence or the *Lincei* at Rome. I had thus the pleasure of becoming a colleague of Professor Michele Scherillo and many other most eminent Italian scholars. The nomination of Dr. Paget Toynbee and myself as *Soci Corrispondenti* is dated February 25th, 1909.

On May 23rd I received a letter from Count A. de' Bosdari,

¹ The matter was mentioned in the Annual Report for 1909 in the following terms: "The Committee have much pleasure in drawing attention to the valuable gift of a large collection of works, chiefly relating to the study of Dante, generously presented to the library by the Honourable William Warren Vernon, a member, the author of *Readings on the Divina Commedia*. The books number over 400 volumes, and include rare editions of the works of the poet, commentaries on his writings, and many useful works in Italian literature and lexicography."



GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY QUEEN
MARGHERITA



the Counsellor of the Italian Embassy, informing me that Queen Margherita had conferred upon me a gold medal, and that he wished to present it publicly to me before the Dante Society on the 28th.

On May 28th at four o'clock I attended the special meeting of the Dante Society, Annie and her sister-in-law, Lady Alice Archer-Houblon, being with me. Count A. de' Bosdari delivered an address to me, very kindly speaking into my ear-trumpet. He first handed to me a letter from the Marchesa di Villamarina, of which the following is a translation :

" HOUSEHOLD OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN-MOTHER, ROME,
" April 22nd, 1909.

" ONORATISSIMO SIGNORE,

" On the part of Her Majesty the Queen-Mother, it is a pleasure to me to transmit to you the accompanying gold medal adorned by the August Effigy and with the appropriate dedication.

" Her Majesty has in this manner wished—inasmuch as you are completing, with the second edition of the *Readings on the Paradiso*, the entire series of your learned publications on Dante—to confirm to you yet once more that high esteem and good-will of which she has already given you repeated proofs.

" The August Lady moreover charges me to thank you for the kind presentation of the two last most valued volumes, which, as before, she has received with much pleasure; and I, in fulfilling the Royal commands, avail myself gladly of the opportunity of repeating to you, Onoratissimo Signore, the sense of my most distinguished consideration.

" (Signed) THE PRINCIPAL LADY-IN-WAITING
TO HER MAJESTY,
" MARCHESA DI VILLAMARINA."

" The Honourable William Warren Vernon,
" London."

It was unfortunate that, as Count Bosdari addressed me in Italian, there was no record of his speech made by the English reporters present. I had prepared my speech in answer to him beforehand, which was as follows :

“ ILLUSTRISSIMO CONTE DE' BOSDARI, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“ It is with extreme difficulty that I can describe my feelings on this occasion—certainly one of the most gratifying of my whole life. If I have ever formed one aspiration more dear to my heart than another, while I have been using my humble endeavours in recent years to make the language and meaning of Dante clear to English students, it has been the hope that I might merit the approval of those learned Italians—such as yourself, Signor Conte—to whom the words of their own Poet are more familiar than they can be to me.

“ It was twenty-two years ago, when their Majesties the late King Umberto and Queen Margherita came to Florence in 1887, to unveil the *facciata* of the Duomo, that the late Senator Sir James Lacaita and myself were honoured in being received at a private audience at the Palazzo Pitti, in order that we might present to Her Majesty the Queen one of the first copies of the newly published Commentary on Dante of Benvenuto da Imola. The gracious words that were then spoken to me by Her Majesty, in praise of the study of Dante, were an encouragement to me during many long years; and as I completed, one after another, seven issues of my *Readings on the Commedia*, I was honoured on each occasion by Her Majesty's acceptance of a presentation copy, accompanied, time after time, with a message of gracious appreciation.

“ How deeply I feel this day the great honour bestowed upon me by Her Majesty the Queen-Mother, no words of mine can be adequate to express, but any gladness on my part cannot but be tempered by the profound sorrow that I share with all those who love that Royal Lady, in the knowledge of the suffering that has laid her on a bed of sickness.

“ May God grant a speedy and assured recovery to her, who, herself of the most ancient and the most pure Italian blood, was the first Queen to sit upon the throne of United Italy, and who, by her many virtues, accomplishments, and sorrows, has endeared herself, not only to all Italian citizens, but also to the many English who, like myself, love her country and her language.

“ Before I take my seat, I would again express my pro-

found gratitude to this gracious and exalted Lady—the donor of this beautiful medal, which I shall ever prize as one of my most treasured possessions. I have also to thank you, Signor Conte, for the most kind and generous words used by you in conveying the Royal wishes.

“So far, I have only spoken of events centring round myself. I cannot now refrain from quoting some lines of reverent testimony to the immortal Poet whom we all honour—words of the poet Giusti, an ardent patriot, who died prematurely in 1850. In his Ode, *Per il Ritratto*, written on the occasion of the discovery of the true portrait of Dante by Giotto, an Ode which the historian Gino Capponi described as a mosaic of Dantesque phrases (*un intarsio di frasi dantesche*), he fits together lines from Dante's poems to facilitate his utterance of Dante's praises.

“Io, che laudarti intendo
Veracemente, con ardito innesto,
Tremando all' opra e diffidando, prendo
La tua loquela a farti manifesto.
Se troppa libertà m' allarga il freno,
Il dir non mi vien meno:
Lascia ch' io venga in piccioletta barca
Dietro il tuo legno che cantando varca.”

To the Marchesa di Villamarina I wrote :

“75, ECCLESTON SQUARE,

“LONDRA, S.W.

“30 Maggio, 1909.

“RIVERITISSIMA MARCHESA DI VILLAMARINA,

“Già varie volte negli ultimi ventidue anni ho dovuto supplicarLa di farsi interprete della mia umile e profonda riconoscenza presso Sua Maestà la Regina Madre per le ripetute prove che la Maestà Sua si è degnata di darmi della sua condiscendenza e benevolenza verso di me.

“Ma certo non mi sono mai trovato così imbarazzato per sceglier parole come adesso, e sento che una sublime eloquenza sarebbe sola capace di esprimere l'abbondanza dei miei sentimenti.

“Questa splendida medaglia d'oro, sopra la quale un artefice peritissimo ha delineate le nobili fattezze di Sua Maestà, e l'apposita dedica, mi hanno colmato di gioia e di contentezza, e tutti coloro che hanno contemplata questa

bella opera s'accordano nel dire che tali medaglie non si sanno fare in Inghilterra.

“Ma ancora più gradita della medaglia mi è tornata la lettera scrittami da Vostra Eccellenza annunziandomene l'invio per incarico dell' Augusta Regina, perchè in benevoli e confortanti parole mi partecipa che Sua Maestà si è degnata di significare la sua approvazione delle mie povere opere come utili allo studio della *Divina Commedia*.

“Tutti i presenti all'adunanza ove il nobile Conte A. de' Bosdari, eseguendo i comandi di Sua Maestà la Regina Madre, mi trasmise la medaglia conferitami dalla Maestà Sua, encomiarono entusiasticamente, tanto la dignità, quanto l'infinita grazia, colle quali egli adempì il suo incarico.

“Mi è stata causa di grande gioià l'apprendere migliori notizie della salute di Sua Maestà, per le cui sofferenze mi ero doluto assai; e spero che si trovi presto completamente ristabilita.

“Oso inviarLe una copia del breve discorso pronunziato da me l'altro giorno all' adunanza, in risposta alle gentili parole del Conte Bosdari.

“Ora, Riveritissima Signora Marchesa, non mi resta—rinnovandoLe i miei sinceri ringraziamenti per le numerose gentilezze prodigatemi da Lei in tanti lunghi anni—che di protestarLe i sensi della mia più alta stima e rispetto.

“Suo devotissimo servo

“WILLIAM WARREN VERNON.”

“Alla Nobil Donna La Marchesa Pes di Villamarina,
Dama d'Onore di Sua Maestà La Regina Madre.”

It is at this point that I propose to take leave of those readers who have had the patience to follow me through these recollections of seventy-two years of my life.

At the end of September we all went to be present at the festivities at Sudbury and Poynton for the coming of age of my great-nephew George Francis Augustus, eighth Lord Vernon.¹ My trusteeship naturally came to an end, my mission at both places being fulfilled, which, during the eleven years following on his father's death, I had endeavoured to carry out to the best of my ability.

¹ He was a captain in the Derbyshire Yeomanry, and died at Malta, of illness contracted on active service, on November 11th, 1915. He has been succeeded by his brother Francis William, ninth Baron, Lieutenant R.N., who in February 1915 married Violet Mary, daughter of Colonel Clay.

APPENDIX

A FEW DETAILS ABOUT THE MASONIC CAREER OF WILLIAM WARREN VERNON

At the time of his initiation into Masonry in the Apollo Lodge at Oxford, in the Lent Term 1853, Mr. Vernon was then Honourable William John Venables Vernon. He was passed and raised before the end of the Summer Term; in 1854 entered the Royal Arch Degree; and subsequently became a Knight Templar in the Cœur de Lion Encampment at Oxford. In 1855 he was Junior Warden of the Apollo Lodge. That year he became William Borlase Warren Vernon. In 1857 he took the Degree of Rose Croix in the Vernon Chapter at Birmingham. In May 1858, while living at Wolseley Hall near Rugeley, Staffordshire, he was installed W. Master of the Foresters' Lodge at Uttoxeter No. 456, by his distant kinsman, Colonel George Vernon, Provincial Master of Staffordshire. He is now the Senior Past Master of that Lodge, and in May 1907 he was entertained at a special meeting to celebrate his jubilee. In 1858 he was made Provincial Senior G.W. of Staffordshire. He has been at different times a member of the Westminster and Keystone Lodge, of the Lodge of Friendship, and of the Friends in Council. He took the 31st Degree in Christian Masonry in 1876.

In 1871, on the occasion of His late Majesty King Edward, then Prince of Wales, being received in solemn state at the Grand Encampment (as it was then called) of Masonic Knights Templar, Mr. William Warren Vernon was deputed to act as His Royal Highness's Chamberlain, and to carry H.R.H.'s banner before him. It was in the following year that "Grand Encampment" became "Grand Preceptory." In 1876 Mr. Vernon was appointed Junior Grand Warden of England by the Earl of Carnarvon, Pro Grand Master, the S.G. Warden being the late Earl of Donoughmore.

At Lord Donoughmore's invitation Mr. Vernon joined with him in founding, to mark their joint Grand Wardenship, the United Lodge, of which Mr. Vernon remained an Honorary Member for some years. The understanding was that Lord

Donoughmore was to be the first, and Mr. Vernon the second Worshipful Master. The latter condition, however, was not fulfilled.

It ought to be explained, for the benefit of non-English readers, that no atheist may be admitted into any English Lodge, and that any Lodge which allowed politics to be discussed would be at once erased from the Roll of Grand Lodge. English Freemasons—whatever may be the case with those of other nations—are the most devotedly loyal subjects of their King.

This Index is a farce -
persons only

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